JUNE 11,
1938

Liberty

5¢

HOW TO WIN ELECTIONS
ND INFLUENCE
VOTERS
by Governor
.HARRY MOORE
of New Jersey

WHY I QUIT
FIGHTING
y James J. Braddock

HOW MUCH DO
YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE
MAN YOU LOVE?

MORE DISCLOSURES
BY MARCIA,
he Harding Astrologer

What is so lonely
Sir or Madam,
As Eden without
An Eve or Adam?

THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?

Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect . . . its pleasant taste . . . its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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WEALTHY-BUT DON'T KNOW IT

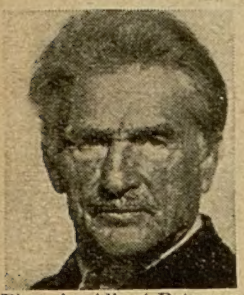
Photo by Albert Petersen
BERNARR MACFADDEN

Those who are reared among riches have but little appreciation of its value. They never appreciate the water until the well runs dry. Some people lock the stable door after the horse is gone.

Two old bachelors were living on a farm where the soil was so poor they barely made a living. Some prospectors came along and found that the stones that were used for their fences on this farm contained gold deposits and would bring them riches beyond their wildest dreams. They were rich and did not know it.

That is really a fitting comparison to the status of the people of this country at this time. Some of us may not be rich financially. We may have to work long hours. Life may seem extremely difficult. But if we were to compare the environments and privileges of even our citizens on the dole with the workers that are supposed to be well off in many foreign countries, we would find even our charity victims are taken care of far better than many of the workers abroad who are supposed to be above what these foreigners term the lower class.

The Washington Sphere has compiled statistical records which indicate very clearly our status compared with some foreign countries. These figures are very enlightening. They show us that even some of our poorest people are wealthy when compared to the citizens of many other lands.

The analysis referred to shows that we have 6 per cent of the world's area and 7 per cent of its population.

Now compare our possessions with those of other countries. We operate 60 per cent of the telephone and telegraph facilities, 33 per cent of the railroads, and 80 per cent of the motorcars. We consume 48 per cent of the world's coffee, 53 per cent of its tin, 56 per cent of its rubber, 21 per cent of its sugar, 72 per cent of its silk, 36 per cent of its coal, 42 per cent of its iron, 47 per cent of its copper, and 69 per cent of its petroleum. We produce 70 per cent of its oil, 60 per cent of its wheat and cotton, 50 per cent of its copper and iron, 40 per cent of its lead and coal. We have two thirds of civilization's banking resources and its gold. We have a purchasing power greater than that of 500,000,000 Europeans or of a billion Asiatics.

We have the highest wage scale, the shortest working hours, and the greatest percentage of home ownership on earth.

When we move healthfully and confidently ahead, we have the greatest mass prosperity in human experience since time began.

The facts presented in this investigation ought to be placed on the blackboard of every school in the land. It should be read over a national radio chain every week. It ought to be placed on billboards throughout the entire land.

Senator Vandenberg used this startling information in a recent speech.

It was published in the Herald Tribune recently.

General Johnson quoted it in one of his articles.

But the daily newspapers of this country should give this information a page at frequent intervals. If they really want to protect their property, the people of this country should learn as soon as possible something about their own riches. Regardless of what they may be worth financially, they are rich beyond any comparison that may be made with other countries.

But they are ignorant of their own possessions. They have never experienced regimentation. They have had no dealings with slavery, and the freedom which they possess came to them without effort and it has but slight appreciation.

We are facing a dangerous situation in our government at this time and, unless we arise and protect liberties that were bought so dearly by our ancestors, we will probably be marching in unison under the orders of a Fascist or Communist official.

Bernarr Macfadden

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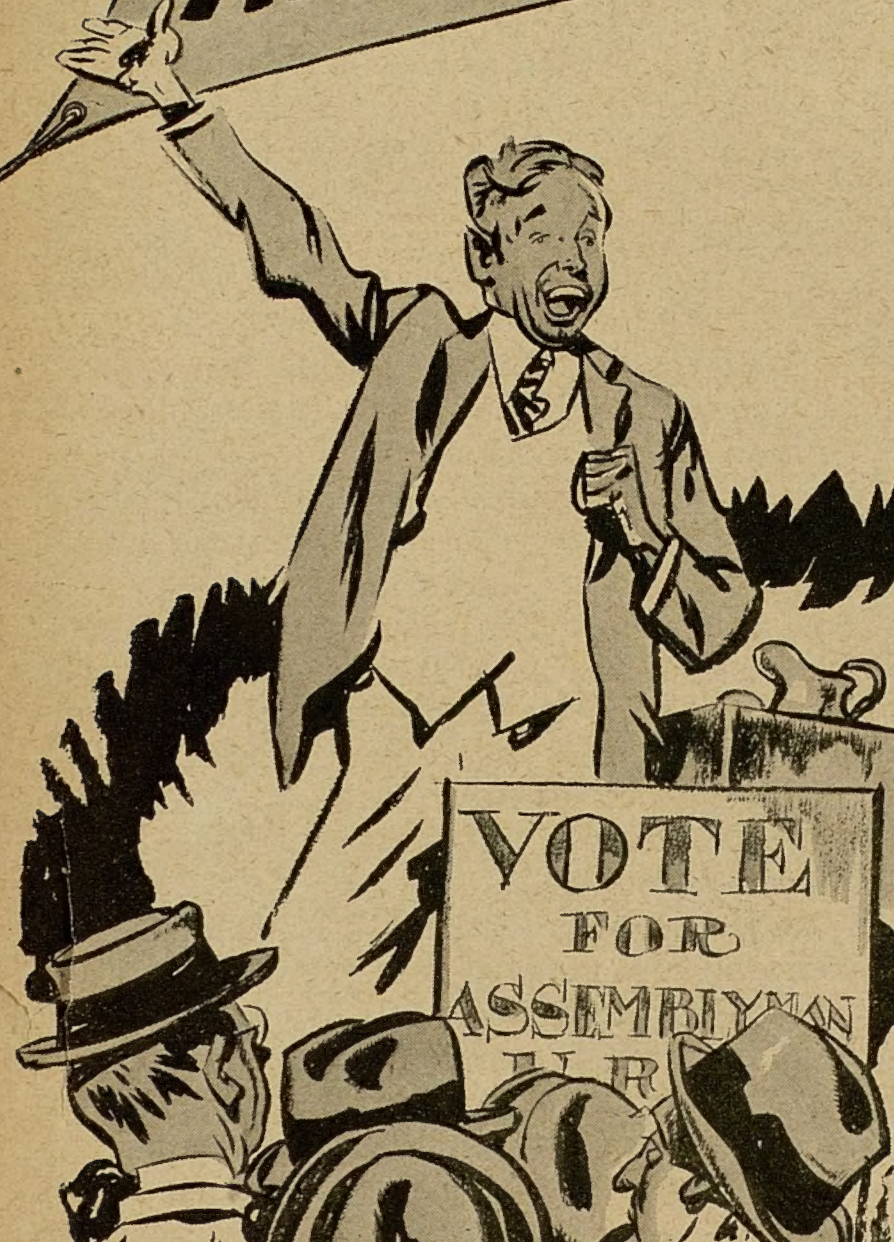
HOW TO WIN ELECTIONS AND INFLUENCE VOTERS

by Governor A. HARRY MOORE of New Jersey

as told to WALTER KARIG



You are now the Organization candidate for the state legislature.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THERE is much talk, and even some action, these days, for aiding young men and women to plan careers. Of course, the grim reality that haunts this generally praiseworthy effort to aid youth is that you have to have a job before you start upon a career.

If I knew how every young person reaching maturity could find employment I would be elected President of the United States by acclamation. Getting on a pay roll is, and always will be, the individual's problem. There is a distressing but, I hope, temporary impression that it should be the government's problem—an idea that is as destructive to democracy as the philosophy of Stalin.

I want to point out a career for which few young men and women prepare themselves, in a profession which gives its successful practitioners more fame, more honors, more pay for less unpleasant work than any other vocation, the arts and sciences decidedly not excepted. It is a career less affected by economic cycles than any other I know, and technological unemployment will never affect it so long as the United States shall endure. Being a career, its adoption presupposes a job; however, you can start by making your living as a hod carrier's apprentice, a law clerk, a farm hand, a cub reporter.

This career is politics. I give you Politics spelled with a capital, and the Capitol your goal.

Newspapers have made a sort of stigma of the epithet "politician." Ignore the unjust implications. Woodrow Wilson once defined a politician as "one skilled in the art of government." He was a politician.

It is not an easy career in which to succeed, nor is any success without effort and setbacks. It is a career of human service, a phrase which we politicians overwork, to be sure. Nevertheless, the career politician who does not render public service will soon be asking appointment to a clerkship from one who does.

A good working synonym for service is "favors."

Well, how do you begin on this career?

You begin by joining something.

Of course, you begin beyond that by being born. I am not trying to be funny. You cannot choose your parents, but if that were possible the novice in career politics ought to select "poor but honest" ones, because the American philosophy draws more upon Horatio Alger, Jr., than upon Thomas Jefferson.

It is no longer necessary to have been born in a log cabin. Of the 531 senators and representatives in the Seventy-fifth Congress, only two were born in log cabins, and both are Texans. It is best to be born on a farm or in a small town, if the law of averages remains valid. You are educated in the common schools, but have to go to work before your formal education is completed, and so you attend night school. You can be well started on your political career before you have finished educating yourself, and it is a sound practice to study law. A politician who is a member of the bar usually can get a bread-and-butter berth with a law firm between offices, if need be. Besides, the jargon is always impressive, especially the Latin, and the training is good even if you never argue a case or draw a brief.

It is no fun being poor. I know. I had to quit school at thirteen to go to work, and I was fired from my first job

Politics from behind the scenes!—A bl

because, when the boss was not looking, I once acted like a kid of thirteen instead of with the dignity becoming to a family breadwinner. My mother, who spent the night hours after her working day making clothes for me from hand-me-downs, knew the terrors of poverty, while I only knew its discomforts. She set me to rights after my first mistake, if mistake it is to act one's age. I abhor the easy sentimentality some persons employ by invoking Motherhood for maudlin public effect, but the honor I bear of being the only man three times elected Governor of New Jersey is not so precious to me as the honor of having been a brave mother's son, for the one distinction is due to the other.

Well, now you begin, as I said, by joining something. If you are a Catholic, join the Knights of Columbus; if Protestant or Jew, join the Masons. That is fundamental, and so is belonging to a church. If you live in a farming community, you are also a Granger.

In church or synagogue, it is vitally important that you take an active part in the extrareligious social activities. You serve on entertainment committees, refreshment committees—and you *serve.* You skip no committee meetings. Your ambition is to have the folks say: "My, that was the best supper we ever had! That Jones boy is certainly a worker."

Such praise is the prelude to an eventual:

"Senator, that was the best speech on the budget (or perhaps on the tariff or the farm bill) we ever heard."

Your best political foundation laying, however, is in the fraternal organizations. Membership in the major orders is necessary, but the groundwork is laid in the lesser societies and the less costly ones. It is in the Royal and Ancient Order of Exalted Turtles, where dues are five dollars a year and all hands chip in for beer and cheese sandwiches after the monthly meeting in Odd Fellows Hall, that the career begins. The membership is composed of ordinary menfolk, hard-working, decent. You can bet your Sunday suit that nine out of ten are scared to death of speaking before an audience. The tenth man is, like yourself, charting a political career.

So you become the orator of the local lodge. You engage in debates. You show yourself to be a shrewd fellow by discussing the details of any transaction involving $2.50 out of the order's treasury. You are pleasant. You illustrate your points with a joke or two. People like to laugh, and even bum jokes will serve.

You get on a first-name basis with the Royal and Ancients—after lodge. You never neglect to visit a sick brother, even if you are not yet on the committee. You attend all funerals. If your bride wants to go to the movies instead, you remind her that one of these days you will be able to escort her into the White House.

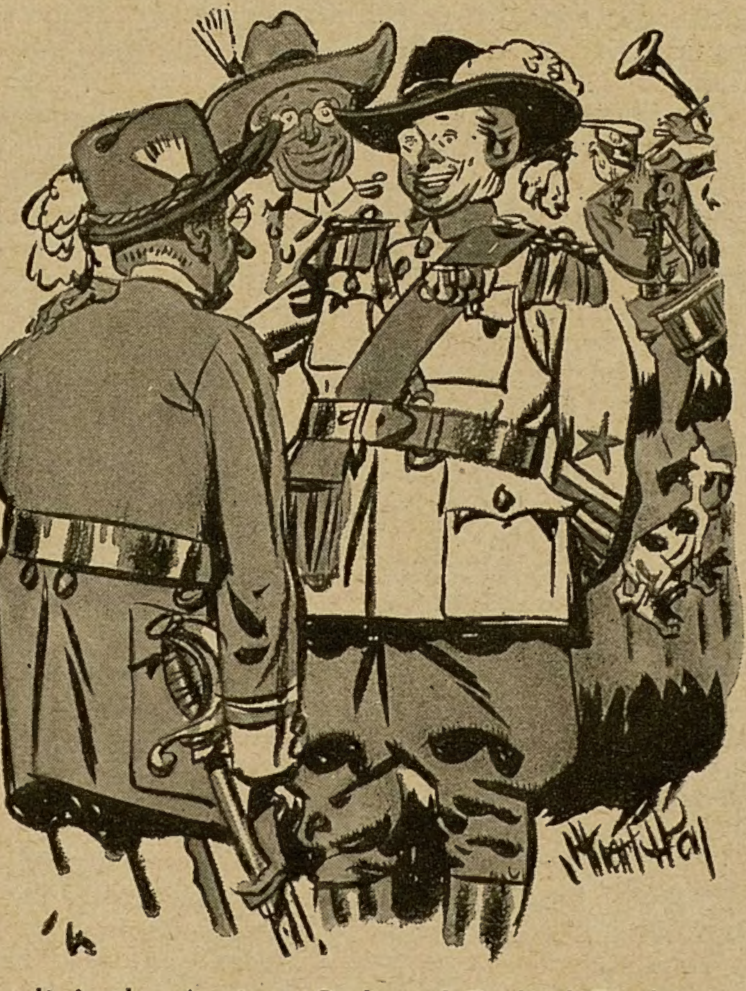
When the annual joint picnic of the R. A. O. E. T. and Auxiliary is held, you are going to be one of the speakers. You have paved the way for that. Comes the occasion, and you give them the works.

"The works" is an easy routine, consisting of a brief allusion to our forefathers who carved from the wilderness the greatest civilization known to man and blessed by God. You talk about Lincoln, the woodchopper and store clerk who became President; about Garfield, who drove a team of canalboat mules. This is the country where everybody has a chance, you see—and the best part is that it is true. The chances of your fellow lodge members may have passed, and they know it; but you talk about their kids, you give them visions of their Patsy or Dominick or Heimie in the Governor's mansion, in Congress, in the White House. You tell them that Sonny is going to be a great man, and the audience is yours.

You don't have to be a Demosthenes or a Franklin D. Roosevelt to accomplish oratorical wonders like that. You need only talk plainly and distinctly, not more than fifteen or twenty minutes, with appropriate gestures and enough *piano* and *fortissimo* to avoid monotony. It is always best to say something, too, at which you can scowl and shake your fist.

Next time the lodge sends delegates to a state convention, you will be on the list. The old-timers will spot a new name. Who is this bird? Ah, he's a comer! You should have heard his speech! He told us Lincoln couldn't do arithmetic when he was sixteen, and my Joe can do algebra at fourteen already. . . .

There will be an opportunity for you to speak at the state convention. You tell them about our great order; how it takes care of the sick and the widows and the orphans, promotes good fellowship and good citizenship, and is composed of the best people on earth, freeborn American citizens who do not have to wear anybody's colored shirt to forgather; and then you give them the same line that delighted the home lodge.



It is the Ancient Order of Exalted Turtles.

All such orders are under the scrutiny of the political Organizations, of course. The Organizations are an essential, if extralegal, structure within the democratic framework of government. They are nourished by jobs. The job holders work to elect the job getters, the job giver being the executive genius and chief organizer, for whom the newspaper synonym is "Boss."

Obviously, every public servant cannot be elected, otherwise the ballots would be as big as bed sheets. Consequently, the people choose a certain proportion of their own number to represent them in organizing and administering their government. Each elected public servant appoints—theoretically, he delegates—individuals to subdivisions of the public task, just as the President appoints his Cabinet. The party Organizations bring system into their complicated business. Sometimes they also bring corruption, graft, and incompetency. The public gets the sort of government it deserves. Political Organizations have no legal entity, and if they are demonstrably rotten, the citizens can defend, protect, and avenge themselves by several means, such as criminal prosecution of the individuals and boycott at the ballot box.

However, I have strayed somewhat from your career, which has now brought you to the attention of the political powers. You are quietly investigated. Of course you have not fooled the Organization leaders. They know you are not making yourself prominent just to be admired. However, you are "approached" to see what it is you *are* after. You are invited to join the local political club. At this stage you might even be offered a job.

Don't hold yourself too cheaply! You are not looking for a job but a career, remember. It is better not to accept for yourself, but to offer the name of some de-

d breath-takingly frank revelation of tricks that win in a great American game serving person among those you have impressed with your leadership. Thus you do somebody a favor, the beginning of the structure you must now begin to erect. There are temporary jobs by the performance of which you yourself can do the Organization a favor, such as helping get out the vote on Election Day. The more carloads of dilatory voters you bring to the polling places, the more you impress the precinct and ward leaders.

You are now identified by the Organization and identified with it, and not as a stooge or a chap who works more for a two-dollar bill than for love of the political game and loyalty to the party.

Election passes. You continue with your clubs, lodges, and church. You talk up in meeting. You do more favors for people. Poor old Mrs. Dash, with an old-country terror of hospitals, has to have a tumor removed. Maybe you can start things moving so she'll get extra breaks in the charity ward of the City Hospital. All the voters in Mrs. Dash's family and her friends' and neighbors' families will remember that when the time comes, but it is advisable to see that they are casually reminded now and then.

Mrs. Blank's eldest son was watching an alley crap game when the cops swooped down and hauled him in. The Blanks cannot afford bail or a fine, and if Tony goes to the reformatory it will disgrace them and more than likely do Tony a lot of harm. Tell the Organization leader of the precinct, and when Tony is let off by the judge with a kindly reprimand, you will have done a good deed by any standard. But you will also have won the gratitude of the Blanks and their in-laws and friends, and the unspoken thanks of the Organization.

Keep on stepping out. Establish coteries of interest. *Ninety-nine per cent of humanity is born to be audience.* A man who can make an entertaining speech on a high moral plane is rare in any community. The Lions and Kiwanis and Rotary will have you on their speakers' list before you know it. They are expert listeners, so you have to save and search for new jokes and anecdotes with which to embellish your oratory, but your theme need not change: They are the best people in the best country on earth, a country made great by commerce, you tell them. Andrew Johnson was a tailor, Ulysses S. Grant a storekeeper like Abraham Lincoln. *But*—keep your own character! You can't play Caliban and Ariel on the same circuit. Be a personality.

Three years of this business of getting yourself known, and at the very least no harm done. You have had pleasure, even fun, and you are richer by many genuine friendships. Then, one day, the leaders of the Organization sit down to figure out a slate of candidates. Smith is dead, Jones is getting old, Robinson is getting a swelled head. Whom will we support for the state legislature? Well, there is So-and-So, and Whozis, and what about that young Mr. You? He's a comer!

YOU have been "mentioned." You will be tipped off about that. So your cue is to arouse a "popular demand." The Royal and Ancient Turtles endorse you. Your friends and beneficiaries in the other lodges will at least tell Brother County Leader that Brother You is a good choice for a spot on the ticket.

If you have worked well, you are given a trial run. The primary election is the first hurdle. Except in one-party territory, it is ignored by a majority of the voters. The Organization stand-bys do the balloting. If you have impressed the "better element" in your luncheon-club and other more elegant public appearances, and they turn out to vote for you, that will bear heavy dividends in Organization enthusiasm for you.

We'll assume you win. (If you haven't won, there is something wrong with you, not with this advice.) You are now the Organization candidate for an elective office. Your primary vote was your irreducible minimum, which you will now have to double or treble. The Organization will gamble cash on you to the extent of including your name in newspaper advertisements and billboard lists of the party's "people's choices," but you will need a campaign manager and a campaign fund.

From the regiment of volunteer campaign managers, pick a trustworthy friend with some comprehension of bookkeeping, because the law requires a careful accounting of your receipts and expenditures. Your manager's job will be to solicit a dollar here, ten dollars there, from your friends and friends' friends—money which is to be spent for posters with your picture and "U. R. You for Assemblyman" in blackest ink—and the union label on the card; for a couple of fifteen-minute broadcasts on the local broadcasting station; for an individual advertisement in the newspapers; for the rest of the paraphernalia and trimmings.

For the fortnight preceding Election Day you live on peanuts and sandwiches. Your normal lunch hour is devoted to short snappy talks in factory yards, where you brag a little about being a hard-working fellow descended from a long line of workingmen, and declare that the paramount issue is to give the American wage earner a square deal. Bawl out the subversive and special interests and the high cost of living, shake hands with every one within arm's reach, and off to the next place.

Be the first to challenge your opponent to debate the issues. Neither of you will want to do that, but the one who gets the challenge in first can always brag about it. Meanwhile your manager is promoting rallies, mass meetings; horning in on the assemblages organized to hear the big shots, the gubernatorial candidates and senatorial aspirants. The newspapers will say next day, if they mention you at all, that U. R. You also spoke, but you will be welcomed by the committees and the audiences as a time killer while everybody waits for the main attraction. Consequently your entertainment value will be more appreciated than your views on public questions.

AGAIN we assume you have won. You will be smothered with congratulations. You will think you are a Pretty Important Fellow. You will have discovered that you command a number of appointments, a personal office staff maybe, and a deputy or two. But the command actually is exercised by the Organization. You will be lucky if you are given a choice of appointees. Not until you advance to important office, when the Organization must seek your favor, will you be able to dictate your appointments from a submitted list.

Maybe that is not as it should be, but it is the way it is and must be, or else there would be no Organization; and without the Organization only men of wealth and leisure could win office, which would naturally convert the Republic to the oligarchy New Dealers claim existed before they revived democracy.

Not that men of wealth shouldn't be in office, mind you. Senator Couzens of Michigan was one of the richest persons in America, and one of the ablest and most public-spirited men ever to grace the Capitol. If you who are reading this should be a young millionaire, do not despair of a political career. But you will have to pursue the career along these identical paths, with the added task of impressing the public that it isn't your fault you were born rich. Study the Roosevelts' methods and the technique of Pennsylvania's millionaire Governor Earle.

From your first Election Day to your last, *your program is a magnification of the one I outlined.* From joining clubs you eventually turn to organizing them, so that your bailiwick is evenly dotted with U. R. You Associations, Athletic Clubs, and Outing Societies; but even when you are President the men you appoint to your Cabinet will, in the majority, be friends of the Organization.

And you can be President, young man—and young woman too. Why, in a great Republic founded upon the principle that all men are equal, to whose highest office have succeeded Lincoln the Rail-Splitter, Johnson the Tailor, Garfield the Canal Boy—

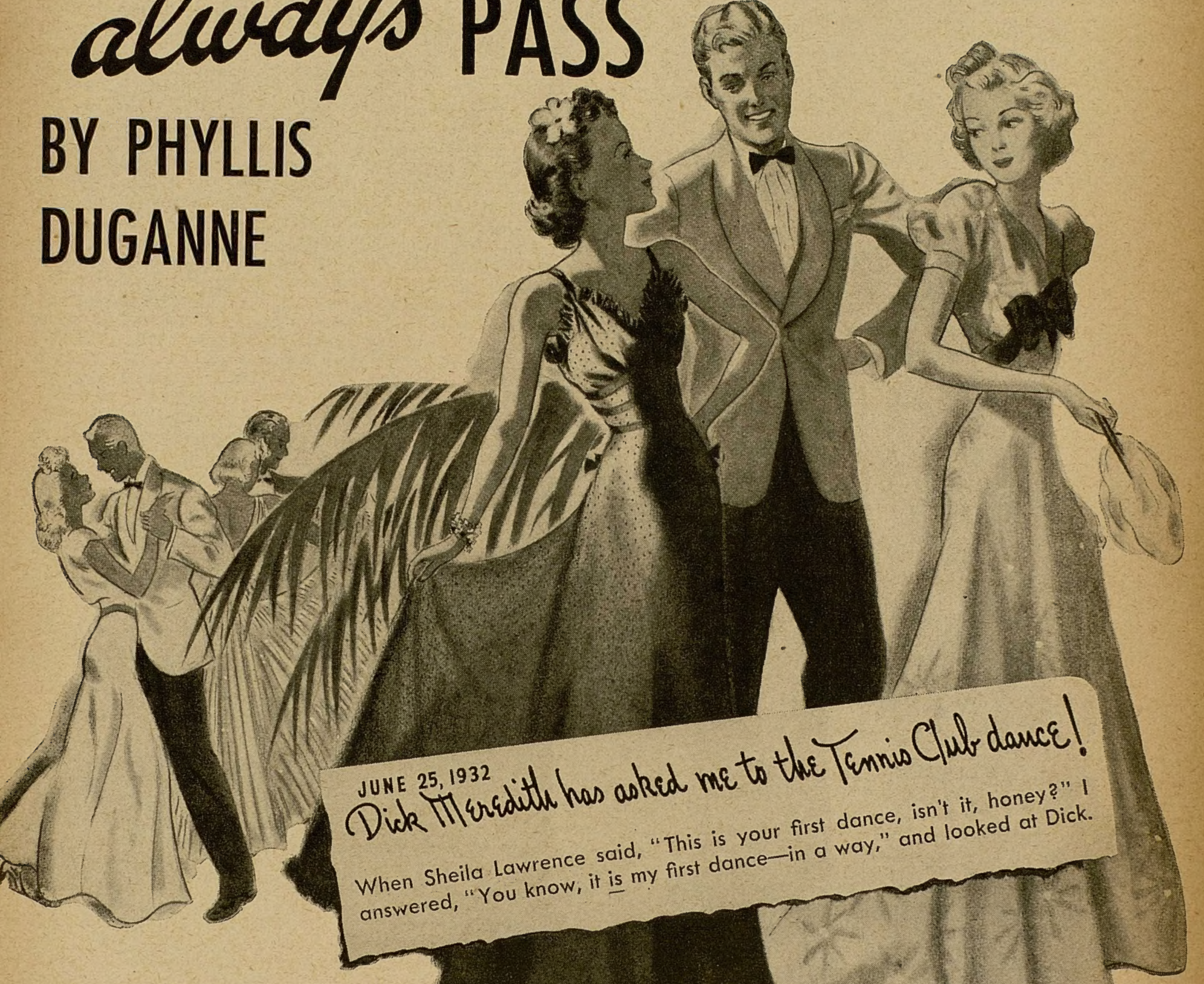
No, I'm not kidding you.

Politics, like business and industry in the United States, needs new blood, intelligent young people who can develop into leaders of the modern age. No career is more important or holds more promise for the individual and the country than youth in politics. I have tried to explain the practicalities of apprenticeship. My final advice is, hold fast to your ideals; for, without idealism and the will to serve, the career is a fraud.

THE END

SHIPS DO NOT *always* PASS

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE



JUNE 25, 1932

Dick Meredith has asked me to the Tennis Club dance!

When Sheila Lawrence said, "This is your first dance, isn't it, honey?" I answered, "You know, it is my first dance—in a way," and looked at Dick.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE BILLMYERS

NOW that I look back—and I am discovering that when you're about to be married you look back a lot—it seems as though Tommy Meredith and I had been in love all our lives. But never with each other. We just barely missed, a few times—ships that pass in the night. When I was fifteen and trying to conceal a broken heart, I think that Tommy was a little in love with me, but I wasn't interested. And when I was eighteen and fancy-free for a few weeks, I looked on him and thought . . . I wonder? But he was ga-ga over Lalie Coates, and I was only Amy, the Girl Who Understood.

I have before me, as I write, a book which I used to consider a pretty dangerous volume: My Five-Year Diary. I can laugh at a lot of it. But today, at twenty, I cannot laugh at my first broken heart, and I doubt if I will ever laugh at it. I doubt if anything will ever hurt me as much again.

I shall never love any one in the exact way I loved Dick Meredith, because it was Dick who showed me that things can end. You find that out only once; and once you've found it out, the world is never quite the same.

June 25, 1932: Dick Meredith has asked me to the Tennis Club dance!

There is no further entry for that day; I could write no more, having only the inadequacy of mere language with which to express my emotions.

A gay, tender tale of remembered romance and a love that found itself at last

Our summer home was next door to the Merediths'—next door, in Foxport, meaning out of sight; the equivalent of a longish city block by the road, or a winding path through our apple orchard, with a jump across the brook, a scramble over the stone wall, and a swift crossing of the Meredith strawberry bed, with a sharp eye out for Bill, the gardener, by the short cut. Tommy was two years older than I, and redheaded; but Dick, four years my senior, was—if you'll excuse the phrase—a young Greek god.

Life is so strange. Dick is twenty-four now, and still extraordinarily good-looking, and I can think of a dozen men I find more attractive, physically. But even today I cannot think of Dick at eighteen without a sort of sick, gone feeling in the pit of my stomach. I am sure that if I could see that Dick this minute, I'd say: So what? But the combination of that Dick and that me, that fourteen-year-old Amy Benson, was explosive.

Now, six years later, I can tell the story I understood so hazily then. Dick had come home at the end of his freshman year in college, and the girl he was crazy about had gone to Europe. His intention was to be true to her, so for a couple of weeks he steered clear of all girls. But Dick had to have admiration and interest and love, and he had to have it from one full-time worker. He's still like that, and I wouldn't be in Sally Meredith's shoes for a million dollars.

I caught his eye, I suppose, because I had grown up that winter; instead of a hulking, clumsy kid, I was all fresh young curves and electric with that awareness of being a young female which frequently makes girls look older at fourteen than they do for the next five years. I know that I looked more mature that summer than I did for years to come, and I was plenty pretty.

There is nothing revolutionary in the statement that the female sex is precocious. Before the evening was over, Dick was convinced that this was all an old story to me, and I honestly believe he had forgotten my age. When Sheila Lawrence, who was a faded old hag of seventeen, said in Dick's hearing, "Why, it's little Amy Benson! This is your first dance, isn't it, honey?" I answered huskily, "You know, it *is* my first dance—in a way," and looked at Dick and got over the impression that all those thousands of college proms I hadn't gone to were a puff of wind compared to my First Dance with Him.

WHEN he drove me home by the shore road, he stopped the car and kissed me. Only an unconventional and highly original boy would have done anything else. But, for me, it was cataclysmic. I was in love, really in love. All girls aren't, when they are first kissed, and if it had been another boy I wouldn't have been. But it was Dick, and I knew why I had been born.

It was a week before Dick said he loved me, and we never did mention marriage, but naturally I knew that that would come in time. We went everywhere together. He took a bit of razzing about cradle robbing at first, but it quieted down, and soon all Foxport accepted the fact that I was his girl.

First love! I wouldn't have missed it, and I wouldn't go through it again for anything in this world. The sappiest, most extravagant statements about it are all true—too, too true. My heart beat faster in the Presence. My throat choked and I'd feel suffocated and a little sick to my stomach.

In August, he took Sheila Lawrence to a dance. I remember that it was August 12, though there are merely empty pages in my Five-Year Diary. "She has this girl friend visiting her, and asked me if I'd make the fourth," Dick explained casually.

Tommy told me, years later, that he had overheard Dick's end of our telephone conversation. Oh, yes, we lived next door, but Dick broke it to me by phone, with the careful wisdom of young men. Tommy came looking for me, and found me down by the brook, with what had been my face pressed into a bed of ferns. He said, "Hi!" and I said, "Go away!" and he sat there, and after a long while he said, "Amy, no man's worth it—not even me." Tommy was then sixteen, and in spite of everything I smiled faintly. He gave me his handkerchief and said, "You better come to the dance with me. You don't want every one to know how you feel, do you? Want 'em all laughing and joking about it?"

In the end, of course, I agreed to go, worn out and beaten. "What about Rachel?" I asked listlessly. Rachel Allen was Tommy's girl. "Nuts to Rachel," said Tommy, and it never even occurred to me that so disposing of her might bring tears to Rachel's eyes, too.

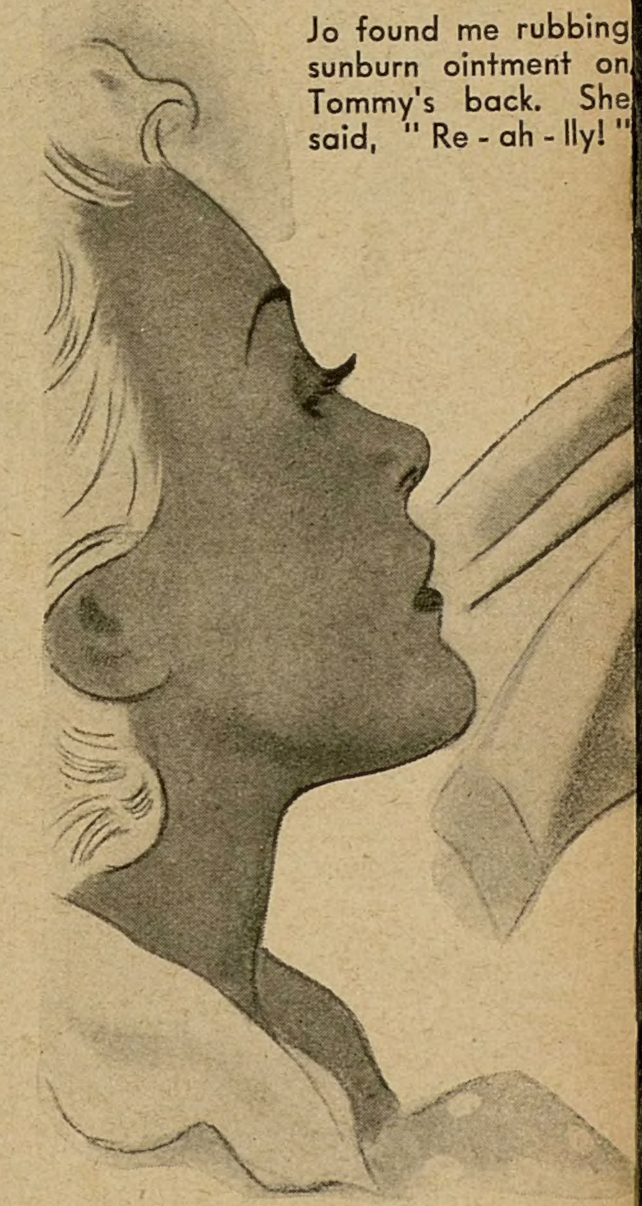
I went to the dance, but I could no more hide my heartbreak than I could reduce the puffiness from my eyes. Dick came around the next day and asked me to go swimming with him, and I went; but I knew that he was not in love with me, that he had never, really, been in love with me. I saw myself going on through life closing my eyes and pretending that some stranger was Dick. And when Betsy Blair came to visit the Carters in late August, and Dick fell head over heels in love with her—until after Labor Day—I wasn't a bit surprised.

Tommy divided his attentions between Rachel and me. We were talking about that summer the other day, and he began to chuckle. "I don't believe I ever told you this, Amy. Rachel tried to sulk and put on an act when I took you to that dance. And the next day I threw her bodily into my flivver and drove her ten miles out of town and put the car key in my pocket and made her listen to me. I was really nuts about her, you know—remember her cute bangs and her funny little short upper lip?" He grinned at me. "I certainly gave her the works. Told her that you and I were friends—that I would no more think of kissing you than a rabbit, but that I wouldn't ever let you down and that she had to take it and like it! She did, too—until school started and we both turned out to be such lousy correspondents."

Tommy thought about kissing me the next summer, but 1933 was my year for being the Heartless Coquette, the Girl with No Compassion. I don't mean to imply that I didn't kiss Tommy; it would be an exaggeration to say that I kissed every boy in New England that summer, but the ones I didn't I hadn't met. I can remember the first time I kissed Tommy, all right, because he slapped my face.

We had been to the movies, and driving home, I suggested a roundabout route—I knew most of our side roads rather well. He turned off the engine and started to say something, and I plugged in on Approach 47-B, the one with the head flung back so that I could gaze toward the stars, throat softly pulsing, lips parted, lashes downcast, and Tommy leaned over and kissed me, quite gently and sweetly, and I hadn't even finished that slow opening of my eyes when he slapped me. Hard. "Sorry," he said coolly. "Don't you think it's rather inartistic of you, though, to make it so blamed easy?" He was quite a lad for seventeen, taken all in all.

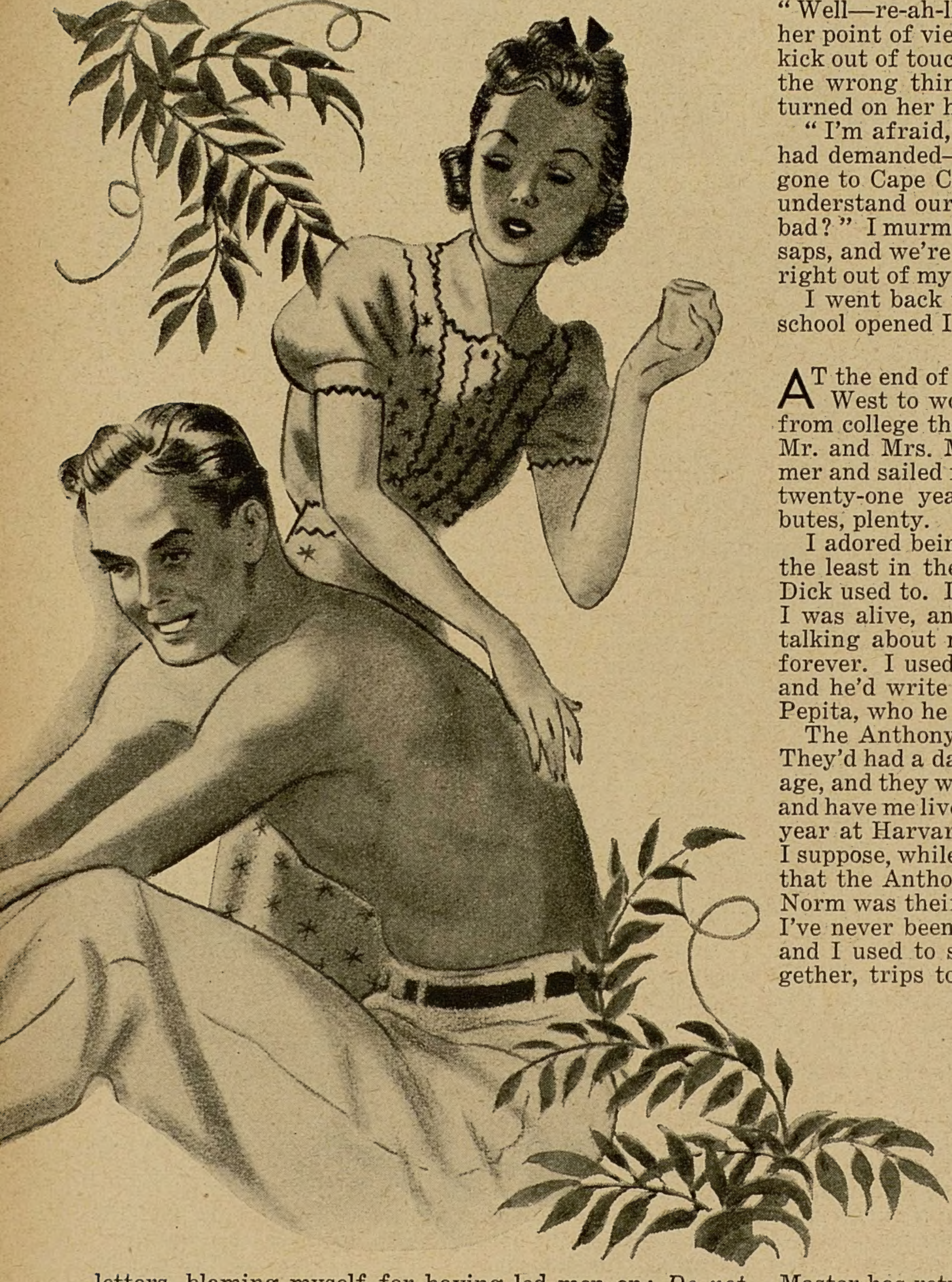
Relations between us were a little strained for a while, but finally I forgave him. I knew that I could always count on Tommy, and a girl needs a boy she can count on. At fifteen I was a rather awful little wench, but—the world being what it is—I collected a prodigious number



Jo found me rubbing sunburn ointment on Tommy's back. She said, "Re-ah-lly!"

of fraternity pins and rings, school and college banners and pillows.

I was all set for a Good Influence in my life, and Chuck Carter started in to be it that autumn. Chuck understood about my broken heart—it was his sister whom Betsy Blair had visited—and he undertook to show me that life could still be worth living, rich and full and splendid. I returned all the pins and rings, insured and registered, which used up most of a month's allowance. I wrote noble letters, blaming myself for having led men on: *Do not think too badly of me . . .*



Even my clothes took on a dramatic tinge: Quaker grays and Puritan browns that went grand with brown hair and gray eyes; spotless white cuffs and collars showed the purity of my intentions. Mothers of sons looked on me and found me good; I was "that sweet Benson girl."

Chuck was twenty, and a serious, solid young citizen. We considered ourselves engaged to be married—our families balked at any formal engagement, since I was sixteen and Chuck had another year at college before he began medical school. But we could wait; patience, self-control—there were no lofty virtues, no spiritual attributes of mankind, to which we did not at least aspire.

Back in Foxport in June, we read Thoreau together, and studied Audubon's birds. Tommy had a new girl, Jo Hunter, and they were very gay and companionable together, and used to kid us a lot. I liked Jo, and Tommy liked Chuck; but Chuck made an awful scene because Tommy and I went clamming together and met Captain Dyer, who invited us to sail with him down to Dorset, and, because of a squall, didn't get us home until after midnight. Then—and this was really pretty silly—Jo strolled up to our porch one afternoon and found me rubbing sunburn ointment on Tommy's back. Naturally, he had taken off his shirt, which was no revelation to me who has seen him in bathing trunks since he was six. But she said, "Well—re-ah-lly!" like somebody in a play. After I got her point of view I said, "Darling, if you think I get any kick out of touching Tommy's fair white body—" It was the wrong thing to say, because she blushed and then turned on her heel and departed.

"I'm afraid," Tommy said a week later, when Chuck had demanded—and received—his pin back, and Jo had gone to Cape Cod to visit her cousin, "that people don't understand our relationship, Amy." "Isn't that too, too bad?" I murmured. "If you ask me, they both acted like saps, and we're well rid of them!" "You take the words right out of my mouth," said Tommy.

I went back to wearing colors again, and by the time school opened I was a fairly normal, unaffected girl.

AT the end of his sophomore year at Yale, Tommy went West to work on a dude ranch. Dick had graduated from college that June, and had a job in New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Meredith rented their house for the summer and sailed for Europe. People named Anthony—son, twenty-one years old; name, Norman; physical attributes, plenty.

I adored being with Norman, and it didn't hurt me in the least in the pit of my stomach, the way being with Dick used to. It was just being young and gay and glad I was alive, and I was almost sorry when Norm began talking about marriage, because I wanted to be in love forever. I used to write Tommy cuckoo letters about it, and he'd write me back about his horse, a mare named Pepita, who he claimed was the love of his life.

The Anthonys, Norm's parents, were crazy about me. They'd had a daughter who died who would have been my age, and they would have liked us to get married right off, and have me live with them while Norm finished his senior year at Harvard. Mother and dad liked Norm a lot, and I suppose, while they're not a bit mercenary, still, the fact that the Anthonys had three or four million dollars and Norm was their only heir must have borne some weight. I've never been sure how much it influenced me. Norm and I used to sit and talk about the things we'd do together, trips to the South Seas and the Orient, and all the time there was that exciting knowledge that it needn't be just talk.

Tommy got home just before Labor Day, and Norm and I were sitting beside the brook when he appeared.

"Fickle woman!" he roared. "You take another to our trysting place?" And he lifted me up and kissed me smack on the mouth. Then he smiled at Norm. "First my house, and then my girl—I recognize you from your description, sirrah—but the Young Master has returned to claim his own!" He held out his hand and Norm shook it, and I couldn't blame him for a lack of cordiality.

"Tommy, you're an ass!" I said crossly. "I never was your girl, and you know it!"

"So that's the way the land lies!" cried Tommy, sounding so like a bad actor in a traveling stock company that, in spite of myself, I laughed. Norm didn't crack a smile.

"Where are you staying, you fool?" I asked.

"Where indeed but with my old friends and neighbors the Bensons?" he demanded.

"I hope they make you comfortable," I retorted. "I don't have much time for guests, myself." I smiled reassuringly at Norm.

But one thing led to another, and ultimately I broke our engagement. Norm went back to Harvard and Tommy went back to Yale, and I was ready for college but didn't want to go, so the family finally agreed to let me come to New York with them and go to art school.

I wasn't very upset about Norman, and that frightened me. He wrote to me around Thanksgiving and wanted to make up, but I knew then that I couldn't marry him, and that it wasn't fair to him. Was it possible that I was a one-man woman and would never truly love any one but Dick?

I didn't have to wait to peek in the back of the book to get the answer to that one. Dick called me up one day and asked me to have tea with him, and when I was sitting across from his beautiful blue eyes and lovely fair hair and charming smile, I thought . . . Why, it's only Dick Meredith! Tommy's older brother—the boy from next door!

"Why, hel*lo*, Dick!" I said, as if we hadn't said hello already, and I was grinning like a fool.

"Listen, Amy, I'm worried about Tommy," he told me. "The young fool thinks he's in love, and if I know anything about females, this one is aiming to marry him."

"Why, the very idea!" I exclaimed indignantly.

Her name was Lalie Coates—Eulalia, in fact—and she was an advertising model. Pretty as a picture. Some one had brought her up to New Haven for a football game, and Tommy had met her at a cocktail party.

"I'm not saying anything against her," Dick went on. "She's probably as nice a girl as any. And maybe she really loves Tommy. But maybe she's tired of working—and Tommy'll have a certain amount of money one of these days, and she probably knows it."

"How old is she?" I asked. She was Tommy's age, twenty, and I shook my head gravely. "I don't believe she's in love with him, Dick. He's too young for her—unless she's a moron. Girls are always so much older than men."

Dick grinned. "You taught me that," he said. "You must be around thirty-five now, Amy!" And he looked across at me with an expression that a little while before would have made me dizzy with joy.

"I'd like to meet her," I went on, ignoring the look.

"We might make a foursome, next time Tommy's in town," Dick suggested.

The next week-end Tommy came in, and it gave me a funny feeling to see him in love. He'd grown up. He isn't a bit handsome the way Dick is, what with having freckles and a funny nose, but he's more satisfying to look at.

WE went to El Morocco first, where we ran into some friends of Dick's, and then on to the Rainbow Room, where some people Lalie knew attached themselves to us, and by the time we reached Harlem we were a small mob scene. My Five-Year Diary, describing the evening, mentions that Robert Morton was with us. Oddly, I have no memory of Robert that night.

I think that for some seven hours I found Tommy a lot more attractive than I admitted to myself. My entry in my diary reads, in part: *"Poor Tommy—the lady had him tied with pink ribbons! Invited him to have dinner with us tomorrow, but Lalie's thumbs went down. Very pretty but too possessive. Tommy has no sense about girls. Odd, but T. much more attractive than D. now. Ugly duckling hatches into swan. Thought for today—nothing makes a girl madder than to be told how Understanding she is. Understanding is the destroyer of romance. Understanding is the last resort of the unattractive. Epigram."*

It is a bit confused, that paragraph, even for four o'clock in the morning. My own interpretation, now, is that I turned on the charm and Tommy wasn't having any. Rebuffed, that's what I was. Perhaps that's why I was having dinner with Robert Morton the following Monday.

Solid young American business man, Robert, identical twin to John Doe or Richard Roe.

It was a confused winter. Dick returned to the fold, and while I never let it get that far, while even Dick himself may not be aware of it, I could have been Mrs. Richard Meredith if I'd been interested. Wed to my first love! I wasn't interested, and I wasn't in the least triumphant, either. I still knew that what I had felt for Dick had been real, but it was as far away as Priscilla Mullens' love for John Alden, and as irrevocable.

I saw Tommy fairly frequently, too—Tommy and Lalie. Dick was still worrying about them and trying to Do Something, but I washed my hands of any responsibility. "You two were so comic, like a pair of old owls," Tommy told me, long later. "I used to ache from keeping my face straight with you. Lalie and I never thought of marriage—we were having too much fun." I said, a little coldly, "Oh," and Tommy grinned. "Oh-h!" he echoed, and got a lot of meaning into that one syllable.

I went back to Foxport with my family for the summer of 1936. The Meredith house was empty all season; Dick, of course, was working in New York, and Tommy was again at the dude ranch. How old I felt that summer! Early adolescence is supposed to be a difficult period, but I think that interval when a girl is growing tired of girlhood, of passing loves and college proms and the like, and begins to long for responsibility and the duties and details of maturity, is equally unhappy. If I had wanted college or a career, it would have been easier; but I'm a born wife and mother, and I know it and like it. My art work was an admitted stopgap.

Jo Hunter was married in the Foxport church in August, and I was a bridesmaid and a rather solemn one. This was what life was about. Tommy's earlier love, Rachel Allen, was engaged, and in September, Dick and Sally announced their engagement. Sheila Lawrence, who had married Jimmy Carter the year before, came down to visit her parents and brought her baby. . . .

I wasn't quite nineteen, but I felt that every one was living except me.

ROBERT MORTON dropped in on us, on his way down from a vacation in Maine. "Been holding out on us, have you, Amy?" my father teased me, after he had gone. "I think you're a flirt, young lady!" I said coldly, "I hardly know the man," and dad raised his eyebrows and snorted.

Tommy went directly from the West to New Haven, and I didn't see him until we were back in New York.

"I'm in love again. Are you in love again?" he greeted me blithely, when we met at Tony's in November.

"Sure," I said.

"Mine's named Jean. What's yours named?"

"Robert," I answered, and felt goose flesh come out on my arms below the short sleeves of my lamé blouse.

"I'm not sure," he went on brightly, "but I think mine has honorable intentions."

"I *know* mine has," I stated.

Tommy's eyes got a crazy glint. "What'll we do?" he whispered wildly.

I shrugged. "Marry 'em, I guess."

Tommy whinnied like a horse. "I'm so young to be wed—so young and fair. She looks determined, though."

I wasn't amused. I felt depressed and let down. Why had I said that I was in love with Robert?

"You don't know your own mind, Kitten," Robert was saying indulgently, that same evening. "You'd better let me make it up for you."

I shook my head. I wasn't in love with him.

In June, Tommy was graduated from Yale, and the papers carried the announcement of his engagement.

"Well—she got me!" Tommy told me, grinning from ear to ear. "Amy, do you suppose she knows my worth?"

All the laughter was gone out of me, somehow. Robert knows *my* worth, I told myself dismally.

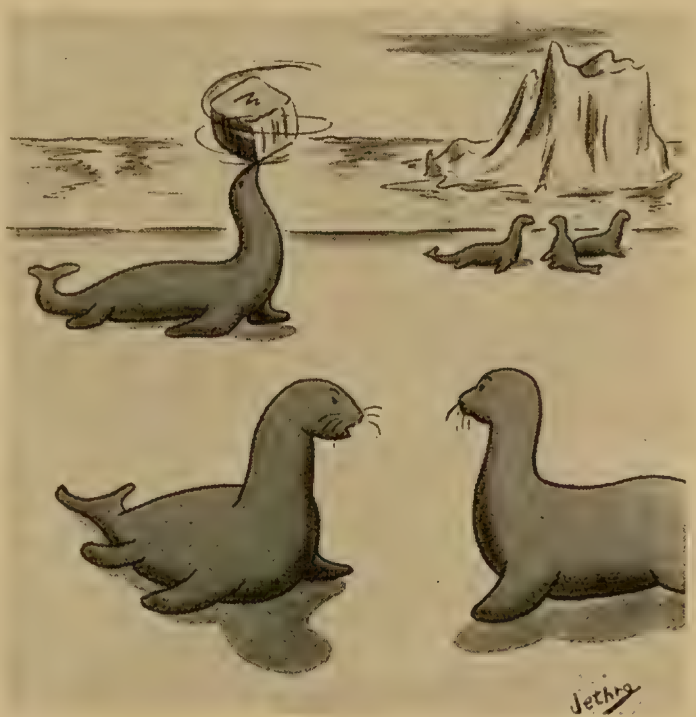
I held out until August. Robert had been flying up to Foxport for occasional week-ends, but now he came every Friday, regularly, relentlessly. Tommy, grinning and gay, had walked straight into an advertising job. He and Jean weren't going to be married until spring, and I set our wedding for spring, too.

New York again, and last winter, the winter of 1937 and 1938. Robert had always liked Tommy; he was so amusing, he told me. "I bet he's not half as amused at me as I am at him!" Tommy remarked indignantly, when for some reason I told him that. Robert liked Jean Endicott, too. A thoroughly nice girl, and, Robert said, a good person for me to know. I didn't say it was spinach and I didn't say where it could go. Instead, I got pally with

Jean, and we went to Brides' School together, which Robert thought a dandy—I believe he said a jim-dandy—idea. Tommy hooted. "What if you don't get promoted?" he asked darkly. "Don't be silly, darling," said Jean. "Brides' School!" repeated Tommy. "Do the students wear negligees?" "Don't be vulgar, darling," said Jean, and Tommy and I stared at one another. "Remember the time you told Jo Hunter that you got no kick out of my fair white body?" Tommy practically shouted, and Jean and Robert shook their heads at us amiably and both looked indulgent.

We went around together a lot, and sometimes Tommy would be so full of sheer deviltry that I'd hold my breath and wait for the explosion, but it never came. One evening, every time Jean murmured, "Darling?" to attract his attention, he'd say absently, "Yes, Amy?" but she took it in the spirit of good clean fun.

"We could work out a perfect design for living, you know," he remarked, later on that same night. "Robert and I would make a wonderful husband, and Jean and Amy would be a perfect wife for us. I believe I've got something there!"


"Don't tell me that Hollywood scout's here again!"

Robert laughed heartily, and Jean said, "Tommy, you're a nut! That's why I love you, I guess."

"Amy's a nut, too," said Tommy. "What say we leave these nutcrackers and take a whirl around the room—*Kitten?*"

"O. K.—Dog!" I replied. I was getting back my ability to laugh . . . when the four of us were together.

"You know—Kitten," began Tommy, making the *K* sound like an angry cat spitting, "that's a remarkable pair—that uninteresting-looking couple back there at that table. You can't break 'em down." He sounded genuinely surprised. "Don't you suppose anything would make them jealous?"

"Maybe it's because they don't truly love us," I suggested.

"Oh-ho!" chortled Tommy. "Don't kid yourself—Kitten! It's because they love us so much. Perfect love hath perfect faith—and it's a perfect bore, too, isn't it?"

"Tommy, you're awful!" I said. "Really."

"Rea-ah-lly!" agreed Tommy, and I knew, even before he went on, that he was mimicking Jo Hunter. We had so many secret words and remembered phrases. "Jean wouldn't mind if you *enjoyed* massaging me!"

"Tommy, you're being outrageous!" I said severely, but I couldn't help laughing.

Tommy said, "*They're* the outrageous ones. Trust is all very well, but there can be too much of anything!"

I knew how he felt; it did seem crazy. And all winter long the four of us went on accepting this cockeyed situation, and we all had a wonderful time.

"You know, Tommy Meredith, you and I are going to be married in six weeks," I told him in late February.

"Amy!" he cried. "I didn't know you cared!"

"Oh, be serious!" I said crossly. "How—how do you feel about it, Tommy?"

"The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast," he answered, grinning.

In March I decided to drive up to Foxport and get some things I'd left in the house, and when Tommy heard about it, he announced that he was going with me. Robert and Jean and I all stared at him—we were in the living room of Robert's suite, a modernistic little horror in one of those chromium-and-composition apartment hotels.

"Our last time together—a sort of bachelor drive instead of a bachelor dinner!" he proclaimed. "Soon Amy and I will belong to a couple of Anothers!"

Robert was chuckling. "It's a bit unconventional," he said, and I turned and looked at him incredulously.

"Oh, goodness—convention!" said Jean briskly. "Personally, I think it's rather sweet. They've been friends all their lives—and marriage *does* put a stop to things, even when you try not to let it. You get into different sets—develop different interests—"

Tommy said, "*Jean!*" and there was no laughter in his voice. I have never heard him so completely serious. We all stared at him, and his face was white. "Are you crazy?" he asked her, speaking very slowly.

"Why—Tommy," she faltered.

Tommy looked at Robert. "You'd let Amy—your fiancée—go off with me for a couple of days?" he demanded.

Robert looked uncomfortable. "After all, Tommy, I have perfect faith—"

Tommy's sudden roar of laughter cut him short. The color had rushed back into his cheeks, and now his eyes were dancing, his red hair electric. "The faith that passeth understanding!" he cried. "*You fools!*"

"Tommy!" said Jean sharply.

"Look here, Meredith," Robert began, but Tommy went right on laughing.

"You think you could trust us!" he said. And even his freckles seemed to vibrate with laughter and life. "You think I wouldn't make love to Amy—make love to her as neither of you dull tolerant people can imagine love-making?"

I didn't say a word; I couldn't, and he turned to me.

"Do *you* trust me, Amy?"

I said, "Why, Tommy—why, of course," but I was stammering and breathless.

He grinned. "O.K.—you can!" he conceded. "You can trust me to take you out of here and kiss you as you've never been kissed in your life. You can trust me to—"

"See here," Robert began again, and Tommy laughed.

"Ask Amy!" he challenged. "Ask her if you can trust her alone with me! Ask her how loud she'd cry out!"

Robert looked at me, and I tried to wipe the smile from my face. I suppose I looked just as crazy as Tommy. I could feel the blood beating against my cheeks. "I'm—sorry," I said, but my voice didn't sound sorrowful. "I—"

"Let's get out of here," said Tommy, and he grabbed up my coat and Jean's hat and almost dragged me from the room, slamming the door. He had his arm around me, and he hustled me along the quiet, carpeted corridor and through a door marked STAIRWAY.

"Don't look now," I said faintly, after a long interval, "but I think we're falling downstairs."

Tommy's arm tightened around me, and then, because we were swaying dangerously, he pulled me down beside him on the top step.

"I'll never say a good word for my intelligence again!" said Tommy. "Twenty years it took me to find this out!"

"Me too," I said.

"My gosh!" cried Tommy. "What if we'd married them?"

I began to giggle.

"Think it's funny, do you?" he demanded, and then he started laughing, too. "It is, at that," he admitted. "But there's going to be nothing funny about being married to me!" he added. "This is serious!"

We both went off into shrieks of uncontrollable laughter, and Tommy shoved me, and we started tumbling down the stairs . . .

So we're going to be married in three more days—to each other, after all these years. I said, awhile back, that once you found out that love could end, nothing could ever hurt you so much again. I wasn't thinking about Tommy's and my love, of course. Our love couldn't end, any more than it ever began. It just is—and was—and will be—in a dimension invented exclusively to hold it.

THE END

Shall Uncle Sam Pay You

An arresting look at the pros and cons of a much-debated plan—Would it be a boon or a peril to the nation's health?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BUT I ain't got the dough!" Patrick McCarren looked appealingly at the doctor. "Can't I pay you in installments?"

"The money," interjected the doctor's nurse, "must be paid before the operation."

"Of course," the doctor said, "Mrs. McCarren can apply to the free ward of the hospital. I may not be able to perform the operation myself, but I assure you that she will receive expert attention."

"But I want the best for Mary."

McCarren had been told that the distinguished surgeon was the only one who could save Mary's life. That was probably an error. But is it surprising if Pat decides to borrow the $500 needed against his insurance policy—his last reserve—to save his wife?

Bill Montgomery is told that his daughter must go to a hospital. Lung trouble, the doctor says. Bill is a white-collar worker. He has two to three thousand dollars in the savings bank and he is paying three cents a day for himself and the various members of his family under a new hospital plan. Under this plan his little girl will be able to stay free in one of several first-class hospitals for two weeks, not in the ward, but in a semiprivate room. Bill Montgomery is pleased with his foresight. Moreover, if she must stay a little longer, he will be entitled to a reduction of 25 per cent in any charge made by the hospital. He tells the doctor; but the doctor shakes his head sadly.

"I am afraid two weeks, or even three weeks, is not enough. Your little girl will have to stay in a sanitarium for a year or two. You will have to send her to Arizona if you want her to recover completely."

The little clerk is crestfallen. His child goes to Arizona. But the savings with which he intended to buy a house for his family vanish into thin air.

Lillian hides her face between her hands.

"But I only kissed him."

"Nevertheless," the doctor sternly replies, "you have a blood disease, and you will have to be under treatment for a year and a half, every week, if you want to be able to marry and be the mother of healthy children."

"But I can't afford to pay for it. I am earning only fifteen dollars a week."

"I will only charge you two dollars for every visit. Of course you can go to the clinic."

"Oh, no, I couldn't."

She sees in her mind's eye the constant danger of being observed by some gossiping neighbor as she enters the clinic for venereal diseases. She decides to go to the doctor. That means the sacrifice of her lunches and of small luxuries. After a month or two she no longer goes to the doctor. The rash that alarmed her has disappeared. She does not realize that the deadly germ is invading her blood and stamping her more deeply with the disease.

Whom shall we blame? Not the doctor. He too barely earns his subsistence. He cannot treat private patients without pay. Most doctors are no better off than the average white-collar worker.

These typical incidents point to a condition that is rapidly becoming intolerable. Workmen's Compensation, sick benefits, are only frail reeds to lean upon in a storm. And any prolonged illness strikes the average family like a hurricane.

When, recently, the President of the United States affirmed that one third of our people are inadequately housed and inadequately fed, the nation was startled. On the heels of his pronunciamento came the shocking revelation that not only the unfortunate third but the great majority of the population lack scientific medical care. The nation's health is in jeopardy.

This crisis is rendered more acute by the attitude of the American Medical Association, which frowns upon intervention from without, but offers no solution. Its inflexible attitude has led to a revolt of the doctors who refuse to look upon their profession as a "medical union." Upon the door of the A. M. A., 430 progressive physicians have dramatically nailed thirteen theses demanding drastic reforms.

In ringing words the 430 doctors (including the deans of many medical colleges, one Nobel Prize winner, and the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service) insist that the health of the people is the direct concern of the government.

Under "socialized medicine" as envisaged by the 430 doctors, Patrick McCarren would go to the doctor of his choice. The doctor would perform the operation and send his bill to Uncle Sam, who would probably pay a little less than Patrick would have to pay. And there would be no difficulty about the hospital. If Patrick could not pay for his wife's care, the commission charged with the responsibility would settle for him. He would not be forced to take a pauper's oath, nor subjected to indignities at the hands of inquisitorial social workers.

Bill Montgomery would not have to go to his savings bank with a heavy heart to draw his last two or three thousand dollars. No; the doctor would report to the commission, and the little girl would be sent to Saranac or Arizona. If Bill could pay part of the expense, he would joyfully do so; if not, the state would unquestionably take care of his child.

And poor little Lillian would not have to give up her lunches in order to receive regularly at the office of her own private physician injections that purify the blood. She could keep her pennies. Her doctor would be paid by the state, and her plight would not become known. But she would not be free to discontinue her treatments. If she grew negligent, if she failed to aid society in its battle royal against syphilis, she would be sternly recalled to her civic duty.

Of course this picture may be too rosy. In Germany, where socialized medicine assumes the form of compulsory health insurance, patients flock to doctors sometimes merely to get a free tonic or a few days' vacation. The doctors are hurried and overworked, and the attention the nonpaying patient receives is often wholly inadequate. In England similar conditions prevail. The ease with which medicine may be procured has turned England—according to its Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood—into "a nation of medicine drinkers." Shirkers and malingerers abuse the privilege extended to them and the bureaucracy created to administer its benefactions rests like an incubus upon socialized medicine.

The enemies of compulsory health insurance insist that it destroys the present sympathetic relationship between patient and physician, lowers the standards of medical practice, and retards medical progress. Any scheme for socialized medicine, no matter on what basis, we are told, would absorb ten per cent of the national pay roll and work economic havoc. Opponents maintain that infant mortality is higher, life expectancy shorter, preventable diseases more prevalent, and the loss to industry greater in countries having compulsory health insurance than

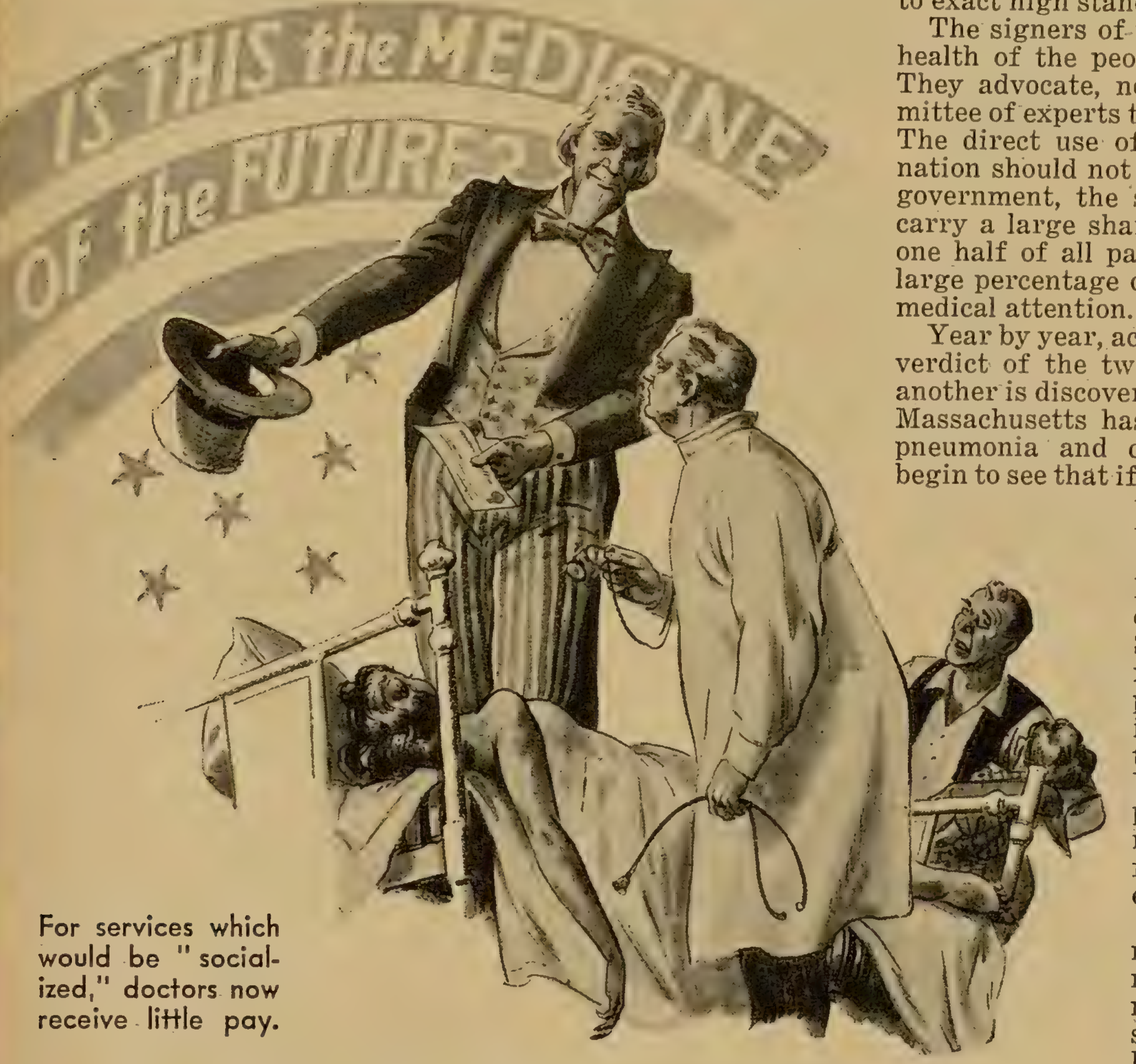
Doctor Bills?

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

in those without it. That is one reason why many American business men do not relish the idea of it.

Nevertheless, it is becoming increasingly clear that the doctors, unaided, cannot cope with their gigantic task. The underprivileged in the great cities have free clinics and free medical service. But hospital wards in the cities are overcrowded and, according to the testimony of doctors, work in clinics and dispensaries is often hasty and superficial. In many rustic regions medical assistance is difficult to obtain. In some counties one third of the people die without consulting a doctor, even in their last illness.

There are counties in some Western states where three fourths of all babies are born and die without medical attention. In several Southern and Western states thousands of tubercular and syphilitic patients face death and spread infection because the community cannot handle their cases. These and other alarming facts have been unearthed by the American Foundation (a body established by the late Edward Bok and carried on with the active participation of his son, Curtis Bok) through an inquiry among two thousand doctors in every part of the United States.


IS THIS the MEDICINE of the FUTURE?

For services which would be "socialized," doctors now receive little pay.

Since the publication of its report in two enormous volumes, under the editorship of Esther Everett Lape, an animated controversy rages. The extreme conservatives, led by Dr. Morris Fishbein, speaking for the trustees of the A. M. A., resent state interference and reject even state assistance. Another group demands compulsory health insurance of all wage earners. At the other extreme are radicals who advocate the complete socialization of medicine. But it is claimed that this last group does not really exist; that it is merely a bogy conjured up by Dr. Fishbein. Finally, the 430 forward-looking men, led by Dr. John P. Peters and Dr. Russell L. Cecil, Dr. Hugh Cabot (of the Mayo Clinic), Dr. Milton Winternitz (former dean of Yale), and Dr. Robert Osgood of Boston, attempt to find a middle way by "socializing" certain medical services without "socializing" the doctors.

The 430 revolting demand a national public health policy extended to all groups of the population. Their program involves federal subsidies for hospitals, laboratories, research agencies, medical schools, and the creation of a federal Department of Health. It does not, however, dispense with the aid of voluntary agencies, municipalities, and states. The doctors call upon state and federal aid only where private funds are insufficient, but they insist upon full authority for the government to exact high standards of medical care.

The signers of the medical manifesto do not want the health of the people to become the football of politics. They advocate, not a medical bureaucracy, but a committee of experts to co-operate with government agencies. The direct use of the tax funds for the health of the nation should not startle us if we recall that the federal government, the states, and their subdivisions already carry a large share of the expense involved. Less than one half of all patients in general hospitals pay, and a large percentage of the population depends on relief for medical attention.

Year by year, according to Miss Lape, summarizing the verdict of the two thousand doctors, one disease after another is discovered to have a claim upon public interest. Massachusetts has taken hold of cancer; New York of pneumonia and cancer. People, Miss Lape remarks, begin to see that if the state does not deal at an early stage with the *disease,* it will end by dealing with the *diseased* as a public charge.

"Critics of the scheme," remarked Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service—one of the signers of the document—as he explained the thirteen points to me, "forget that it is not the intention of the committee to thrust the sole financial responsibility upon Uncle Sam. The first responsibility for public health rests on the local community; but where local and state funds are insufficient the federal government must step in."

Dr. Parran pooh-poohed the argument that mortality is higher and illness more prevalent in countries where medicine is socialized. "The medical services which should be socialized," he said, "are those for which the doctor now gets little pay or none at all. The system may be abused. I am less concerned about the small percentage of dispensary patients who can afford a private physician than about the much larger number of sick people who get no adequate care at all.

"A relatively small increase in public expenditure would provide hospital care to all in the lower-income group. To provide an adequate and decent medical service to our public charges, and to extend to the low-income group treatment for the catastrophic and chronic illnesses requiring costly diagnosis and long hospitalization, is a public-health obligation.

"The proposals of the committee must be interpreted in the light of common sense. They represent a middle road, not an extreme demand. We trust to American intelligence to find a way of adapting the experience of Europe to the American scene and of avoiding some of Europe's errors."

THE END

Why I Quit Fighting

Farewell to fistiana. With the approval of his wife and children, the ex-champion hangs up his gloves.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

IT isn't an easy matter to make up your mind to give up a game which has not only been your means of livelihood but your very life for more than fifteen years; a game, too, in which you have attained more than a fair measure of success; a game in which for a time you reigned as the champion of the world, and where, at the moment, you look to be all set to go on for an even more sensational dash back to the top.

I was by far and away the happiest man in the world the night I received the decision over Tommy Farr. I can't remember half the people who jammed into my dressing room that night to slap me on the back, shake me by the hand, and congratulate me. Still in my ring togs, I managed to elbow my way to a telephone to call up my wife. Her first words were:

"Jim, are you hurt?"

"No, honey," I answered, "not a bit. Feel great—" and before I had a chance to say more, a torrent of relief came through the receiver. The fact that I had won didn't seem to make half the impression on her that my assuring words did when I told her I had escaped injury.

There was no denying I had achieved a notable triumph. I had just beaten Farr, a fighter who had proved himself good enough to carry the world champion, Joe Louis, right down to the wire before losing a close decision, and this, mind you, after Louis so decisively had battered me down to win the title.

I certainly had every reason to feel proud of this latest accomplishment. All around me friends were buzzing, telling me that on the strength of my sensational comeback I stood an excellent chance of springing another miracle by regaining the title.

The first dethroned heavyweight champion ever to regain his crown!

That has been the burning ambition of more than one former champion before me, and I'll admit the idea was beginning to take a pretty firm hold on me. I had already staged one of the greatest upsets in ring history the night I wrested the title from Max Baer after the experts from one end of the world to the other almost unanimously conceded me no chance at all. I had just staged another by my comeback in beating Farr after practically all had regarded my crushing defeat at the hands of Louis as the finish to my career. Why not try for a third and even more sensational upset? Come what might, I was pretty determined to go on.

But in the days that followed, three words kept going over and over in my mind. They were the anxious words my wife spoke to me over the phone when I tried to tell her I had just beaten Farr: "Are you hurt?"

To me it seemed strange that at a time when the outcome of a fight meant so much to the future of my career, she should think more of whether I had come up with a battered nose or black eye than whether I had won or lost. Gradually it began to dawn on me that here at least was one person who seemed far more concerned with my immediate physical well-being than any further glories the prize ring might have to offer me.

In another few days I was to learn there was still another. And that was Joe Gould, not only a grand manager but one of the finest friends ever a man could know—a pal who has stuck to me through thick and thin. Joe called me in for a heart-to-heart talk.

"Listen, Jim," he said. "I know what's on your mind. I know you want another crack at the title. It would be a wonderful thing if you could win it back. I'm not saying you can do it. I'm not saying you can't. But, Jim, I do say I hate to see you go on, and all the money in the world can't tempt me to say otherwise."

Now, Joe, of course, had talked to me like that before. He had given me a similar spiel after the Louis fight, and with good reason. For I had taken a swell pasting in that battle. But that he should again talk like this when I was once more moving definitely back to the top had me puzzled.

"You've been fighting a pretty long time, Jim," he

BY JAMES J. BRADDOCK

Former world heavyweight champion

A famous warrior tells the real—and heart-warming—secret of his turning aside from a hope to regain his crown

continued. "And there is no telling how much longer you would have to keep on fighting if you were to keep up this title chase. You would have to keep on fighting. Think of the risk you'd be taking, soaking up more punches. Think of the kids—"

Think of the kids! I had, to tell the truth, been doing a lot of thinking about those kids of mine. Thinking how proud they would be in later years to be able to point back to their father when he was a world champion, and how they would be even more proud to know he had been the only heavyweight ever to regain his title.

It made a fascinating picture. But behind it there always hovered another picture, which, try as I would, I could not blot out. It was the picture of three eager, shining faces looking more than a little bewildered not at a father who was once the famous heavyweight champion who had regained his title, but at a doddering old man who was nothing more than—a stumble-bum!

Joe's words brought me up quicker than any clip I ever received on this still pretty durable chin. And then and there I knew my mind was firmly made up. I had fought my last fight in the ring.

Many and varied have been the reasons ascribed to me for reaching the decision that I would never put on the gloves again. Here and now let me say there was only one. I could not and would not continue fighting at the risk of finding myself in another year or two mumbling answers to my kids' questions.

I have three of them. One is seven, another is six, and the youngest is four. They are just at that age when they ask questions. I do not want my little girl coming to me with the question: "What is a ground hog, daddy?" and have me replying, "Gal, you should of seen me when he rushed in wid that right! I hooked 'im wid me left, den I hooks him again, den I crosses wid de right, and down he goes."

Have you ever seen any of these pathetic ring derelicts? I have, and don't think I am exaggerating. They are a gruesome spectacle.

There were, of course, other practical reasons why my continuance as an active fighter would be more or less pointless and my ambitions to regain the title pretty certain to end in failure.

Supposing, for instance, Max Schmeling were to defeat Louis for the title. How long do you suppose Max would keep me waiting before giving me my chance?

After all, I appreciate I kept him waiting two years, due to a bad hand, and when I was ready to fight again, they deemed it more expedient to match me with Louis instead of Schmeling. In the circumstances, therefore, I could hardly blame Max for stalling me off, if he became the champion again; and by the time he did fight me I'd be just about three years older. That would mean three more years of soaking up punches.

Of course I could loaf along, too, meeting pushovers just to keep my hand in and never taking any serious chances. But I don't think there is a fight fan who knows me who thinks I could possibly do that.

I have given fifteen years of my life to the business of fighting, and as long as I was in the game I considered it my duty to give my best against the best opponent available.

Now I consider it my duty to be what every man in his heart wants to be—a devoted husband and loving father. Having made enough to live comfortably in the years to come, my wife has wanted me to give up fighting for a long time. The kids have put over the final knockout.

I have seen too many fighters in my time who did not know when to quit. Today many of them are addle-brained, muttering derelicts. It is a condition which I do not hold as a reproach upon boxing itself. But I do hold it against responsible managers and promoters who will drive such a fighter on when they know full well what the end must be.

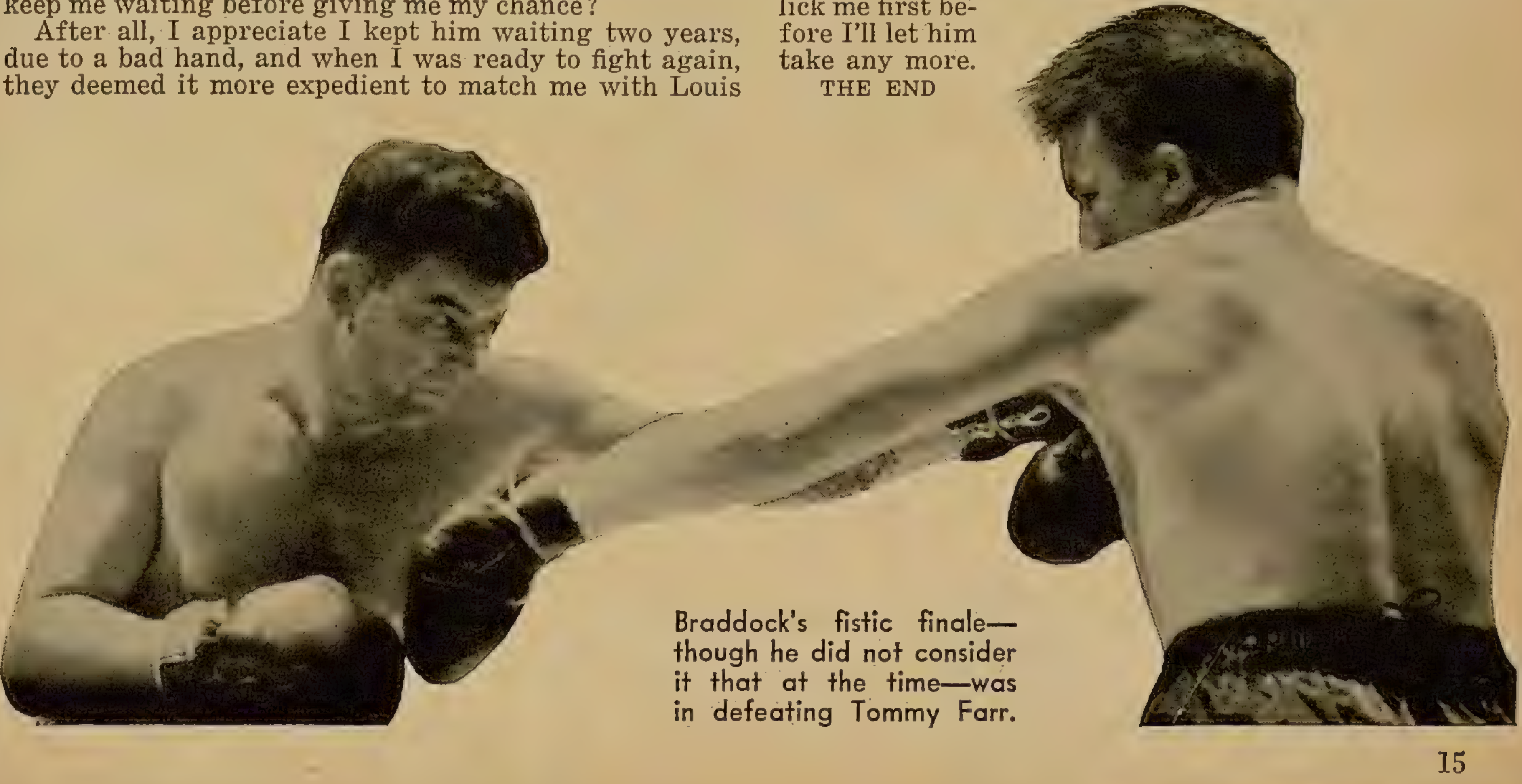
I took a terrific licking in my fight with Joe Louis in Chicago last summer. To what extent, not even my own family or the sports writers and spectators ever knew.

However, thoroughly beaten though I was in that fight, I could not let myself believe that was the way I would have to leave the boxing game for good and all. I felt that, come what might, I still owed the fight fans one more effort, if only to prove to myself that I still was a better fighter than I showed myself that night against Louis. I think, at least, my fight with Farr did that.

Although my days as a fighter are over, I am not leaving the boxing profession by any means. Recently I have been turning my hand to refereeing fights and wrestling matches. There is always room in boxing for a skilled referee.

Later it also is my plan to join Joe Gould in the managing and developing of young fighters. And while I may not be able to assure a young fellow that I'll pilot him to the top, this much I will be able to guarantee him: If he shows me he hasn't got what it takes, he'll have to lick me first before I'll let him take any more.

THE END



Braddock's fistic finale—though he did not consider it that at the time—was in defeating Tommy Farr.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

CASTLE IN

For Americans . . . A stirring story of new-world freedom and old-world fear

"The Baron and Baroness will be at home on Wednesday af

I WANT to become an American citizen."

The clerk in the Naturalization Bureau glanced at the man in perfunctory appraisal. "Have you been admitted to the United States in conformity with the immigration laws?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Fill in this form."

This would-be citizen was the exception rather than the rule: young, tall, unmistakable breeding in the handsome gaunt face; resolve and intelligence in the blue eyes. The slightly down-at-heel shoes, the worn-out elbows of the well fitting tweed coat subtracted nothing from a quiet aristocratic bearing.

At a desk a Negro was sweating over his pen, tongue between his teeth. "What it say hyer, mister?"

The young man told him, pleasantly helped him out with other questions, then began on his own form.

"Gerhart Wenzel von Muhldorf-Hutten. Age, 27. Born in Minden, Schaumburg-Lippe, Germany. Parents, dead. Next of kin, uncle, Minden, Germany. Dependents, none. Single. Present address, Hotel Sinclair, West 44 Street, New York City."

It was, the form instructed him, his declaration of intention. Upon completion of five years of continuous residence within the United States he might petition the court for admission to citizenship if at that time his declaration of intention was two or more years old. Two citizens of the United States must then be present as witnesses so as to prove his allegation of residence and establish his good moral character and attachment to the principles of the Constitution.

Handing in the filled-out form, he left the building. He had given the Hotel Sinclair address rather than the roominghouse because it seemed more permanent. He had been employed there as night clerk almost six months, his longest job since coming to the United States.

For the country of his birth Gerhart had nothing but love. He had left there when he was twenty-two, and in the five passing years had seen many parts of the world. America he liked best of all. He admired Americans, their forthright character, their balance of idealism and practicality, their friendliness and warm nature.

"Sorry, Fritz," the hotel manager told him that evening, "but I've got to let you out. Nothing against you personally. They've been putting the pressure on me. Plenty of our own men out of work without taking on foreigners—that's what they say. Here's your wages up to last night."

Days later Gerhart was seated on a bench in Central Park, the October sun warming his chilled limbs. He had been tramping the city since early morning.

"Gerry Hutten—I've applied for American citizenship."

He sat watching the children playing; in particular, a boy in a blue reefer jacket.

His gaze strayed to the lad's mother. No, his sister, more likely. She was not more than twenty. Honey-colored hair glowed silkily in the sun, and the keen air had tinctured olive cheeks with russet red. It would be a pure joy simply to know such a girl, Gerhart decided; to gain her smile, if only for a passing moment.

Screams of children and an immediate confusion distracted his attention. A dog—a little white-haired dog—

And then Gerhart was running to protect a small boy in a blue reefer jacket; had swiftly got in between him and the dog. Paws clawed at his trousers, saliva spattered his hand, as he struck the crazed little creature to the ground, wounding it. A policeman's revolver put the dog out of its misery, and, as if by magic, an ambulance was on the scene, bitten children and grown-ups hustled into it and driven away.

The incident over, the policeman recording it, Gerhart had his moment of joy. The girl's wood-brown eyes gave him the full measure of her gratitude and admiration.

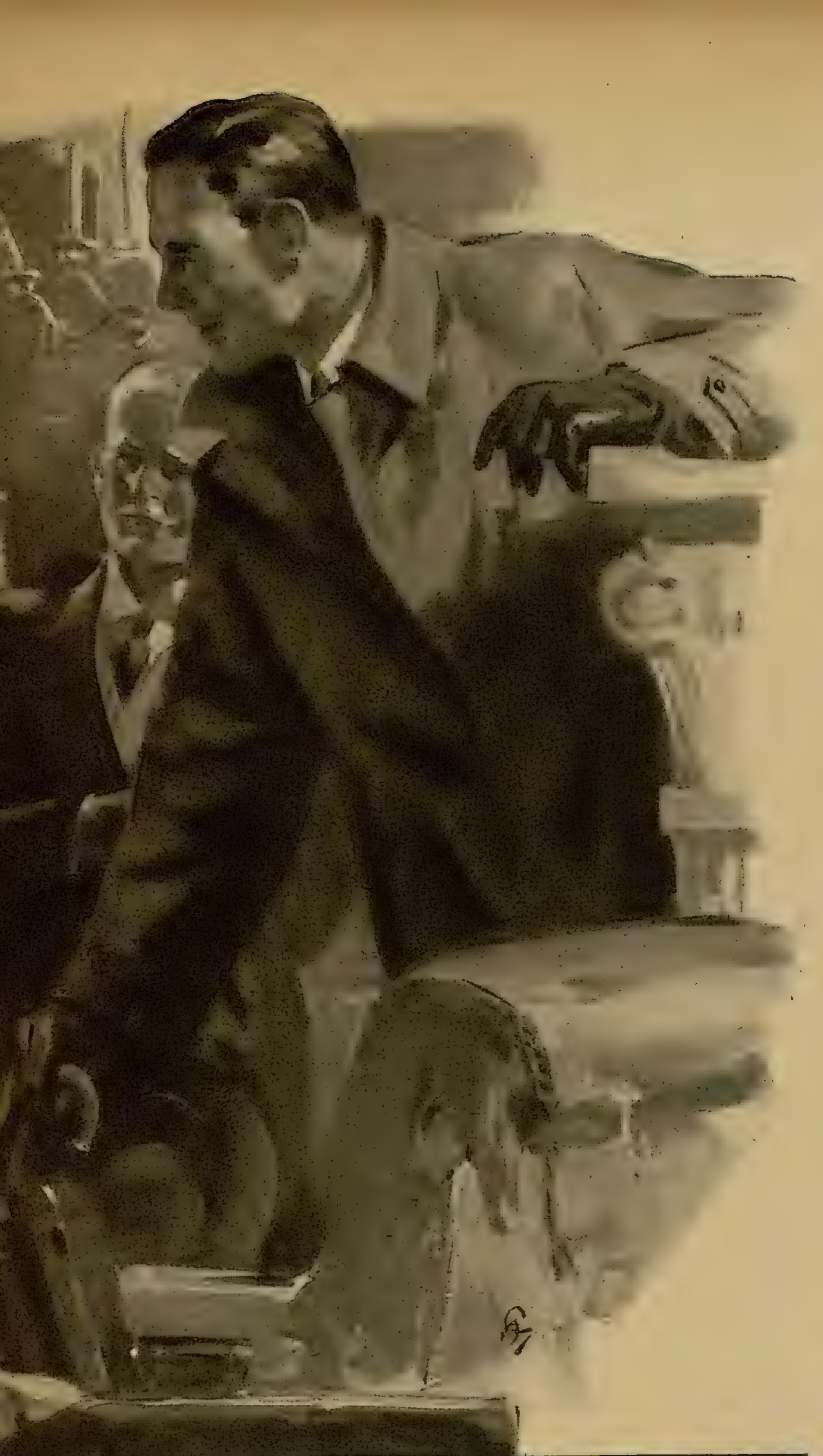
"Ronny," she commanded the boy clinging to her skirt, "offer your hand to this gentleman." The lovely eyes now showed concern for Gerhart. "Don't you think you should have gone to the hospital—just in case you—"

"Oh, I'm quite all right, thank you. The poor little dog tore my trousers a bit, but didn't even scratch me."

"May I ask your name? I'm Miss Temple—Sylvia Temple—Ronny's governess. His father will want to thank you."

"Gerry Hutten. But please don't feel obliged to—it really was nothing. Any man would have—"

"No, it was noble of you." Sylvia Temple shuddered. "Please let me know where Mr. Stein can reach you?"



noons — if," she added, "the roof doesn't fall in on them."

MANHATTAN

BY LLEWELLYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW

"I can't give you any permanent address, I'm afraid," he said, feeling uncomfortable. "The fact is, I'm out of a job at present. Oh," he smiled, "I'll soon find one. I was sitting here resting my legs a bit before—"

"I'm sure—I *know*—Mr. Stein will—he employs hundreds of people. Perhaps you know the store? J. F. Stein, Fifth Avenue. Only," she persisted, "we must know where to reach you."

"Well"—Gerhart wished he could prolong this moment indefinitely—"don't think me rude, but do you—and the little boy—come here very often?"

"Generally in the afternoon."

"I could be here about this time tomorrow."

She nodded. "And in the meantime I'll speak to Mr. Stein. I'm sure he'll want to see you."

"Thank you very much indeed. Good afternoon, Fräulein," he stammered, moving away.

At five o'clock the next afternoon, a little square-shouldered man with gray hair and a beak of a nose got up from behind an enormous mahogany desk. "Mr. Hutton?"

Gerhart bowed from the waist.

"Accept the heartfelt thanks of a grateful father. My son is an only child and—" J. F. Stein's fat little hand squeezed Gerhart's with considerable pressure. "Sit down, Mr. Hutton. A cigar, Mr. Hutton?"

"Thank you, no."

"Ach, a big handsome young feller like you—looking for work. What kind of work do you do, eh?" he inquired, his eyes bright, his gray gull-like head cocked on one side.

"I've lately been employed as hotel clerk. But," Gerhart advanced hopefully, "I've been assistant floor manager in my time."

Mr. Stein chuckled. "And you shall be again—in my fur-coat department. We will get you measured for morning coat, striped trousers, spats. You will draw plenty of lady customers in there. Ya! Now you tell something about yourself—so we get to know each other better. You are of German nationality, Mr. Hutton?"

The question seemed disastrous to Gerhart. The papers had lately published accounts of the Nazi treatment of Jews, and Mr. Stein himself—

"Yes," he admitted, "I am. But I have applied for American citizenship."

"So? What part of Germany are you from?"

"Schaumburg-Lippe."

"So? I was myself born near there—in Hanover. Hutton?" he questioned. "That name seems familiar."

"It's Hutten," Gerhart pronounced for him. "Von Muhldorf-Hutten."

"Baron Maximilian von Muhldorf-Hutten is your father?"

"No; he is my uncle."

"Then you are the general's son, Baron Gottfried von Muhldorf-Hutten?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ya, ya, ya!" J. F. Stein's fat little fist bounced on the mahogany desk like a ball. "When I was a small boy I lived within a mile of Muhldorf Castle. In Minden. I worked for a while in the stables there. I used to see little Maximilian ride by on his pony. And now—ya, ya, ya!" he repeated, floored by the coincidence.

Gerhart felt captive before the bar of some strangely avenging reversal of justice.

"Your uncle still lives?" asked J. F. Stein.

"I have not heard since I left home."

"Your father?"

"Killed in the war. Also four brothers and all my cousins. My uncle's wooden leg prevented him from going to war, and I was only seven when the armistice was declared."

"Armistice," J. F. Stein pronounced bitterly. "Interlude, it should be called. War, war, war! What stupidity!

"And my poor people," he lamented. "Thrown out of their homes—no place to go. What have they done with my brother?" he suddenly implored. "I begged him to come here—where he would be safe. I have sent him money. For more than a year I don't hear a word. Sometimes I think of going back there to see what has happened to him. But the Germany I loved is finished. I wish to set foot there no more."

His gray face brightened. "You do well to become an American citizen. We are a peace-loving nation. Young men of your standing and character we welcome." . . . .

Indeed, there appeared no end to the good luck attendant upon that October afternoon in Central Park. In six months Gerhart was promoted to floor manager. At the end of a year the girl whose first smile had been a blessing miraculously became his wife.

Even after they were settled in a small apartment, Gerhart kept pinching himself to prove it wasn't a dream.

They were reading the papers one Sunday morning, Sylvia adorable in blue silk pajamas and furry mules, when something quickened her to a pitch of excitement.

"Gerry darling—it's about you!"

She ran to him, sat on his lap, and read: "If Baron Gerhart Wenzel von Muhldorf-Hutten, who left Germany in 1933, will kindly communicate with Franz Bitter, 29 Bronnstrasse, Minden, Schaumburg-Lippe, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"By Jove! Uncle Maximilian has probably kicked the bucket. It can't be anything else. We had no advantage to leave on our side of the family."

"Was your uncle rich?"

"Exceedingly, at one time. He surely can't have made me his heir. The old boy never had much use for us."

Sylvia kissed him madly. "Gerry! I've dreamed of Castle Muhldorf ever since you told me about it. A castle!" she raved ecstatically. "Darling, you must cable at once. Do it now, over the telephone." Sylvia, blue silk clinging to the curves of her thighs, walked queenly about the room. "'The Baron and Baroness von Muhldorf-Hutten sailed yesterday for their castle in Germany.'"

Inwardly Gerhart didn't quite share her enthusiasm. He thought of his first papers toward American citizenship. Somehow this seemed to be a running out of his intention at a time when America had given him a very friendly hand.

But, so far, he had not been able to supply Sylvia with the requirements her beauty deserved. She did her own housework, the cooking, climbed long flights of stairs to the upper balconies of theaters; and did so without a word of complaint on her appealing lips.

He sent the cable, and in twenty-four hours learned that his uncle Maximilian had died intestate, and that he, Gerhart, as next of kin, automatically became his heir.

ON the night before they sailed on the Bremen, they paid J. F. Stein a farewell visit.

"Just like a fairy story," he chuckled, pinching Sylvia's radiant cheek. "So your jobless young man turned out to be a prince, eh? And you, Gerhart, how do you feel about things?"

Gerhart's laugh betrayed a mental disquiet. "I shall miss many good friends here."

"Oh, but we'll be coming back very often," Sylvia put in extravagantly. "Gerry has arranged that with the immigration authorities and his consul. We're trying to sublet the apartment—but, in a way, I hope no one takes it until we—"

Gerhart's arm went around her slim waist. "I'll be satisfied," he told her fondly, "if we're half as happy in the big castle as we've been in the little one."

"Ya." J. F. Stein nodded wisely. "Now, Gerhart, I am going to ask of you a favor, eh?"

"Anything, Mr. Stein. Anything."

"When you have time over there, I wish you would try to trace my brother Adolph. Here is his last address in Hanover."

"I shall attend to it immediately, Mr. Stein." Gerhart put the address carefully away in his pocketbook.

"And remember—if ever, at any time, you wish to come back to my store, there is a position vacant for you. I am losing two young people I have grown very fond of. But," and he clapped his fat little hands, "don't let us be gloomy here, eh? A glass of wine all around." . . .

A keen November air penetrated Gerhart's tweeds as he stepped from the train on to the Minden platform. A glowing and excited Sylvia fastened her furs more snugly around her throat.

"How charming!" she enthused, looking about.

A tall lean old gentleman approached, silk hat in hand, his crown of hair white as a snowball. "Baron von Muhldorf-Hutten? I am Franz Bitter."

Gerhart had only a vague recollection of him in connection with affairs of his family. He presented Sylvia, explained that his wife had no knowledge of German, and Herr Bitter profoundly regretted that he, in turn, had practically no English at his command.

As they left the station platform Gerhart's conversation with him began leisurely. Soon, however, he stopped abruptly in partly amused consternation.

"What is it, Gerry?" Sylvia asked.

"Herr Bitter feels that we won't be very comfortable in the castle. In fact," he laughed, "that's putting it very mildly."

"Oh, Gerry!"

Again he spoke concisely in German.

"What I fail to see, Herr Bitter," he smiled, "is the 'something-to-your-advantage' angle of it."

"There is the property. It is yours."

"But we can't even live in it?"

"My dear Baron, in its present condition you wouldn't subject your wife to it for twenty-four hours."

"And my uncle died penniless, you say?"

"He died in debt. And I'm afraid that the estate is responsible for those debts. Of course some one may purchase it, if you care to sell. It has, however, been on the market for some time—for as little, at your late uncle's instruction, as a hundred thousand marks."

Gerhart revealed the situation to Sylvia, and her pretty mouth drooped. "Only a dream, then, after all?"

"I'm afraid so."

AT the Schaumburg Inn comfortable quarters were arranged, and all three of them had tea.

Sylvia had won Herr Bitter's heart. "A delight," he asked Gerhart to convey to her, "to observe such natural beauty. You are blessed, Herr Baron, in that such disappointing news has failed to impair her happiness."

Gerhart thanked him; and on the way to Castle Muhldorf, in Franz Bitter's car, he held Sylvia's hand.

They saw at once that the beautifully situated ruin needed a vast expenditure to make it habitable. The main entrance had fallen away, the serrated walls were crumbling, and the quarters formerly occupied by Baron Maximilian lacked heat and light and other conveniences.

Sylvia had set up such delusions of grandeur that the contretemps provided possibilities for comedy. She now duplicated the queenly pose she had taken in their New York apartment, and strutted through the huge dining hall. "The Baron and Baroness von Muhldorf-Hutten will be at home on Wednesday afternoons—if," she added spiritedly, "the roof doesn't fall in on them."

In what had been the library she pulled vigorously for servants on an old tasseled bell cord. It came down in her hand. Another cord drew back heavy faded drapes from a broken diamond-paned window. In his late uncle's drawing room Gerhart sat in a high-backed chair, and the back of it fell away. In the bedroom—the "bridal chamber"—he plumped down on the enormous bed. The canopy came down, smothering him with confusion and dust. By this time he and Sylvia were hysterical.

Herr Bitter didn't share in their laughter. He kept looking at Sylvia with sorrowful eyes. "I hope," he said bleakly, "the Baroness is not too upset?"

"No, no. No, I think—" Gerhart translated the message for her, and Sylvia went to the old lawyer and kissed his withered cheek.

"I am sixty-five and an old bachelor. Herr Baron," he said, "you make me realize the great happiness I have missed in life."

On the way out he fell in beside Gerhart. "You know things are very changed here in Germany. I'd be careful what you say and do. It might save the Baroness embarrassment."

"Just what do you mean, Herr Bitter?"

"In my position I come in direct touch with the authorities a great deal. In these days we are closely watched—every one of us." The kindly voice had lowered. "Fear of the police is ever-present. They know everything. For example, it is known that you have taken out papers to become an American citizen."

Gerhart quietly drew in his breath.

"It is not held to be in your favor here. Therefore say little about it. I am telling you this because of my long association with your family, and because of your wife."

The lawyer's warning seemed preposterous. None the less, Gerhart proceeded circumspectly, signing documents in connection with his property, arranging for the sale of the castle, and quietly making plans to return to New York before their money was exhausted.

To fulfill a given promise, he went, with Sylvia, to an address on the Reichsplatz in Hanover, some forty miles east of Minden. Not only was the name Adolph Stein, Watch Repairer, over the door, but the gnomelike little man was inside, plying his trade.

He was, Gerhart saw, rather feeble. Something had crushed him, put everlasting fear into his forlorn eyes. He only faintly resembled his brother.

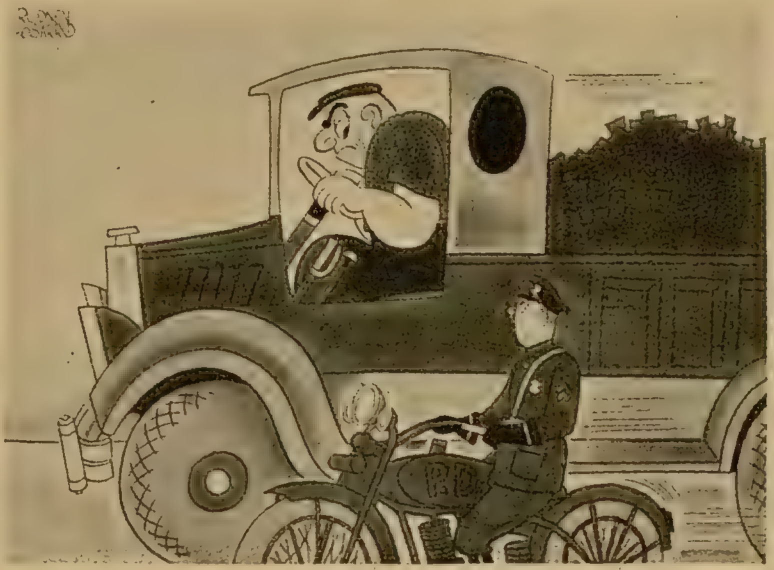
When Gerhart explained the nature of his visit, the little man trembled. "Ach, my brother Jacob!" he said in German. "Please tell me about him and his family. All the time I write, and no word in return."

"But that's exactly what your brother says," Gerhart told the old man. "Haven't you received the money he's been sending you?"

"Money?" Plainly Adolph Stein had received nothing of the sort from his brother, or he was a monstrous fraud. "Just a letter from him—and I should be happy," he sobbed. "My son-in-law will tell you himself. It is time for him to be home. Ya! Here he comes now. Kurt Jahnke is good to me. My wife—my children—everybody taken away from me—except my son-in-law."

A round-shouldered man of forty entered the shop. Little porcine eyes paid instant attention to Sylvia's ankles, and he gave the impression of having a third eye on guard in the back of his head.

"They have come from America!" Adolph Stein cried out to him. "Tell them, Kurt, I have heard nothing from my brother for years now. Tell them that once every month I have written him a letter—


"If you're going to be pulling over to the curb at any time soon, I'd like to talk to you."

"Then you don't mail it," Gerhart purposely intimated.

"Kurt mails it for me on his way to the State Department where he works."

That was the answer. J. F. Stein's contributions had gone into the greasy pockets of his brother's son-in-law.

"Mr. Stein," Gerhart said, "I'd like a word with you alone."

"Ya, Herr Baron. Please to come inside my house."

Kurt Jahnke moved to the door as if on ice. "A message to deliver," he murmured. "Won't be long."

Gerhart came straight to the object of his visit. "Your brother wants you to join him in New York. Would you be willing to go there?"

Adolph Stein gave way to guttural prayers and tears. He would be willing to start out that very moment.

"Your brother will send you money for your passage, and I will personally see to it that you get it."

"Herr Baron—is it—is it true?"

"You shall see." Gerhart took out one of his cards and scribbled his Minden telephone number on it. "If you wish to reach me, you may do so here."

"*Danke schön,* Herr Baron." He glanced about him fretfully. "I can't speak my mind here," he said pitifully. "I am afraid here, Herr Baron."

"It's best to say nothing."

In Minden, Gerhart was called to the telephone at eleven o'clock that night. It was Adolph Stein.

"Herr Baron, I can't talk over the telephone—but Kurt has been arrested."

"Arrested? What for?"

"They will try to implicate me. You know how it will go with me—a Jew."

"But what has your son-in-law done?"

"For some time—I have thought—" The whisper came to Gerhart's eardrum like the prick of a needle. "He has had access to secrets in the State Department—"

Here, Gerhart at once perceived, was danger; and Franz Bitter's prior warning intensified it.

When he re-entered the room Sylvia was wide awake, and as he proceeded to dress she sat up in bed. "Where are you going, Gerry?"

"Adolph Stein's son-in-law has been arrested. I am thinking, of course, of his brother in New York. I owe him a great deal."

"Shall I come with you?"

"I think not, darling. I won't be long."

"If you need some extra money—there are our travelers' checks."

Gerhart took two one-hundred-dollar checks, kissed her, and was gone. There was no smile on his lips once he left the room.

He hired a car to drive him to Hanover, dismissed it some distance from the Reichsplatz, and proceeded on foot. Adolph Stein was in terror. Unquestionably, Kurt Jahnke had been arrested for treason. The old man seemed entirely innocent of having the slightest hand in it. But that, Gerhart felt intuitively, wouldn't save him. Unless he got away immediately, he would spend the rest of his life in prison. J. F. Stein, with all his money, would be powerless to help him.

"Whatever you need—pack in a small bag. Go to Amsterdam — stay at the Lander Hotel. Here, I'll write it down for you. Leave everything. Both of us must be away from here instantly." He produced money and the travelers' checks. "Pay for your railway ticket in marks. Wait in Amsterdam until you hear from me—"

"My brother—"

"Yes, yes. I have already cabled him."

At last they were out on the street, on their way to the railway station. There, at a discreet distance, Gerhart remained until 5.15 A. M., making sure that the helpless old watch repairer got on the train.

Safely back in Minden, he slept until noon. Then Sylvia woke him.

"I hated to disturb you, darling. But Mr. Bitter is very anxious to speak to you over the telephone."

Downstairs, Gerhart listened in dread.

"Must see you at once! There's a lane back of the inn. I'll meet you there."

Upstairs, Sylvia was suddenly terrified. "Gerry! Something is wrong. Tell me."

"Nothing, dear. Bitter wants me to sign some more papers—that's all."

In the lane, he waited. Bitter came from another direction. "No time to lose," he said, out of breath. "You and your wife were seen at the house of a man named Stein —in Hanover—"

You and *your wife!* Fear clutched Gerhart. "Let me explain—"

"No! Every minute counts. I am risking my life's practice to warn you. They arrested the man's son-in-law for treason. Hire a car—cross into Holland. Go at once! Do you hear? At once!" . . .

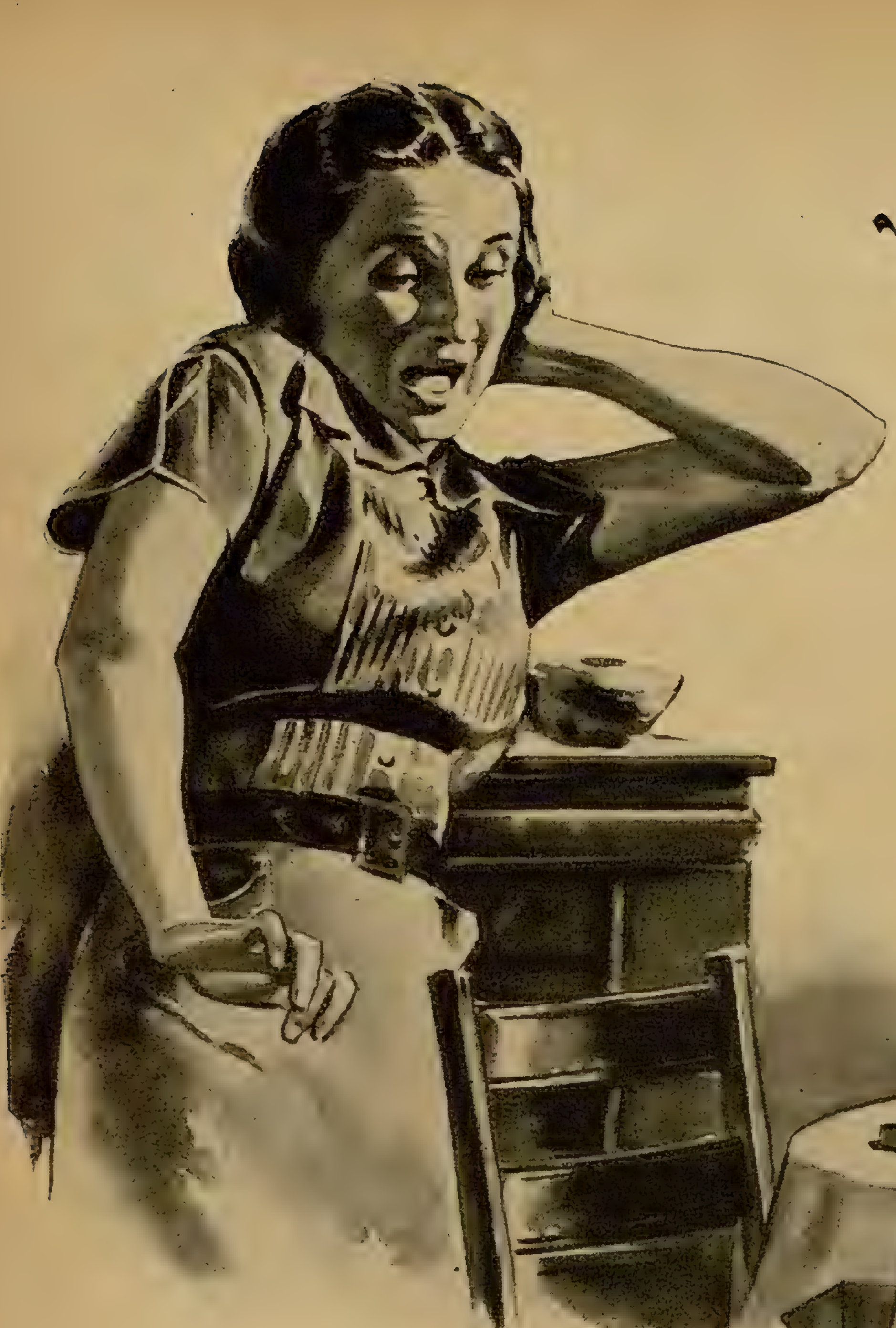
It was a morning in December two weeks later. With his wife, Gerhart made his way into the Naturalization Bureau in New York, consciously thankful for many things. One, it was good to be back in their three-room castle in Manhattan. Another, it was a comfort to know that J. F. Stein's brother had been safely restored to him.

There were other things Gerhart didn't know. One, that the white-haired Franz Bitter was dead, shot by men in brown shirts while "resisting arrest." Another, the exact wording on an application form which went "not until he has resided within the United States for five *continuous* years."

The same clerk glanced up at him with the same perfunctory appraisal. Gerhart smiled.

"I want to become an American citizen," he said.

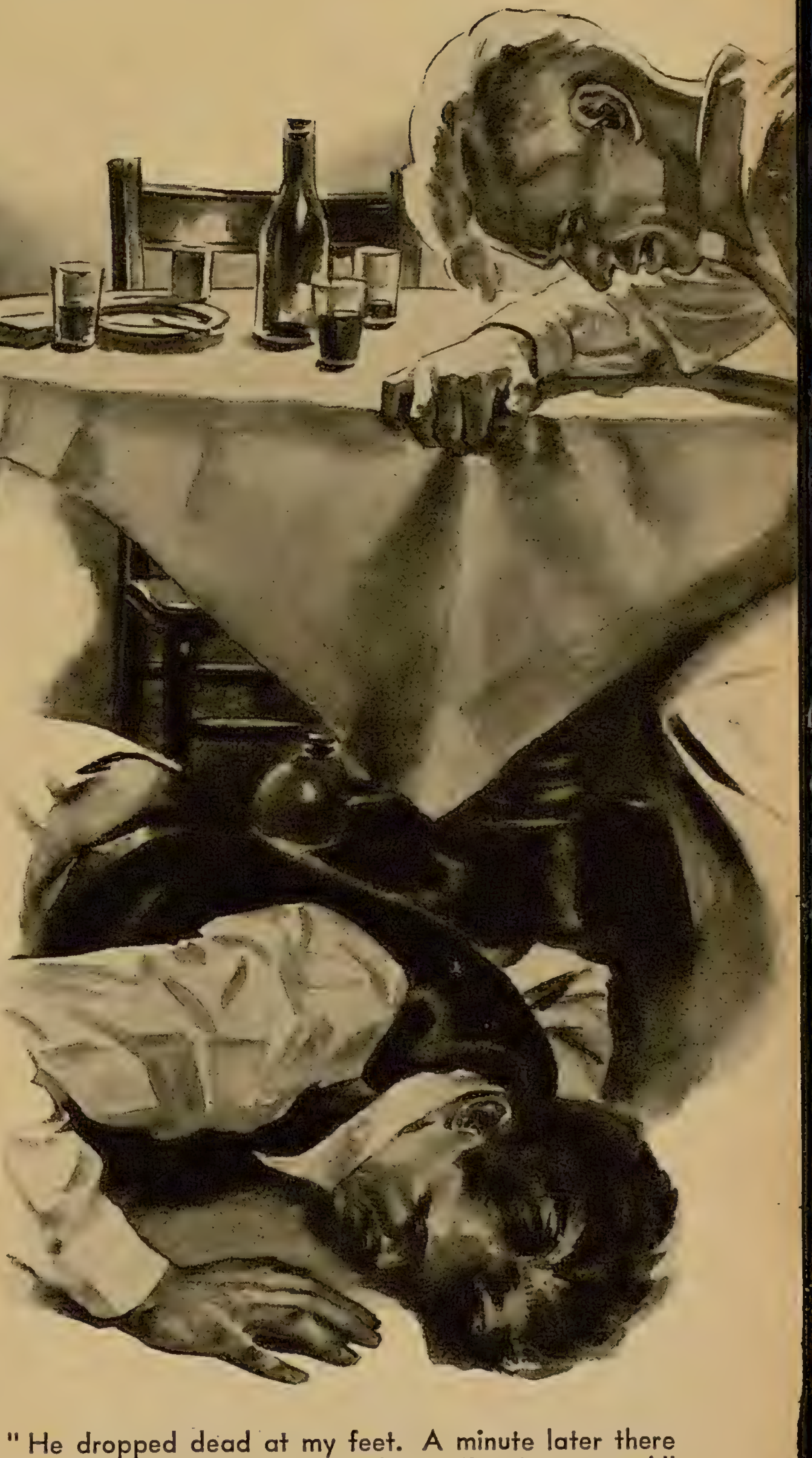
THE END



What Happened to ELLIS PARKER?

The Case of the

BY FRED



"He dropped dead at my feet. A minute later there were three more shots. Two hit Duffy. I screamed."

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TWO men were dead—and this woman, who should know more about what had happened than any one else, apparently was lying her head off. It would be romantic—but inaccurate—to report that she was lying her pretty head off.

She wasn't pretty. Forty-odd years had put into her broad cold face and flinty eyes a lot of cruelty and hardness. The fact that one of the dead men was her husband hadn't softened her eyes any.

Her name was Hattie Evans.

Prosecutor J. Mercer Davis invited his friend Ellis Parker over to Ocean County to see what he would do with her.

This double shooting that Ocean County had on its hands had happened in Lakehurst, United States Naval Air Station, where the Hindenburg burned last year.

Mrs. Evans' neat little bungalow, Homestead Farms, was an isolated dwelling on a small chicken-raising belt on the edge of Lakehurst. The shooting occurred on a Thursday evening, May 15, 1930.

"We've got Hattie in a cell," Davis told Ellis Parker, "because there is something wrong with her story and something funny about the whole case. So far, though, we haven't put our finger on it."

Parker lit his pipe and settled down to listen.

"Night before last," said Davis, "Hattie's husband, Bob Evans, came home with a sailor pal of his—fellow named Albert Duffy. Bob had been a sailor for sixteen years. He planned to settle down now at Homestead Farms and retire. He had just received his discharge from the navy. It was an honorable discharge; he had a fine record. So had Duffy. Nice fellow. No enemies. Yet he was shot down, with Evans.

Another in the impressive array of brilliant exploits that starred with glory a mysteriously halted career

Unlucky Clover

ALLHOFF

"They got to Lakehurst shortly after six o'clock Thursday evening. Apparently Hattie was glad to see her husband. The taxi driver who drove Bob Evans and Duffy from the station saw Hattie run out to greet her husband. He says she threw her arms around Bob and kissed him."

"How long," asked Ellis Parker, "had Bob Evans been away from home?"

"A little more than a year, this last time."

"Why, in heaven's name," exploded Parker, "would a man who hadn't seen his wife for a year bring another man home with him?"

Davis grinned, observed dryly: "That's one of the things we hope you'll be able to answer. Well, about five hours after the men got home, Mrs. Evans showed up at the home of Mrs. Bessie Mowers, down the road. She'd been running and she was half hysterical. This was about eleven or eleven thirty.

"She said her husband and Duffy were having a drunken quarrel and she was afraid to go home. Mrs. Mowers offered to put her up for the night, but she said she would go to the home of her brother, Herbert Dane. She went there and told them about it and went to bed.

"When she woke up, yesterday morning, she was still afraid to go home, so she had her brother drive her to the State Police barracks at Toms River, where she told them her troubles. Trooper George McVaugh drove back with her.

Another story of a real-life mystery solved by the famous detective Ellis Parker will appear in an early issue. Later Mr. Allhoff will discuss what is perhaps the strangest mystery of all—Parker's own conduct in the kidnaping of Paul Wendel in connection with the Lindbergh case, when his bungling attempt to flout the law he had always upheld wrecked a long and honorable career.

"On the way, he asked her how the quarrel had started. She said Duffy had made some drunken advances and her husband had become furious. She tried to stop them, but when one of them picked up a shotgun and the other a big Colt automatic, she ran out of the house."

"Did she say anything about hearing any shots?"

"No, she didn't. When she and Trooper McVaugh reached her place, they found Evans and Duffy sprawled on the floor of the dining room. The place was a wreck. Chairs were overturned. There was a big jug of whisky under the dining-room table and three glasses on the table, where they'd been drinking. Did I tell you that Hattie did a little bootlegging on the side? Got a lot of the marine trade from the air base.

"Anyway, the place, as I've said, was a mess. Both Duffy and Evans had bloody heads where, apparently, they'd beaten each other before they began shooting. A shotgun was lying beside Duffy. A Colt .45 automatic was near Evans' right hand. The shotgun hadn't been fired, but the Colt had.

"Evans was shot once—right through the heart. Duffy had two bullet wounds. One went through his arm, another through his chest. Duffy was still breathing when McVaugh got to his side, but he was unconscious, and he never came out of it to tell us what happened. He died in the hospital last night."

"You don't think," Ellis Parker asked, "that Mrs. Evans might be telling the truth? That the two men did fight and beat each other over the head before the shooting started?"

"No," said Davis. "At first it looked that way. But there was only one gun in the house that might have fired the shots—the Colt. So both men would have had to have used the same gun. Of course Evans might have shot Duffy through the arm and chest, and then Duffy might have got the gun away from him and put a bullet through Evans' heart. Or Evans might have shot Duffy and then killed himself. That would have been more likely, since the Colt was found by Evans' body.

"But there's one thing wrong with both of those possibilities: Both men had bad skull fractures. And there wasn't a thing in that room that showed a trace of blood, that could have been used to club in those skulls."

Ellis Parker nodded.

"Did you get the bullets out of the bodies yet?"

"Not yet. The doctors are at work on that now."

"I'd like," said Ellis Parker, "to see this Mrs. Mowers that Hattie Evans visited Thursday night. Then I'd like to talk to Hattie, and after that go to Lakehurst and look over the place."

Mrs. Mowers told Parker the story just as Davis had.

"How was Hattie dressed?" asked Parker. "Wear a coat?"

"No, she didn't. It must have been about midnight when she woke me. She had been running, was out of breath. The kitchen light was on, and I noticed some torn weeds and bits of clover clinging to her skirt."

"Clover?" asked Ellis Parker.

"Yes. And under one arm she had a little green box, the kind of metal lockbox you keep valuables or papers in."

Ellis Parker hadn't heard about the box before. He left Mrs. Mowers and went with his secretary, Mrs. Anna Bading, née Yoos, to have a chat with Hattie Evans.

The widow, who was being detained as a material witness, possessed a voice that matched her face, a rasping voice, cold and hard. She tried to put warmth into it, though, when she came into the room and spied him.

"You're Mr. Parker," she said. "I've seen your picture and read about you. I'm glad you're on this case."

"Thanks," said Ellis Parker. "This is Mrs. Bading, my secretary. I want you to tell us everything you can remember about Thursday night."

In her calm harsh voice Hattie Evans went over the series of events. She told her story much as Ellis Parker had already got it from Prosecutor Davis.

Ellis Parker let her finish, then he said: "Now, let's go back to the start of the quarrel. Duffy got overfriendly with you. Your husband objected. You tried to quiet them. They were drunk and they both grabbed guns."

"That's right. Duffy took the shotgun. Bob was waving the Colt pistol."

"That pistol belong to your husband?"

"Yes. When I saw them take up guns, I got scared and ran out of the house."

"Did you hear any shooting?" asked Ellis Parker.

Hattie Evans hesitated; finally said, "No."

Parker rubbed his chin, frowned, and baited her.

"You probably don't remember," he said consolingly. "You were excited. But there must have been a shot before you got far from the house. Think back, now. Try to remember every step you took as you ran down the road toward the Mowers place. You did go down the road, didn't you? Or did you cut through the field?"

"I went down the road," said Hattie Evans. "Now let me see. . . . Yes, I do remember a shot."

"Well, now," drawled Ellis Parker, "weren't you worried—or curious—about what had happened in your home? Weren't you afraid your husband might have killed Duffy—or been killed himself?"

Hattie Evans blinked her eyes once, spoke swiftly, calmly: "I was more frightened—and mixed up, Mr. Parker, than anything else." She dropped her eyes modestly. "You see, we had all been drinking. I was a little befuddled until the next morning, and then I didn't remember too clearly. I guess that's why I didn't even remember the shot until now."

"Of course," said Ellis Parker, and thought: She's a clever liar. It's not going to be easy to make her tell what really did happen.

Hattie Evans was returned to her cell. Ellis Parker thought over the interview. Not once had the widow mentioned carrying a little green box from her home. And she had lied about running down the road to Mrs. Mowers' house.

"That's the shortest way," Parker remarked to Anna Bading. "It's the way she should have gone. But clover doesn't grow on a roadbed, and she had clover clinging to her skirt when she got there."

Ellis Parker went out to the bungalow with Trooper McVaugh to look it over. He examined two dining-room windows that had bullet holes in them. The windows were covered on the outside by a heavy wire screen. Inside this screen were ordinary window screens.

Through the screen of one window was a hole too large to have been made by a single bullet. The torn wires of the screen had been forced *in* by bullets. The fact that two bullets had made but one large hole meant that whoever fired the shots had put both in almost the same place. Bunching shots that way meant that the one who fired them had been something of a marksman. That kind of shooting wouldn't ordinarily be done with side arms but with a rifle.

When, on the carpet, near where the body of Evans had lain, Ellis Parker found some drying clover leaves, he knew that the murderer had stood outside to shoot.

Four shots seemed to have been fired. Two had lodged in the body of Duffy. A third had pierced Evans' heart. The fourth had gone through a window screen, passed through the corridor connecting dining room and kitchen, and plowed on through the screen door of the kitchen.

Ellis Parker carefully measured the distance from floor to bullet hole in window screen. Then he measured the distance from floor to bullet hole in screen door. Carefully he estimated the angle of flight of the bullet that had made these two holes.

After that, he went to the window, got his eye on a level with that straight line and looked out through the bullet hole in the screen.

Trooper McVaugh walked in a semicircle outside the house until he came in the line of Parker's sight.

"That's it!" shouted the detective. "Now turn around and keep walking. Farther. There. Hold it!"

Trooper McVaugh, approximately two hundred feet from the murder cottage, halted. He found that he had stopped in the middle of a patch of clover.

Ellis Parker hurried outside. The two men began to examine the clover patch. It had been trampled down recently, though there were no footprints of value.

Lester Underdown, Hattie's lover.

Ellis Parker and McVaugh got down on hands and knees to search the ground for clues.

It was Trooper McVaugh who made the first discovery—an empty cartridge shell, .45-caliber, to fit the Colt automatic found beside the murdered Bob Evans. A continued search turned up three more.

Ellis Parker got up, puzzled. Four shots had been fired. And here were four shells.

"That Colt automatic can't be the murder weapon," he growled. "How could a man be good enough to put two, possibly three, shots through the screen in that window from here so those shots tore only one hole in the screen?

"But wait a minute. There shouldn't be four shells here, anyway. One of the shots was fired through the other window—the side window. The shell for that one should have been ejected in an entirely different spot.

"These shells are a blind. The murderer killed Evans and Duffy from outside here, all right. But it's practically a certainty that he used a rifle. Then he fired four shots out here from the automatic to get us off the track, then planted the gun beside Evans. Anyway, that Colt never did the job."

In this, Ellis Parker was right. The coroner who performed the autopsy on the two dead men reported that they had been killed by bullets fired from a .30-.30 rifle. A .30-.30 Springfield rifle was the type issued to marines at the naval air base in Lakehurst.

The coroner's examination smashed to bits, too, the possibility that Evans and Duffy had died as the result of a duel. His report showed that both men had been beaten so brutally about the head that those injuries would have disabled, probably killed, them.

Ellis Parker began, now that Hattie Evans' story had been destroyed, to seek more information about the hard-faced widow. Her reputation was not particularly savory. Gossip had it that during her husband's absence of a year she had sold liquor to many of the marines from the air base. Many of them had come to her house to drink. A couple of them had, rumor had it, stayed overnight. One in particular had the reputation of having recently become her lover. All that Parker could learn of this leatherneck was that Hattie Evans had referred to him, to friends, as Lester.

Ellis Parker talked to Mrs. Duffy, widow of the other murdered sailor.

"About a week before this happened," said Mrs. Duffy, "I visited Hattie Evans. We talked about her husband's impending discharge from the navy. Mrs. Evans was angry about it. She told us: 'Why does he want to come back here? I never want to see him again.'"

Ellis Parker sought out Lieutenant Bluhm at the air station.

"Do your A. W. O. L. records show any marines missing since the night of May fifteenth?"

A check of the records was made. Lieutenant Bluhm told the detective: "Only one man missing since that night. He would have been honorably discharged in two more weeks, so I don't know why he deserted."

"Was his first or last name Lester?" Parker asked.

"No. His name was Jiles Bagwell. He came here from South Carolina."

Parker sought out some of Bagwell's fellow marines. Bagwell was a decent chap. Unanimously, they gave him a clean bill of health. But conversation brought out the lead that Ellis Parker had been angling for.

Bagwell's closest friend and buddy at the air base had been a marine named Lester Underdown.

More discreet prying brought out the information that Underdown was one of the best rifle shots at the air base; that he was a regular customer of the liquor-selling Hattie Evans; that he had spent at least one leave of absence at her bungalow while her husband was at sea.

Ellis Parker conferred with navy officials. Lester Underdown was tossed in the brig. A tall fairly handsome young marine—a Texan—he glared at the little country detective and denied angrily that he knew anything at all about the shooting of Duffy and Evans.

Parker had enough now to tear Hattie Evans' story apart. He had another talk with her.

"Mrs. Evans," he said, "you're not being frank with me. You're holding back facts."

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

"The little green box, for example," Parker told her. "You forgot to tell us that you took it out of the house. Mrs. Mowers saw you carrying it. What was in that box?"

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Evans dismissed it with a wave of her hand. "I just picked it up in the excitement. Nothing important in it. In fact, I don't know what I did with it."

Ellis Parker let it go at that—temporarily. He had an idea of his own about what that box contained.

"Now," he continued, "you also forgot to tell us about Jiles Bagwell—and Lester Underdown."

Mrs. Evans stiffened. Then she relaxed, spoke easily: "What of them? They came to the house when Underdown bought liquor. I suppose the neighbors told you I sold liquor now and then," she added maliciously.

THEY told me more than that," Parker added. "I've talked to Mrs. Duffy. She says you were not anxious to have your husband back."

"Nonsense."

"She told me something else. The day before your husband was discharged from the navy he and Duffy went to Duffy's home in Brooklyn. Evans was worried about something that had happened that day. A marine came aboard his ship, the Overton, asked him when he expected to return home. That worried your husband. That's why, when he did come home, he brought Duffy along.

"Now, why did you send Bagwell to New York to find out when your husband was coming home?"

"I didn't," Hattie Evans protested.

"You were intimate with Underdown."

She sat there pale and silent for a moment. When she took the plunge, she did it quickly—and cleverly.

"Yes," she admitted. "And I haven't been telling you everything, Mr. Parker. I was afraid to. Lester Underdown has a horrible temper. He was jealous of my husband. I was in the house that night my husband returned. Suddenly some shots came through the window. My husband dropped dead at my feet. A minute later there were three more shots. Two hit Duffy.

"In between the first shot and the others I screamed when I saw Bob go down. Then Lester's voice called out: 'Were you hit, Hattie?' Later, when I ran away, he came up to me on the road, said: 'If you say anything about this, I'll kill you, too.' That's why I didn't tell you before."

Parker nodded sympathetically.

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SAY, TOM, LET ME WHITEWASH A LITTLE?
DOES A BOY GET A CHANCE TO WHITEWASH A FENCE EVERY DAY?
FROM AN OLD PRINT
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A SCENE FROM "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"
YOU KNOW, SIR, HE HIRED A MAN TO BREAK IN HIS PIPES
WHEN MARK TWAIN IS PICTURED SMOKING A PIPE HE CERTAINLY LOOKS CONTENTED
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"See any other men—marines—with Underdown?"

"Yes, two others. I don't know who they were."

"Fine," said Ellis Parker. "We'll go over to the station and see if you can pick them out."

A line-up was arranged. But Hattie Evans could not pick out the two "strangers."

"She's still lying," Ellis Parker told Anna Bading later; "but in trying to pin the blame on Underdown, she's placed both him and herself right on the spot at the time of the shooting."

Hattie Evans was permitted to attend her husband's funeral. Afterward Parker and Mrs. Bading visited her in her cell. She was depressed and nervous. For the first time she was showing emotion.

"Why don't you tell the truth this time?" Parker said softly.

"Oh, my God," she said, "what shall I do?"

"Why don't you," suggested Mrs. Bading, "take Mr. Parker over to the bungalow and show him exactly what happened that night? Why don't you do that, Hattie?"

She hesitated; finally said: "All right. I can't sleep for thinking of all the lies I've told. Bagwell had nothing to do with it. It was Underdown and Madison Chappel and Claude Carmichael who murdered my husband."

Here were names of two marines against whom the faintest suspicion had not lodged.

"Weren't they in the line-up the other day?" Parker asked.

"Yes. But I passed them by."

She seemed eager now to get it over with. Lester Underdown, she said, had been at the bungalow the evening that Bob Evans and Albert Duffy had arrived. Later, Underdown left. Still later, while she, her husband, and Duffy were drinking in the dining room, had come the shots.

AFTER killing the two men from outside, Underdown had rushed into the house and with the butt and barrel of his rifle had bashed in the heads of his victims. Chappel, she said, had remained outside with her, where she had fled after the first shots were fired. She still insisted that she had not planned nor had knowledge of the murder plot beforehand. Parker notified officers at the air base. Claude Carmichael was arrested at once. Chappel, away on leave, was quickly picked up in Syracuse.

In selecting Carmichael and Chappel to go with him on his murder errand, Lester Underdown made the same errors that Ellis Parker himself was to make in the Paul Wendel kidnaping. Both men, faced with the damaging evidence unearthed against them, confessed.

Carmichael said that Underdown, after the shooting, had rushed into the house and come out again, his Springfield rifle battered and bent and bloody. He grabbed up Carmichael's rifle and made a second trip inside. And again he came out with a rifle bearing ghastly proof of the viciousness with which he had hammered in the heads of Duffy and Evans.

It was young Chappel—a youth of nineteen—who nailed Hattie Evans to the murder plot. When Underdown had rushed out of the house the first time, the bloody twisted rifle in his hand, Hattie Evans had thrown her arms around her young lover and cried: "Good for you, Lester! I'm glad you finished him."

Jiles Bagwell was located and brought back. It must be made clear, here, that he had nothing to do with the murder. He had driven to New York with his friend Underdown; had gone aboard Bob Evans' ship to ask Evans when he planned to come home. That was all.

As they drove back to New Jersey, Underdown told Bagwell that he was going to kill Evans. Bagwell was afraid that Underdown, strangely fascinated by Hattie Evans, might actually carry out that threat. He fled.

CHAPPEL was another somewhat innocent victim of the age-old tradition that one marine will go with a brother marine—and ask no questions.

When Underdown told him, "Come along, we're going to bump off a guy," he went, convinced that it was a joke.

Underdown denied that he had gone to New York to visit the Overton. His denial was smashed by officers in the Ocean County sheriff's office, who had located, in a seamen's hotel, a registration for that date. Underdown had registered under another name, but his handwriting was identified.

Both Underdown and Hattie Evans were found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. Both, later, won commutations of their sentences to life imprisonment. Carmichael and Chappel testified for the State. At their own trials, Carmichael drew twenty-five years; Chappel, ten. Chappel has since been released.

If Hattie Evans had notified police immediately after the shooting, if she had said that the shots came from outside the bungalow, she and the others might have gone free.

And if she hadn't aroused suspicion by carrying away that green box, she might still be enjoying freedom.

It's little unnatural things like that that Ellis Parker always looked for from the outset.

The little green box?

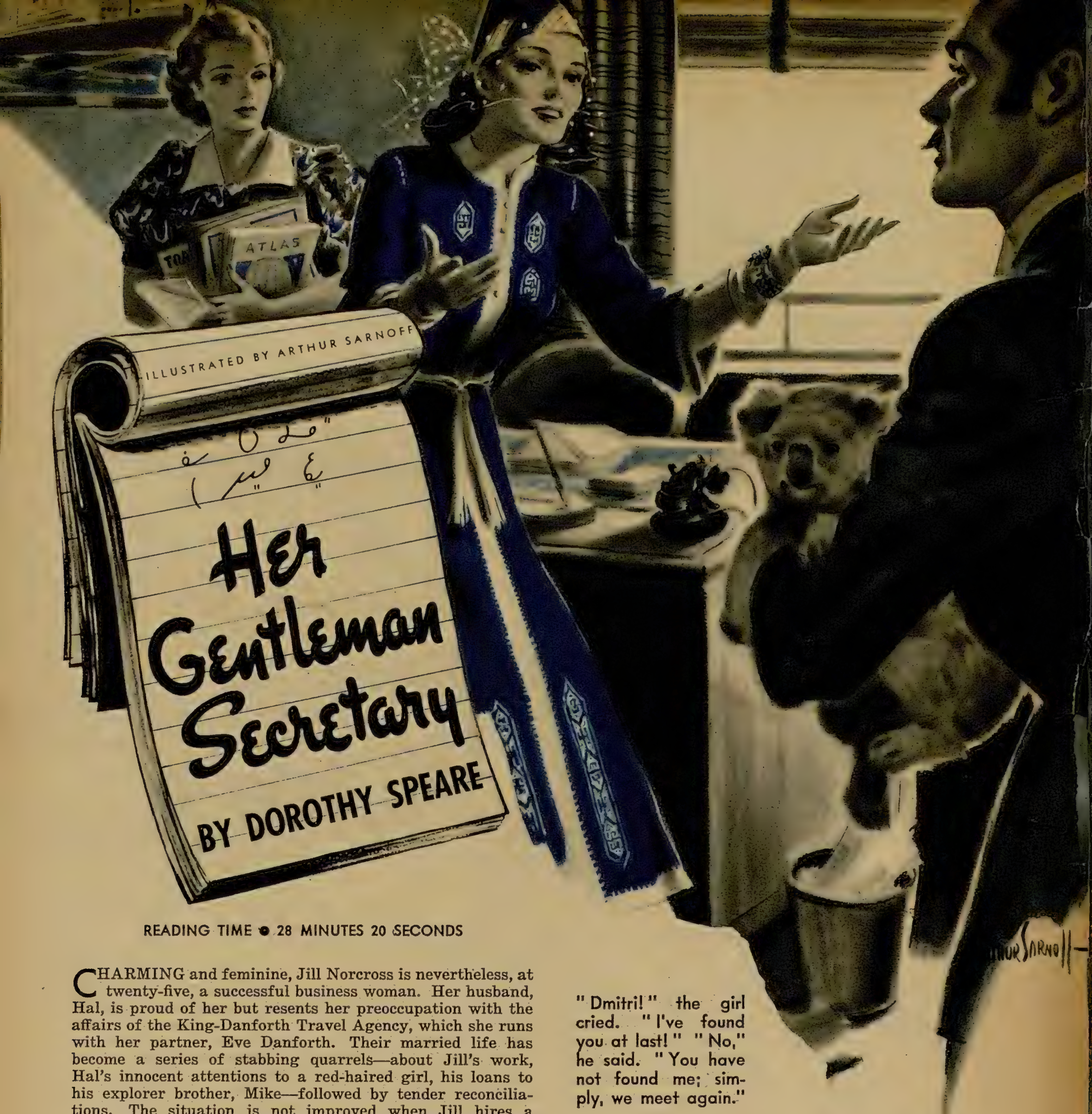
Hattie Evans had hidden it in a field. Parker figured it would contain a life-insurance policy.

He missed that guess.

It contained a divorce decree. Hattie had been granted a divorce from a husband she'd had before marrying Bob Evans. But that divorce hadn't been granted until three years *after* her marriage to Bob Evans.

Hattie, then, was not merely a murderess but, for good measure, a bigamist as well.

THE END



"Dmitri!" the girl cried. "I've found you at last!" "No," he said. "You have not found me; simply, we meet again."

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Her Gentleman Secretary

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

CHARMING and feminine, Jill Norcross is nevertheless, at twenty-five, a successful business woman. Her husband, Hal, is proud of her but resents her preoccupation with the affairs of the King-Danforth Travel Agency, which she runs with her partner, Eve Danforth. Their married life has become a series of stabbing quarrels—about Jill's work, Hal's innocent attentions to a red-haired girl, his loans to his explorer brother, Mike—followed by tender reconciliations. The situation is not improved when Jill hires a sleek young Russian, Dmitri Vasilofski, as her secretary.

"If you're going to have a guy like that around," Hal tells her, "I step out. You can take your pick!" To which Jill replies angrily, "My office is my business!"

PART TWO—JILL PLAYS WITH FIRE

JILL couldn't afterward remember just when Hal shifted his attack and made it known that he regarded the idea of her having a man for a secretary as a joke rather than an issue to be fought out between them. "Don't you care at all," she'd cried, "that I've found some one who can make things easier for me? Some one just like I was saying this morning we really both needed?"

"Now that you put it that way," he said, "I think it's swell. Dmitri can take care of all the little things I don't do for you, and then I won't get blamed for not doing them, so I'll be in a better humor for not getting blamed, and you'll be in a better humor for getting built up all the time. I'm not kicking any more. It's really a great break for me; I can see that now!"

There was silence in the bumping taxi while she digested this change of front. If it was an act, it would be better to seem to agree with him and drop the subject. Looking about her as the taxi droned through the hot street like a June bug, she said in a small voice: "Where are we going?"

"Oh," said Hal. He leaned forward and told the driver, "Dinty O'Toole's. . . . Joan and Bill are there," he told her. "I told Bill we couldn't make it. But that was in another mood . . . a long time ago!"

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Stepping out of the taxi, her foot collided with something on the floor. A square florist's box that she remembered now Hal had been carrying when he came into her office. "Is that —anything for me?" she said.

"Think nothing of it," said Hal cheerily. "Didn't I say—the mood had changed?"

"Darling—" she said. "Please!"

But he pretended not to hear her—standing waiting on the sidewalk, his arm extended with exaggerated courtesy in what he knew she'd know was his parody of how Dmitri would do it. So she got out and stamped past him, leaving the little square box on the floor of the taxi.

Joan and Bill were over in a corner of the big raw wooden room which had lately become one of the most popular Broadway eating places. They waved to Jill, Joan with the effusive animation that was a part of her, Bill without a change in his long melancholy horse's face. Married the same year Bill and Hal had graduated from college six years ago, Joan and Bill now had two children and lived what Jill considered a typical suburban life that was getting them both down, to judge by the family spats to which Hal and Jill were occasional unwilling witnesses; a spectacle Jill had always considered sordid until now, when she sank into her seat and couldn't wait to resume theirs. But Bill fooled her by speaking as soon as Hal reached the table:

"Saw Pudge Bailey today. He likes your visiting-foreigners idea."

"Oh," said Hal. "How much did you tell him?"

IT was incredible, but Hal was actually forgetting Dmitri and the flowers and everything right in front of her eyes, in blithe oblivion of the fact that he'd worked her up to a point where she needed the physical relief of hurting him as much as he'd hurt her. He was launching into a business discussion with Bill.

To make matters worse, Joan patted her hand with an understanding look. "Just let it blow over, Jill," she whispered; "that's a pretty good rule, I've found. Remember the two bears, my mother used to say, that every married woman must look out for: bear and forbear!"

"Uh-huh," said Jill, nobly forbearing to mention the number of times she'd seen Joan failing to forbear about Bill's drinking and women. "That was your mother's entire job, wasn't it? As it is yours. To keep your man and family going. But what about a woman who has another job besides? Who's going to bear and forbear for *her?*"

As she spoke she felt a sudden waver go through her, softening her tenseness. She was seeing Dmitri Vasilofski's brown eyes again, and hearing him say in that gentle, reassuring voice: "As your secretary I should be able to feel when you change your mind." . . .

Coming home, Hal absent-mindedly reached out for her hand in the taxi while he explained his whole idea all over again to her, not noticing when she moved her hand away. It seemed it was a great thing to have put it over with Pudge Bailey, who was the business manager of the weekly news magazine View, which sponsored a newsreel feature Bill directed. Before View had organized its newsreel department Bill had been assistant to Pudge on the magazine. Although View was prosperous, the newsreel end was as yet an experiment, with only a shoestring on which to operate. They couldn't afford traveling cameramen to cover hot news spots, so they were trying to establish a name for special New York news, atoning in originality for what they lacked in scope.

HAL'S idea for a New York item which Bill had taken to Pudge displayed the same sort of goofy invention with which Hal had more than once helped Jill in the King-Danforth Eccentric Service. He had suggested that they make pictures of foreign notables visiting the States, taken at the dock on arrival, then again on departure, to demonstrate the difference in their appearance before and after being Americanized. Sanders-Fifth Avenue would provide all departing ensembles for the sake of the indirect publicity that would be theirs. For, even if you couldn't plug a firm name in a picture, they could run stills as ads in fashion magazines with the line: "As seen in the View newsreels."

It was incredible to Jill that Hal could continue to talk about this, in egotistic disregard of all that lay unresolved between them. But suddenly a shift in subject matter penetrated her inattention. What was he saying?

"You see, Jill, I haven't said anything to you about it before, but Sanders' nephew has been in my office for the past three months for no reason any one can see except to be groomed for my job. In a spot like that, there's nothing to do but have better ideas faster than he does; that's why I'm pretty glad this one went over."

"All that going on all this time," she said, "and you never told me!"

He grinned at her a little sheepishly. "There was no point," he said, "until something like this came along to give it a fillip."

With her ever-ready self-dramatization, she began to build up a picture of herself as a soulless career woman, a harpy who fed on her husband, her office, and now Dmitri—anything to sustain her ego. She began to weep and flung her arms around him.

"Oh, Hal," she sobbed, "you would have told me about it if I'd been giving you any comfort instead of talking about nothing but my own Sicilian donkeys! Can you forgive me for being a self-centered monstrosity instead of a dear little woman that would be thinking only of you?"

"A dear little woman would bore me to death, and you know it."

"I don't want anything but you,"

she whispered. "If my work's going to make me so selfish that I don't even know when you're worried about your job, I don't want it."

"Jill, do you really mean that?" he said, holding her away from him and looking gravely at her.

"Oh, Hal, I really do! Haven't we said the moments like this are the true ones and all the rest are phonies?"

They walked up the stairs to their apartment with their arms around each other. . . .

She wakened late the next morning, opening her eyes to the incredible vision of Hal bringing in a breakfast tray to her. When she'd been a business man who needed trays brought her as much as he did, he'd let her do it. Now that she was to be just a wife, to devote herself to him, he wanted to devote himself to her.

"Darling," he said. "Why don't you just stay in bed and telephone the office you're never coming back?"

As she raised herself on one elbow and mentally reviewed the tangle that such an action would create, she couldn't help but think that if she'd been any man, with no matter how small a job, Hal would have known it would be impossible to quit by just telephoning. It was another proof of how men essentially regarded women as creatures incapable of anything really important outside their biological function. She felt terrified and lost. She wasn't a human being any more; she was a piece of cattle, and this man her master.

"OH, Hal!" she cried. "Does it mean so much to you?"

He set the tray down on the bed beside her very carefully. "Then," he said, "last night was just a pipe dream, after all . . ."

"It meant that I love you," she said. "But now morning's come, I know again I love myself too! As you love yourself, Hal—as any one must who clings to his own identity! You used to respect that in me. We thought we were children of a new age, with a fearless relationship of equals, where you could never say to me, as I used to hear father say to mother, '*My* wife's not going to do that!' 'You're not going to spend *my* money for any such foolishness!' Have we reverted to that now?"

"Darling," he said very quietly, "I do understand. Sure. It isn't any fairer for me to ask you to give up your job than it would be for me to give up mine. I wouldn't like it; why should I expect you to? And I fell in love with you because you were a new woman. . . . I suppose I just had a cave-man throwback for a while—but it's over now. . . . So, for gosh sake, will you get up and make me some coffee? Mine's terrible!"

She didn't remember Dmitri until she reached the office, where his reassuring smile and voice gave her the same relief that many a business man has felt when turning from the complications of home to his secretary's docile countenance. It was diverting,

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too, to see the invigorating effect that Dmitri had on the office force—and his easy conquest of Eve when she arrived.

Eve came in with a sulky look that was plainly a hangover from the day before. Advancing to her desk, she glanced over toward Jill's, and saw Dmitri's hawklike profile, more than ever like that of a prince in a Viennese operetta, bent to the telephone.

She tried not to gasp while Jill introduced her new secretary. Dmitri, bowing over her hand, murmured: "Miss Danforth. . . . It is you, is it not, who labored so long yesterday to find a Sicilian donkey? How trying that must have been in all the heat!"

"Well, yes, it wasn't much fun," she snapped, but in a softer voice than the one she'd used on the same subject the day before. And something in her eyes as she went back to her desk made Jill decide to go out and have things done to her hair, when lunch hour came around. Returning at the same time, she and Eve each spied a brand-new wave rearing at the other from the tall dark and the small fair topknots.

They had to laugh, which they did out of Dmitri's earshot, under a "Join the Sunlit Wonder Cruises" poster. "Well, old girl," said Jill, "all I ask is for you please to remember he's my secretary—not yours!"

"And all *I* ask," said Eve, "is for you to remember that you're married and I'm not! . . . By the way, has Hal called up today?"

That was the trouble, working with women. They noticed little prying things like the fact that Hal always called up before noon and today hadn't done so. As if he felt Jill's irk, Dmitri took this moment to approach. "Mr. Norcross on the telephone, Miss King," he said.

WITH a glare of triumph at Eve, she flounced to her desk, and Hal's voice made her forget other encroachments, as always: "Darling, I've been kind of down, haven't you? I think we sort of need to have the party tonight we were going to have last night. I've sent some fancy stuff home and telephoned Iris to have a special dinner. Let's meet at that little place where we used to have cocktails before we were married, and go home for dinner, and then step out and dance somewhere! Will you?"

She was so relieved, as if a load that she'd been carrying had suddenly dropped off, that she didn't even mind that he didn't call for her at the office, thus pointedly ignoring Dmitri, who hadn't been mentioned between them since the quarrel last night.

They were all set for a riotous evening when they stormed into their apartment. A set-up that was shattered by a spooky wail from Mike, who rose from his doglike stance where he'd been curled in their living room as if he were waiting on a door mat, surrounded by suitcases and duffel bags and a few filing cabinets, not to speak of some things in shrouds which were undoubtedly mounted animal heads. Stunned, Jill stared at him—so lamentably a caricature of Hal, with his easy smile that was sure the world owed him a living.

"I've been evicted," he buoyantly explained. "I was going to tell you last night at dinner, Hal. Then, when you called back and said couldn't we make it in a couple of days, I thought I could stretch things awhile, but it didn't work out."

He had a plan for an expedition, it appeared, which was going to be heavily financed in a few days. But his landlord couldn't understand how things were in the life of a scientific explorer. Jill slumped into a chair and glared while Hal's first grimness passed off in the interest he never could seem to help taking in any new project of Mike's. Bitterly she listened while Mike outlined his latest scheme, watching Hal sitting among the shrouded animals' heads with no sign that it was anything but a pleasure to have Mike land upon them before their celebration dinner, evidently to spend the summer, while he organized an expedition to discover Rider Haggard's original She, who was still living—so Mike had it on his usual unassailable authority—as a high priestess of some remote South African tribe.

She stood it as long as she could. Then she went into the bedroom and called Hal. "I suppose he's got to stay to dinner," she said. "Are you going to let him spend the night too?"

He blinked at her. "Why," he said, "we can't very well put him out on the street!" Not a word about their ruined evening alone together.

"If you let him stay tonight we'll never get him out of here," she snapped. "Give him some money and let him go to a hotel. He only owes you twenty-three hundred dollars already—a little more won't matter!"

Slowly Hal came out of the haze of South African native tribes who thought Mike was their blood brother and for very little money were going to lead him to a spot where no white man had ever penetrated, to gaze upon and take pictures of their high priestess.

"Darling," he said, "I know it's tough, but we'll get rid of him tomorrow. It sounds as if he really had a good thing this time. Did you hear him say he'd almost got Genius Pictures to finance it?"

"I could have heard that with my ears shut," she said. "How many times has he almost got some picture company to back him, and on the strength of that gets some *real* suckers, including you?"

Now she had touched him in a vital spot—his business pride. He turned white and his eyes opened from their quizzical slits, but he didn't raise his voice. "Jill," he said, "I happen to believe in Mike. As for the hand I've given him from time to time, that's my business, I think, not yours."

"Certainly. It's your money," she said. "You can do what you want with it. But my money helps run this apartment, and I'm not going to have Mike in it, as I might have to if *you* paid the rent! He goes or I do!"

"I seem to remember saying that myself lately," he said. "About your secretary. Perhaps the best solution is for me to have Mike and you to have Dmitri, isn't it?"

The mention of something that had already become important to her in a business way acted as a cold shower to her wrath.

"What has happened to us?" she said. "Here we are, quarreling again. This is serious, Hal. Not Mike, not Dmitri, but us. Let's try to talk it over!"

"All right," he said in a different voice. "But I still think I made a pretty good suggestion. Why can't we each even be glad the other's got something we don't like, so we can make an even swap of sticking it?"

She couldn't help but laugh, and he laughed too. "All right," she said. "Come on. We'll go back, and I'll be sweet as morning roses flushed with dew. . . . Only," she couldn't help adding as they reached the door, "just remember Mike's right there under my nose, and you don't even have to see Dmitri!"

AS she had predicted, Mike settled in the apartment guest room, assuring them as he had his landlord that it was only for a few days, and Jill sat night after night listening to the endless plans and interviews with prospective backers that every Mike expedition seemed to entail.

When three weeks had passed with no end of Mike's two-day visit yet in sight, Hal began to chafe. It gave Jill a certain pleasure to remind him that she had said if they let Mike stay one night it would be for all summer. This annoyed Hal—irrationally, she thought.

"You're always right," he told her one night in their bedroom—the only place now where they could be alone. "Didn't any one ever tell you a wife mustn't always be right?"

"What am I expected to do?" she inquired. "Sit back and let you say I invited him?"

"What do you say we dish him tomorrow night," Hal said suddenly, "go on that binge he spoiled before, and come back and tell him he's got to park elsewhere?"

"Oh, Hal," she cried, "do you mean it?"

"You bet I mean it! Let's go to that cocktail place again and pretend we're not married and all we can do is look at each other. Then have dinner at that fifty-cent Italian table d'hôte where we used to go Dutch—"

"Oh, darling," she cried—"and end up at that little corner movie house where you first held my hand!" She was overcome with relief at what seemed like the end of a long invisible struggle between them. "Oh, Hal, will you really do it? Will you promise not to let anything Mike might pull stand in your way?"

"Listen," he said. "We are coming back here afterward and tell him he can stand in his own way from now on." . . .

Rush season reached its peak for Jill the next afternoon when Ollie Curfew, one of her richest clients, sauntered in with Wee Willie Winkie, an Australian honey-bear cub that he wanted housebroken over the weekend, so that he could give it to his girl on Monday, free of antisocial habits. Jill feared the Eccentric Service Department would have to issue its first refusal. But, before she had to jeopardize the office reputation for intrepidity in all emergencies, a long arm reached out and Dmitri gathered Wee Willie to his starched bosom.

The surprise of this was that the little honey bear permitted himself to be taken, since one of the things Ollie'd been complaining of was that Wee Willie would not cuddle.

"I say!" said Ollie. "How did you do that?"

"We Russians," said Dmitri, with his sharp white-toothed smile that was uncannily like Wee Willie's, "are little brothers to the bear. I think by Monday you will find him quite congenial."

THE grateful Ollie departed and Dmitri placed by his wastebasket a big box with newspapers which he bade Wee Willie consult at important moments. Then he fastened him by a rope to his chair and began to type.

"Humph! Well," said Jill to the gaping office force, "if Dmitri can go back to work, you can."

Susie and Ellen fluttered back to their posts. Eve remained.

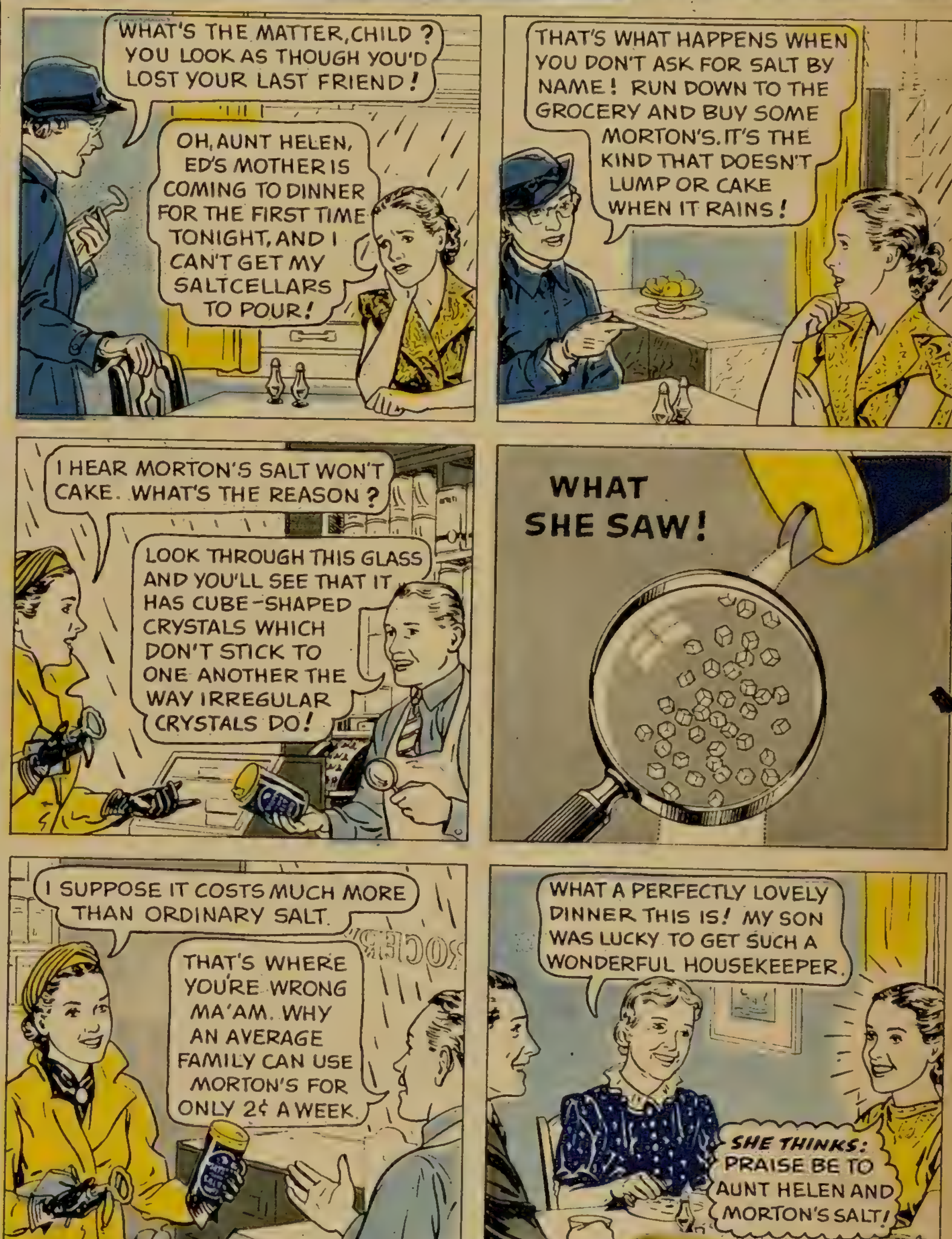
"I was just wondering," she said. "I mean, Jill, if you could sort of let me pretend Dmitri was my secretary for a little while this afternoon— You see, I've got Angelica Van Dam coming in with somebody who's a Russian princess and fearfully rich. I mean—you know how cleft-palate Angelica is over the phone, but she did spit out the Russian-princess part. It's going to be a swell cruise, and I do think he'd help!"

"No doubt he would," Jill agreed sweetly. "But Dmitri and I are so busy as it is, I don't see how we're going to get away till all hours."

Of course she was stretching the last part of that, to get Eve down. Nothing was going to prevent her from meeting Hal at six o'clock. She retired with what she hoped was an expression of sweet innocence for Eve to champ her teeth over. But a telephone call waiting for her turned that merry Eve-baiting into sad reality.

It was Mrs. Seymour Shane, who was unofficial social secretary to some of New York's most hopeful climbers. It seemed that Sieglinde Nottbarger, the daughter of one of her clients, had been a flop in her coming out this year, and Mrs. Nottbarger wanted to glamour daughter up by

MY FIRST DINNER ALMOST FLOPPED!


WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILD? YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'D LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND!
OH, AUNT HELEN, ED'S MOTHER IS COMING TO DINNER FOR THE FIRST TIME TONIGHT, AND I CAN'T GET MY SALTCELLARS TO POUR!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T ASK FOR SALT BY NAME! RUN DOWN TO THE GROCERY AND BUY SOME MORTON'S. IT'S THE KIND THAT DOESN'T LUMP OR CAKE WHEN IT RAINS!
I HEAR MORTON'S SALT WON'T CAKE. WHAT'S THE REASON?
LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS AND YOU'LL SEE THAT IT HAS CUBE-SHAPED CRYSTALS WHICH DON'T STICK TO ONE ANOTHER THE WAY IRREGULAR CRYSTALS DO!
WHAT SHE SAW!
I SUPPOSE IT COSTS MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY SALT.
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG MA'AM. WHY AN AVERAGE FAMILY CAN USE MORTON'S FOR ONLY 2¢ A WEEK.
WHAT A PERFECTLY LOVELY DINNER THIS IS! MY SON WAS LUCKY TO GET SUCH A WONDERFUL HOUSEKEEPER.
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WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

taking her to Europe on such a colorful trip that the newspapers couldn't fail to print pictures of Sieglinde in all the out-of-the-way spots, doing all the original things, that some one else would have to think up for her. Jill had a chance to be that some one if she could give Mrs. Shane a complete skeleton plan by tomorrow morning. The Nottbargers were in a hurry.

It was the most exciting idea that had ever come into the Eccentric Service Department. It was also the most financially promising. Almost incoherent with delight, Jill managed to promise Mrs. Shane that she would deliver a plan to end all plans by nine the next morning, slammed down the telephone, and began to tell Dmitri about it before she remembered that this was to have been her evening with Hal. She called him at once.

She was full of glee telling Hal about Sieglinde. She was so glad that they'd planned to be together tonight—it just fitted in. He could come to the office while they pored over maps and itineraries. They could have sandwiches sent in while she drew her skeleton and Hal helped her with his ever-priceless suggestions.

He waited awhile before replying. Then he said: "Did you forget that tonight was to be our evening?"

SHE was so surprised that for a moment she couldn't speak. Then she stammered: "Hal, what do you mean? That it isn't our evening if you come and help me for my big chance?"

"How much do you need that big chance?" he said. "More than you need me?"

"I don't understand you!" she cried. "This is a thing that has to be done tonight or never, and we can go out together any night of our lives!"

"Just as we have been doing, I suppose," he said. "Don't you see, Jill, it's symbolical?"

"I see that you're thinking of nothing but yourself!"

"And what are you thinking of?" he inquired. "Me, I suppose? No, Jill. I can't come over and help you tonight. I'm not your paid assistant. You have one, though. I'm sure he'll have more ideas than I would."

There was a click. He had hung up. She choked and hung up too. Opposite her, Dmitri was being even more perfect than usual by typing so loudly he couldn't have heard. Desperately she spoke to him twice before he looked up. She had to talk about poor Sieglinde at once, or she'd burst into tears.

Hal had been right. Dmitri did have ideas. There seemed to be no fantastic place in Europe where he hadn't been. They had talked for some time, and her pain about Hal had worn into a numbness, when she suddenly heard a voice calling "Dmitri!" in peacocklike squawks. Turning, she saw that Eve's two clients had arrived, and one of them was charging down upon Dmitri with such velocity that Wee Willie jumped into his lap and stuck his muzzle protectively into Dmitri's waistcoat pocket.

"Dmitri!" the girl—and she was a gorgeous one—cried. "So I've found you at last!"

He rose, holding Wee Willie, his brown eyes as wary as the little beast's. "No, Alix," he said. "You have not found me; simply, we meet again."

Russian princess indeed, Jill thought. Any reader of the tabloids knew that face. She was Alix Barron, the madcap Poor Little Rich Girl of two continents, who had, it was true, married a Russian prince some time ago; but nobody ever called her by her title, since she'd made her own name so famous before that. Alix Barron, who was more beautiful than a Follies girl, more original than Elsa Maxwell, and more unscrupulous than her Wall Street pirate father, whom it had been too easy to name Robber Barron. Her pranks and extravagances and love affairs were the thrills of millions; this one was at least thrilling an entire office, that waited spellbound while she stamped a high-arched foot at Dmitri and pouted her luscious spoiled mouth.

"Are you actually working in this place?" she cried.

Then she saw the honey bear. She blinked and slowly stretched out a pretty hand. "What is this?" she grinned. "A watch charm?"

She was taking the fuzzy urchin, who came as willingly as he had come to Dmitri, and settled into the Poor Little Rich Girl's arms with his condescending grin.

Over Wee Willie's fuzzy head Alix Barron looked at Dmitri and said: "You are leaving this absurd place and coming with me. At once."

"Oh, no, my dear Alix," said Dmitri. "I am not leaving here. I have found the thing that I can do at last, and I am happy for the first time in my life; knowing finally that I have a place of my own."

"You had a place of your own with me," said Alix Barron. "It's been a year. . . . We can bridge that year with a few good fights while we travel on my yacht."

"No," said Dmitri, and turned to Jill. "Mrs. Norcross, may I present the Princess Yassoroff? I should like her to meet a lady who helps people to be useful instead of helping them to be useless with trips on yachts and other easy gifts. I want her to see the first lady who has ever helped me to help myself in all my life."

The Princess Yassoroff's expression was a satisfying tribute with its opening civility that steeled to a wary mask as she obviously took stock of Jill's youth and fragile prettiness. "Mrs. Norcross?" she said distantly. "You are the Count Vasilofski's associate?"

"'*Count* Vasilofski'!" said Jill.

"I am her secretary," said Dmitri. "As I have told you, Alix, I have at last found a position where I can render values; where I am honorably entitled to my pay. Now will you go and leave me to be happy, as I am in this office for the first time since I can remember?"

Wee Willie, knowing, as animals will, when human confidence lessens, was wriggling. Mechanically Alix Barron gave him back to Dmitri, while she surveyed Jill with stormy eyebrows. "Norcross," she said. "I've heard that name recently. A man who has something to do with movie newsreels of titles visiting the States?"

"That would be my husband," said Jill politely. "I'm sure he's lucky if he's been able to get you for one of his visiting celebrities."

"Um," said the other girl. "That remains to be seen." She turned and swept over to Eve's desk, where Angelica Van Dam and Eve were trying to look as if they'd been stargazing. "Come on, Angelica," she said.

WHEN she had gone, Dmitri spoke quietly across the desk:

"I am sorry to have taken the liberty of introducing you as Mrs. Norcross, Miss King. I thought it better, I beg your pardon for saying so, if Alix could think of you as madame rather than miss. I did not know she knew your husband."

It was the first time he had ever mentioned Hal. But they were looking at each other with such mixed emotions, stirred up by the scene just passed, that neither stopped to think of that.

"'Count Vasilofski,'" she said. "You never told me."

He smiled wryly. "A Russian count has become a comic figure," he said. "You have saved me from all that . . . I am sorry I had to tell you what it has meant to me, in front of so many other people. But perhaps that was the best way, so you could see how true it was; as you might not have seen if we had been alone."

"Why might I not?" she said. "What do you mean?"

His eyes across the desk were as simple and direct as Wee Willie's. "When a man and woman are alone together," he said, "other values begin to creep in and twist such matters as gratitude and high mental consideration. . . . Is not that natural?"

"I hope not," she said. "When we've decided to work here on my plan tonight!"

They laughed together, but a little draftily. She hadn't succeeded in passing off the funny feeling he'd given her when he said that. It was a quickening near the surface, far away from the depths of her that were so numb about Hal.

The day went swiftly, marching to an as if mesmerized close. For some time after they were alone in the office, they didn't speak to each other. Dmitri worked silently at his end of the desk, while she looked up itineraries. Whenever she thought of her telephone conversation with Hal, she had to glance across at Dmitri to get enough composure to go on working. It was something to look at some one who thought she helped people to be useful, after Hal had practically accused her of being a mountain of selfishness.

And it was more than soothing. It was that nervous tingly feeling that she had had since Alix Barron's eyes had turned wary looking at her. Somehow she wished that Hal might unexpectedly arrive, after all. But he didn't, and the quiet air about them seemed held in a sort of trance that made her forget to worry after a while.

Around half past seven Dmitri sent out for some supper, and they sat on the rather uncomfortable red-leather office sofa and munched hamburgers, looking at Wee Willie, whom Dmitri wanted to wake so he could have the bananas which had been ordered especially for him. But Jill preferred that nothing disturb the hypnotic calm in which they sat, looking at each other now in open acknowledgment of the moment toward which they had been going since Alix Barron had precipitated it.

"You think eating's practically sacred, don't you," she murmured. "I remember that first afternoon when you made me have tea." . . .

"It started when I was sixteen," he said, "at the Russian front, when I had to see my officers sell to the Germans the food that had been sent me from home."

She looked at him in pity and amazement. "I didn't know you'd fought in the war. What a ghastly thing—your own officers!"

He smiled. "It was not half so ghastly as the years afterward. Wandering all over Europe, with every one quite justly bored with Russians who had no trade and no home."

"I should think, after going through all that," she said—"I should think you'd consider that something like—Alix Barron—was your just due."

"You do not quite realize, do you," he said, "what you have given me? I tried to make it so clear. For all my life, save those few months long ago when I fought at the front, I have been a dead man, a useless body on the face of the earth. Now I live again, as I lived then, for a short time, in the hope that I am rendering some service!"

In the unnatural quiet of the deserted office she thought she could hear her heart pounding. His voice wasn't gentle and reassuring any more. It had quickened in uncanny rhythm with her heart, and they had finished their hamburgers. Hal, Hal! she thought wildly. Where are you? As if he had seen her recoil, Dmitri was drawing away from her on the red-leather sofa.

"In the war I was not able to finish out my time," he said quietly, in the voice to which she was accustomed; making her realize that she wanted the other one back. "I hope that I may here. I hope that you will help me, as you have done so far." . . .

He was asking her to be calm and impersonal, just at the moment when she didn't want to be, any more. So she thought, being too unsophisticated to recognize the retreat as only a reconnoiter before a major advance. Nor could she have believed him capable of strategy at such a moment.

"What kept you from finishing your time in the war?" she said mechanically, over that pounding of her heart.

He looked down at his chest. "This!" he said, and ripped open his starched shirt with a gesture that seemed melodramatic to her, even in this bemused state, before she saw what it had hidden.

He wore no undershirt. Across his chest there was a long red scar, so wide and jagged that it did not seem possible such an injury could ever have healed. It seemed unreal, all a part of the trance that held them both. She stretched out her hand toward it in the dazed belief that if it was touched it would vanish. Then Dmitri's hand, sinewy and compelling, closed over hers, and the scar began to swim in front of her eyes. She knew it was coming nearer and that she probably wasn't going to stop it.

While Jill's loyalty to her husband teeters precariously under the impact of Dmitri's experienced lovemaking, what is Hal doing? Don't miss the coming chapter of this daring and fascinating novel. Read it in next week's Liberty.

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With this installment, the long-forgotten story of the whaler Globe reaches the first of those events of her voyage in the early 1820s that were to make front-page international news in 1938. For they were to provide the basis of America's claim to the Mulgrave group of South Sea islands, to which Great Britain is now, quite amicably, a contending rival claimant.

As appeared last week, in entries from young George Comstock's diary of the voyage, the Globe arrived off the Hawaiian island of Oahu in August, 1823. There several of Captain Worth's much-abused crew deserted. Only one of them, Hewman, was brought back—and George's fiery and rebellious brother Sam promptly enabled Hewman to escape again. The other deserters were replaced by shanghaiing. Six of those shanghaied were a dour pistol-carrying Yankee named Silas Payne, a disreputable little cockney named Oliver, ne'er-do-wells named Hanson and Lilliston, William Humphries, a deserter from the whaler Lyra, and the lately marooned Joseph Thomas. All six had been friends of Sam Comstock, and he had selected them.

In October, at sea, there was a second row over the putrid beef served to the crew, and Payne was heard to growl a threat against Captain Worth's life. In December Joseph Thomas was confined below on mere suspicion of having stolen sixteen dollars from the captain. Late in January the Globe fell in with the Lyra, and the two ships kept together overnight, after vying with each other in the chase and slaughter of a mother whale and its calf.

That night Cyrus Hussey of the Globe's crew made a covert attempt to give George Comstock some sort of warning. Sam came along and prevented him.

PART FOUR—A NIGHT OF TERROR

FEB. *21, 1824.* Calm. No wind at all. The calm that follows violence. The peace that follows death.

I am not sure this is the 21st, yet computations from the logbook of the Globe show it must be. It seems months since my last entry in this little book. I have aged years and grown white hairs.

Sally is no longer two years my senior. She will never be as old as I am now.

If only I had died with the others! It is a tragedy to survive a tragedy—and harbor it forever in the mind. To harbor it, and review it hour after hour, day and night. To wake in the night and find oneself cold with horror and wet with sweat! Perhaps it will help a little to record it here, honestly and fully; and for the sake of the innocent, those whose hands have no stain of blood upon them, I must.

I shall begin with that morning late in January when we were still gamming with the Lyra. All the boats were mustered early, and we pulled for the whale we had killed and marked the night before, the mother whale that fought so valiantly for her calf. We arrived at the approximate spot, but could not find her. After some minutes' searching, however, we located our drag and took the lines from it. The whale was gone. Some of our irons came up with little patches of blubber adhering to them.

"The sharks," Sam said. "They got here first."

Captain Worth rubbed his palms together and spat into the sea.

"The Jonah's with us again," he said.

There was that in his voice, though it was calm and unaccented, that made me study him. There were lights in his eyes that matched the color of his beard.

"Seems like," Sam said.

"A Jonah," the captain repeated. We pulled back to the ship in silence. Beetle was on watch when we came aboard. William Humphries stood close to him, his big eyes mirroring something of our mood.

"Bring up Joseph Thomas," the captain ordered.

Beetle whirled on Humphries. "Don't stand thar grinnin' like an ape!" he shouted. "Fotch him up!"

Humphries sped away, to return in a few minutes.

"Cap'n Wo'th," he said, "Mistuh Thomas he say 'scuse 'im, but he ain' finish' his breakfast yit, suh."

The colored man was visibly frightened.

"Ain't finished his breakfast, ain't he?" the captain said quietly. "That's too bad. That's much too bad." He licked his thin lips. "Go back and say I require him on deck at once."

Humphries went, running. He came back panting.

"Cap'n, suh, Mistuh Thomas say he ain' feelin' well. He say he wouldn't come on deck even fo' God."

The captain made a sign to Beetle, who went down the companionway and returned, dragging Thomas after him. Thomas struggled to free himself, and Beetle

DEAD
MAN'S
LOG
BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON
and EDWARD DOHERTY

and gripping sea-tale nears a tense climax

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

slapped him; not hard, it seemed to me, but with sufficient force to shake him. Had not the mate held him so tightly, Thomas must have fallen.

"Mind how you handle me!" Thomas cried.

Beetle was so astonished at the words that he let go his hold, and Thomas wavered on his feet. He put his hands to his neck, as though to cleanse it of Beetle's touch. His shoulders twitched—narrow, stooped, cadaverous shoulders. His cheeks flushed.

"What did you say?" Captain Worth asked mildly, taking a step toward Thomas, and thrusting his stumps of hands into his pockets. "Perhaps I heard ye wrong."

"You'd better mind how you handle me," Thomas repeated.

"So," the captain said, and, not taking his gaze from the man, spoke to Beetle: "Seize that man up, Mr. Beetle. Seize him up and spread-eagle him! Twenty-five licks with a rope's end."

"Ye'll pay for this!" Thomas cried in a queer frightened voice. "Aye, ye'll pay, ye stingy scum! I'd like to see ye boiling in the try-pots. I'd like to see ye cooked and your skin shriveled and dried so I could use it as a mat to stamp and spit on."

His flushed cheeks paled as Beetle and Lumbard seized his arms. A fit of coughing shook him.

"You're not going to flog him?" The words came out of my mouth before I realized it. Without warning, Beetle struck at me with a rope's end. Beetle, who had so patiently taught me, who had sometimes treated me as though I were his son!

"Mind your own business," he said savagely.

The rope's end hurt—but less than his sudden anger.

Beetle slipped irons on Thomas' wrists and marched him to the quarterdeck, Lumbard following. On the quarterdeck, Thomas' arms were lashed to a ratline on the starboard side, and Lumbard tore his shirt off him.

The ribs stood out of the flesh like hoops on a barrel, hoops that contracted and expanded prodigiously.

"Call all hands aft!" Captain Worth cried, his voice anything but calm. "Come down from the masthead, you. And you, Kidder, come down from the lookout."

He stood bareheaded on the break of the deck, hands in his pockets, and waited until all had swarmed up from below and down from above. I glanced around, not wanting to watch that pitiful bare back. I saw Sam and Gilbert Smith standing near the mainmast. Smith seemed to be praying. Sam was smiling.

"He looks like—like he's glad," a voice whispered in my ear, and I saw Columbus Worth, the captain's nephew, staring at Sam in disdain and horror. Columbus was my age, or younger. He had always seemed to avoid me. Looking at him now, I thought I knew why. He had always feared and detested Sam and wanted nothing to do with him—or with his brother.

"It's just his way," I whispered. "You never can tell how Sam feels by looking at him."

"Maybe," he answered. Then he asked, "Will uncle really flog that man? He can't stand it, can he?"

"Silence!" Captain Worth roared. We stood rigid.

"Lay on!" he said.

Beetle had rolled up his sleeves. He was holding a length of rope, spliced and knotted, in his right hand. At the word of command he took his stance, swung the rope twice about his head, then brought it down upon his target. I shut my eyes before it fell, but I couldn't shut my ears to the victim's screams.

"My God!" I heard Rowland Jones say, and I felt his right hand grip my shoulder. I opened my eyes and looked at Columbus Worth. He was white—like a fish's belly but with greenish tint.

After a time Joseph Thomas stopped screaming. His back had been flayed open. He was unconscious, hanging limp. Only the lashings on his outstretched arms held him up.

Beetle had given him fifteen strokes. Now he relinquished the rope to Lumbard. And that young giant plied it with a vigor Beetle never had, so that before long the rope was dripping as much as the back it punished.

Ten strokes Lumbard administered. Before he had finished, Columbus Worth was throwing up, over by the rail, and Jones was gripping me with both hands, hiding his head against my shoulder.

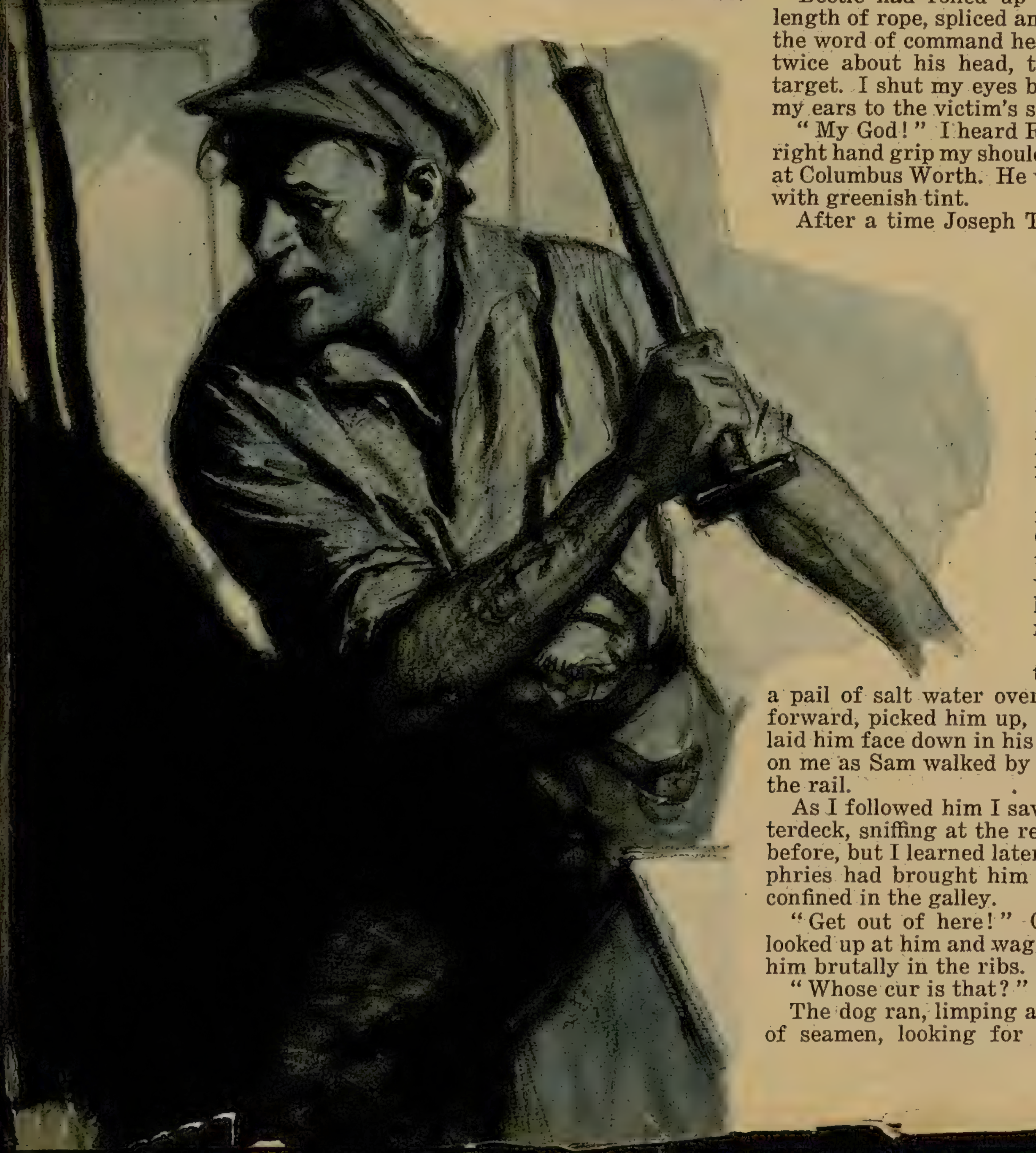
Beetle cut Thomas down after the last stroke. Lumbard sloshed a pail of salt water over the bleeding back. Sam went forward, picked him up, bore him to the forecastle, and laid him face down in his hammock. Jones let go his hold on me as Sam walked by us. He staggered away toward the rail.

As I followed him I saw a little black dog on the quarterdeck, sniffing at the red wet wood. I hadn't seen him before, but I learned later he was Humphries' pet. Humphries had brought him aboard at Oahu, and kept him confined in the galley.

"Get out of here!" Captain Worth cried. The dog looked up at him and wagged his tail. The captain kicked him brutally in the ribs.

"Whose cur is that?" he demanded.

The dog ran, limping and whining, through the crowd of seamen, looking for his master, and, finding him,



"If you make the least bit of noise, I'll send you to perdition." He raised the knife.

"SCRAM" TO THAT SCOWL"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"FELLA, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package — see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air *out* and the fresh flavor *in* — no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

clawed piteously at his boots.

"Yours, Humphries? Get him out of here and keep him out."

"Yas, suh," Humphries said, bobbing his head and showing the whites of his eyes. "Ah rescued 'im f'm the cannibals, suh. Dey was goin' to cook and eat 'im, suh. He didn't mean no trouble, suh. No, suh."

He took the dog in his arms and hurried away, and I was not surprised to see Gilbert Smith following him.

The crew of the Lyra, Captain Joy, and some of the mates came aboard the Globe after dinner. Captain Joy proposed a wrestling match, and offered a pound of tobacco to any one who could pin his first mate's shoulders to the deck.

"The prize is mine already, sir," Lumbard said.

"Mr. Lumbard got a letter from home yesterday," Captain Worth said, smiling at Captain Joy. "He's a father now. That's why he's so cocky, captain. But, cocky or not, he's able. I'll wager a keg of Jamaicky he falls your man two out of three."

"Done," said Captain Joy and called for his champion, a tremendous brute named Bingham.

THE two men stripped to the waist and squared away at each other. Lumbard, tall and gawkily built, his arms reaching down below his knees, made frightful faces at his adversary. The latter studied Lumbard calmly and contemptuously. He seemed easily the more powerful of the two. He was better built, more graceful, and far more agile than Lumbard. And he was plainly confident of winning.

Suddenly he leaped at Lumbard. Lumbard's enormous hands shot out. His great feet shifted. Bingham went up into the air, came down with a thud that seemed to rock the ship, and lay where he had fallen.

"Two out of three!" cried Captain Worth.

Captain Joy shook his head. "I have need of that man, captain," he said. "Once is enough."

Mate Fisher stepped up. "If you have anybody else, Captain Joy," he said, "I'd like to try him."

Again Captain Joy shook his head. "I have no one else," he said. "Bingham is my only wrestler."

"Too bad," Fisher answered.

"I'll wrestle you!" Sam shouted. "Two falls out of three. Five dollars in gold to the winner."

Fisher smiled, laughed aloud. "One fall," he said, "and no wager. I would not rob a shipmate."

Sam had never liked Fisher. He had liked him less since leaving Oahu, for he believed Fisher had spoken ill of him to the captain. At Fisher's scornful answer, Sam's dislike turned into bitter hate.

"You're afraid to bet!" he cried. "You know I'll throw you."

He tore off his shirt. Fisher tore off his. They stood for a moment eying one another. They were evenly matched, I thought. Though Sam was a head shorter than Fisher, he was much wider through the chest. He was hard and hairy. Fisher seemed soft and flabby. His chest was almost devoid of hair.

They circled about each other for a moment. Then Sam gripped Fisher's hand and hove sideways, with all the strength of his being, thinking to pull his foe off balance. Fisher smiled, as one might at a tiresome child. He pulled Sam to him roughly, squeezed the air out of him, and sprawled him out on the deck.

Most of the crew laughed to see Sam down; but anger steamed up in me. Sam rolled his head from side to side, glaring at his jeering friends, then leaped to his feet and aimed a blow at Fisher's jaw. The mate caught Sam's arm in mid-air, held it a moment, then used it as a lever with which to spin him around and around. Sam fell, dizzied, and couldn't get up for a time. Fisher stood over him, breathing easily—not even winded by his exertions.

I went to Sam and helped him up and picked up his shirt and handed it to him. He didn't see me. He looked all around for Fisher, but everything was a blur to him apparently. He couldn't stand still. His body reeled as though it must begin to rotate again. He didn't see Fisher clearly, I am sure, when he said:

"I'll get you for this. I'll get you."

Payne and Oliver and Liliston came thrusting through the crowd. Payne shoved me to one side. The three surrounded Sam and led him away. I stood there a moment, not knowing what to do.

"Let him be, Friend George," said Gilbert Smith. "Thee can do him no good. And he may do thee hurt, he is so furious."

"He's my brother," I answered.

"Aye," Smith said. "More's the pity. Go to him, then, but never forget I warned thee."

SAM had not gone to his cabin. I found him in the forecastle with Payne and Oliver and Liliston. Humphries was there too. And Joseph Thomas was sitting up in his hammock.

"You should have knifed him when you had him down," I heard Payne say. And Oliver broke in, "'E 'ad no charnce." His voice was a whine that made me shudder.

They stopped speaking when they saw me. They stared at me, openly resenting my intrusion, Payne eying me with suspicion, Oliver with his mouth agape and his rodent teeth bared, Liliston and Humphries palpably uneasy, Sam blazing with fury.

"I slipped," Sam said. "I tell you I slipped."

"That bad foot of yours," I said. "You could scarce stand on it a few days ago. Is it—are you—"

I began to stutter foolishly.

"Don't be making excuses for me," he said. "Everybody knows I slipped. What do you want here?"

"He's a damned spy," Payne said.

Sam stood up and faced him. "Take that back."

Payne muttered something I didn't

catch, though the tone was apologetic. Sam put his arm about me and drew me to him and smiled at me.

"Listen, all of you," he said. "This is my brother, and who calls him a spy will answer to me. Understand? Beetle cut him with a rope's end today. You saw that. That damns that fish-head."

He patted my shoulder gently.

"I'm all right, George," he said. "Get out of here now."

I was halfway up the companion when I heard him ask, "You going to the captain's cabin with me tonight?"

It was Joseph Thomas who answered: "I ain't saying now. I'll talk about that later."

Why should he take Thomas to the cabin? To ask for medical aid, I thought. Salve for his wounds, and a few days' rest in which to heal them.

BEETLE stood near the companionway as I came on deck. It was evident he had seen me going below and had waited for me. I began to smart all over with resentment. I pretended not to see him. But he walked aft beside me, and it was impossible to pretend.

"How the fellow sulks," he said. "All for a bit of a rope's end that had no malice in it."

"It stung just the same," I said hotly. "I asked you a simple question, and you struck me."

"I'm afeared I did, lad," he said. "But a boy needs a taste of the hemp to keep him humble. I've seen men speared for less than what you said. When the skipper gives an order, no common hand should question it. Some mates would have bashed in your skull."

"Don't apologize," I said.

"Hoity-toity," he said, more amused than offended. "What airs we give ourselves as soon as our voices change! Ah, well. There'll be no lessons, then, tonight?"

"Not tonight," I said, "nor ever again."

How those words echo and re-echo in my brain!

"Never's a long time, lad," Beetle said, half vexed, half amused. "We'll talk it over tomorrow."

He made me a clumsy sort of bow and lumbered away.

Captain Joy was making his adieux to Captain Worth. One of the Lyra's boats had already left the Globe. I could see it walking like a spider over the blue waters. I watched Captain Joy go over the side, then sought out Gilbert Smith. I had need of his philosophy.

I found him midway of the lee rail. He was holding the steward's dog on his knees. He had doctored its hurt and covered it with a bandage, and he was stroking the dog's silky ears and talking to it in the voice he had used in speaking to Daniel. He eyed me with some reproach as I threw myself down beside him.

"Thee has quarreled with Beetle," he said.

I admitted it.

"He was thee's friend," Smith said

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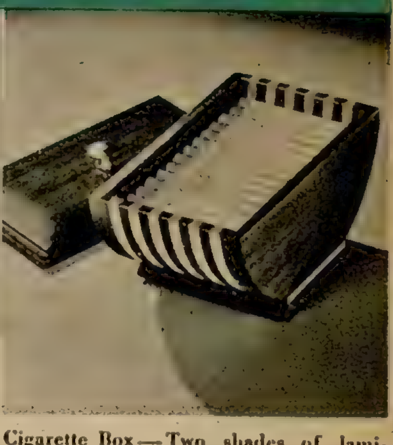

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soberly. "Thee brought his rope on thee with too much exercise of thee's tongue."

"Must a rope's end answer a simple question?" I asked.

Smith answered me obliquely.

"The skipper has but a modicum of respect for the mate. The men fear him, but think him merely a hog. Thee might shudder to see him at table, his knife blade piled and dripping with food, and to hear the great noises with which he ingests his victuals. And thee might laugh too.

"Thee might think Mate Beetle a brute, seeing the lusty strokes he gave Joe Thomas. Thee might suppose him an untaught child, hearing him speak. He is a child. Despite all his erudition and his abilities, he is but a child. Still, child or no, he is a man, an able man, an older man than thee—and one of thee's friends."

He let the dog lick his hands.

"A child," I said. "Does a child tear open a man's back with a rope, as Mate Beetle tore open Joseph Thomas's?"

"Aye, if those be his orders. A child obeys, Friend George."

I had begun to feel ashamed of my conduct toward the mate. But a sudden recollection of that flogging on the quarterdeck stiffened me.

"Then we are all children aboard this ship," I said.

Smith smiled gently. "A man may be a child, and a child may become a man. Do thee be a man, Friend George, and let who will be children."

Some time after supper I went on deck again, hoping to run "accidentally" into Mate Beetle and patch up our quarrel. But I did not see him.

At eight o'clock Captain Worth came on deck and had two reefs taken in the topsails. At nine he prepared to go below.

"Keep her by the wind until two o'clock," he bade Gilbert Smith, who was in charge of the watch. "Don't tack until the other watch comes up."

"Aye, aye, sir," Smith said. "By the wind, sir."

"And on tacking, set a light to signal the Lyra, so she can tack with us and keep us company."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The captain looked all around him before he vanished, his beard examining all heaven with distrust. He stared some little time at the Lyra, lying in the path of the moon, then sighed, as with weariness, and left the deck.

I stayed by the rail alone, wanting to be alone. At ten o'clock Sam came up. Smith gave him the orders and went below. I took my place at the wheel. The night was calm and warm. The moon was very bright. The stars were clear and brilliant.

ANON sparks of fire glittered in the sea. They grew, spread. Presently the whole heaving bosom of the ocean was covered with gems. I forgot Beetle and all connected with him. I was sailing through the starry fields of heaven. I was gliding over a rising and falling field of luminous daisies, and making up words wherewith to describe the wonder of it to Sally.

About ten thirty Lay came by with a bucket. The captain had sent him for water for shaving. He tossed the bucket overboard, and I witnessed a pyrotechnic display of color and light such as I never dreamed of. He brought the bucket up, dripping liquid fire.

"Nice," he said, lingering a moment by the wheel to stare out at the glowing sea. "What do you suppose it is, George?"

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"Sea animalculae of the luminous order," I said, repeating Beetle's words of weeks ago.

I had no more resentment against Beetle now; only sorrow that I had been rude to him. Sam came up, interrupting my reflections.

"Keep her a good full," he said. "She's too cursed high in the wind."

She was a good full and not too high, and he knew it. He walked away, frowning; and I fancied his defeat in the wrestling match was still rankling in him, making him unreasonable.

"All right, Sam," I said. "I'll keep her a good full."

Then I forgot him, and went back to the glories of the shining sea, exulting in them until a few seconds before twelve, midnight.

I reached for the rattle to wake up my relief then; but before I had a chance to shake it, Sam came rushing at me, a boarding knife in his hand.

I saw the moon riding that blade, and thought for a moment I had fallen asleep at the wheel and was in a nightmare.

"Don't sound that rattle," Sam said.

A lump formed in my throat. My face became clammy with perspiration. I looked at Sam, studied him. And for the first time in my life I knew him. I really knew him.

"If you make the least bit of noise, I'll send you straight to perdition."

And, to show me he was in earnest, he raised the knife and brought it hissing past my neck. I stepped back involuntarily and dropped the rattle.

As abruptly as he had appeared, he left me, I saw him a moment later, a lighted lamp in his hand, going into the steerage.

I picked up the rattle again but I clumsily dropped it. It made a noise. Immediately Sam was at my side again, and the edge of that terrible knife was pressed against my throat.

"Must I kill you?" he said. "I told you not to make a noise. I meant it. Give me that rattle."

I gave it to him—and he passed it to some of the men who had come up behind him, Payne, Oliver, Liliston, and Humphries. Humphries was holding the lamp. Sam laid down his knife on a small workbench that stood near the cabin gangway. Payne picked it up. Sam had an ax in his hand.

Sam went into the cabin. The lamp went with him, throwing its light on the back of his head and his wide shoulders. Payne and Oliver and Liliston faded into the shadows of the gangway for a moment, then Liliston came backing stealthily out. The moon shone full upon him, frightened him. He turned and scampered forward.

That odd feeling of being in a nightmare again took possession of me. And yet, at the same time, I knew it was no nightmare but cruel reality.

The captain was in the cabin, and Beetle and Fisher and Lumbard—and possibly Gilbert Smith. Sam and his friends were sneaking in on them, armed; and I was here at the wheel, helpless with fright and horror. My knees gave way. I tried to cry out but no sound came from me. I could not even pray.

Mutiny on the Globe, and no mistake! What blood-red and shuddersome fruits of Sam's plotting are to ripen in that dark, silent cabin? Young George will uncover them in next week's installment—and they will be but preliminaries to the still enthralling drama to come!

Jezebel's Revenge

A SECRET FROM BETTE DAVIS' PAST

By Helen Gilmore

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE'S a strange untold story about two of Hollywood's outstanding names. A story of parallel histories — they never seem quite to touch; and certainly they have no connection in the mind of the public. Yet back in the days before either person was thinking of camera angles, fan mail, or sound reproduction, they clashed, and clashed sharply, before veering away into their parallel courses. Are those parallel lines to defy mathematics and meet? They have already intercharged each other's destinies. The question is, will the charge become sufficiently powerful to bend the lines?

It began ten years ago. . . .

Two men were talking at the back of the house in a Rochester theater one Monday night.

" She's terrible! " said the first.

The other man was casually blasphemous on the subject of rank amateurs. " The girl has no business in the theater," he wound up.

George Cukor's eyes lost some of their chronic amusement behind heavy horn-rimmed glasses. Then he pulled the omnipresent book out of his pocket, carried as a filler for any fragment of time that might drop into his lap.

" Give her her notice and send her home to mama."

" Might as well. She'll never be able to act for sour apples."

Thus do the gods deal out fate.

And the girl? A slender young thing, with ash-blonde hair and great eyes, and a terrible determination behind her blundering shyness. She didn't know about the fate until later when an envelope was delivered at her dressing-room door . . . *The management wishes to notify you herewith that your services will no longer—*

She stared in unbelief. *Bette Davis fired?* Impossible. Of course it happened to others, but it couldn't happen to her. But it *had!* They didn't want her. She was a failure! And all the glorious, golden dreams— Well, what of those dreams, Bette? she asked herself. But, you see, they weren't just dreams; they were realities to her. They were what she had made up her mind to do—be a fine actress, a great actress. And you didn't make up your mind to do something and then not do it—not according to Bette's Yankee code.

Bette Davis chose this picture for Liberty. It is her favorite of all she has ever had taken.

The train pulled out of Rochester carrying a lonely, just the least bit frightened girl, who still believed in herself, despite the pronouncements of the gods.

Less than one year later the "girl who would never be able to act for sour apples" crashed Broadway, appropriately, in Broken Dishes.

Within another year she was in Hollywood.

So was George Cukor. But they were on opposite sides of the mountain.

Then, six years from that first historic milestone, Oscar came to the Harmon O. Nelson, Jrs. Oscar, as you know, is Hollywood's award for the best performance of the year; a golden little fellow with a blank face and an empty heart, but coveted no end. You've undoubtedly seen the familiar epithet many times in connection with subsequent Awards, but did you know it was Bette herself (she pronounces it like the good old-fashioned Betty) who gave him his deathless monicker?

After this fashion: On the solemn occasion when the walls were ringing with applause at the hands of screenland's elite, Bette popped the little gold statue down on the table in front of her husband and said, " Here, Ham " (which is what she calls her husband). " Here's our career child. I've named him Oscar after you, darling. You know, *O* for Oscar."

Hollywood's highest tribute had come to the girl who " had no business in the theater."

The Award was, of course, no accident. Bette had pretty courageously risked everything she owned professionally to do battle for the most unwanted role in Hollywood back in 1933. You remember—Mildred, in Of Human Bondage. A shallow, treacherous, consummately selfish little thing,

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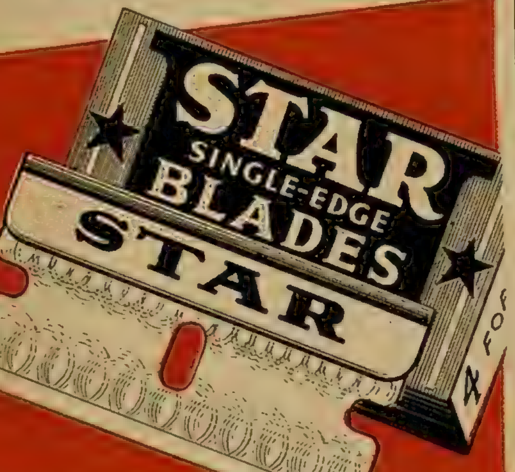

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who paid an inglorious penalty for her badly lived life.

Not star stuff, said the Hollywood ladies.

Dark-star stuff, said Bette, who had seen her dark star in a Dick Barthelmess picture called Cabin in the Cotton, made two years earlier, and recognized that the nasty-nice daughter of a plantation owner, which she had played then, and the cockney Mildred were sisters under the accent.

"You're crazy," said the Brothers Warner. "You'll kill your following."

"Well, there isn't very much of it," flashed Bette with characteristic honesty. "And at least it will show whether or not I can act. Nobody seems to have decided that point."

The studio reluctantly acquiesced. The rest is Academy Award history. Though the prize was not given to Bette Davis for Of Human Bondage. Mildred remained luckless to the last. But she did bequeath her crown of glory to Bette the following year for a technical triumph in Dangerous.

AND what of George Cukor through these years? That, too, is history, wholly illustrious history and rightly so. Cukor brought to the makers of pictures one of the richest of self-imposed cultural backgrounds. The omnipresent book in the pocket played an important part in that culture, making him one of the most widely read men of our times. Already one of Broadway's most successful young directors at the time he went to the Coast, he promptly took his place in the top ranks of Hollywood directors with such pictures as Bill of Divorcement, Dinner at Eight, Little Women, the memorable David Copperfield, Romeo and Juliet, and Camille.

Yet, with all this activity in parallel fields, at no time had George Cukor and Bette Davis seen or spoken to each other. They never seemed to be at the same parties or do the same things. Parallel lines that wouldn't meet.

Then a woman by the name of Margaret Mitchell wrote a book with the title of—shucks, must we tell? David O. Selznick snatched up the movie rights at a paltry $50,000, to the endless envy of the motion-picture world. George Cukor was signed to direct, and thereby became the most-talked-of director in the land.

The man hunt began for Scarlett O'Hara. Self-elected Scarletts besieged the Selznick gates from towns and hamlets all over the nation, but mostly from the South, and the country voted for its favorite star.

Meantime, there was not one among the stars themselves who wouldn't have given her own personal rabbit's foot for the part. The angling and the wire-pulling began, while the powers that be did a little high-powered considering. Such considerations as Miriam Hopkins, Tallulah Bankhead, Paulette Goddard, the Margarets Sullavan and Tallichet, and even Hollywood's First Lady, Norma Shearer. Tests were made right and left. Practically everybody was included except Shirley Temple—and Bette Davis.

Oh, yes, Bette's fans came in hot and heavy on the voting that swept the country. But, contrary to popular belief, *Bette Davis never made a test for Scarlett O'Hara.* This information comes direct from the lady herself. Questioned why, she replied quite simply, "I was never asked to."

George Cukor was the director.

Then Miriam Hopkins did a play in New York by Owen Davis, Sr., about old N'Orleans and yellow fever and a woman called Jezebel. Bette saw it and begged Warner Brothers to buy it for her.

"You're crazy," once more countered the studio. "It's a stupid thing. Nothing but a row about a dress."

And that became that for the next three years.

Then suddenly the Warner lot broke into a fever—yellow fever. Jezebel was going to crash the cameras! Bette Davis' dark star was up!

"Why on earth they decided after three years to take me up on my recommendation I'll never know," Bette admits.

But is she grateful that they did! For Bette Davis and Jezebel are riding down to dark glory together. Whether you like the picture or whether you don't, you won't forget that girl in her relentless portrait of felinity and a one-man love, done up in decadence and old lace. Hers will stand out as one of the great performances of 1938. (Pardon us, Oscar, for sticking our neck out. So early in the season, too.)

And all this just nine years from the night she was ruled out by the powers in control.

THE grand part of it is, there has never been any sense of retaliation or even vindication in her mind. It's just—the prophecy. Ask her about George Cukor, and a funny half-wistful, half-sheepish look comes into her eyes. "I'm afraid he thinks I'm awfully wishy-washy."

Wishy-washy? Shades of Jezebel!

But then, it's entirely possible George doesn't think that any more. He is, after all, a supremely intelligent person. Every oracle is entitled to one false augury.

In any event, there's irony in the fact that his own career must have been impeded for two years (he hasn't done any other picture since Camille) while he searched ceaselessly for an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara, who, many say, has already been done by the star of Jezebel.

The real challenge of Jezebel, however, is, what does it do to Producer Selznick's dreams *re* Gone with the Wind? Will it be put on the shelf for another two years? Does the man who is to direct the most highly prized motion-picture plum in recent years find himself holding the bag with the Wind gone out of it because of a girl who nine years ago would "never be able to act for sour apples"?

Or will the parallel lines meet?

THE END

Framed BY GEORGE PECK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

'LO, Kitty. Switch me over to old half-wit on the city desk. . . .

"Good morning, Mr. McCarthy. Jimmy Lane, Ship News. . . . I'm at Pier 92. . . . Here's the hottest story in months.

"Sally Tanner arrived today on the Conte Romano. . . . Late Jake Tanner's granddaughter. . . . Old Jake left her all the dough in the world and cut her mother off with a couple of million. It's Sally's stepmother.

"Well, Sally got back from Italy, where the old lady sent her to finishing school. And it looks like Sally's finish. Because here's the dope. . . . Arriving on the same scow is the lad Sally says she's going to marry; guy by the name of Giuseppe Casabianca, and an opera singer, no less. . . . Handsome youngster, too; big and blond. . . . Sally's some looker, too: sorrel top, molasses eyes, and more dimples than a waffle. . . . Swell kid to talk to. . . . Slim Rooney's on his way with the picture.

"Sally's under age, but she's going to marry this lad right away. . . . Says she got the stepmother's consent by cable. . . . The old lady met 'em here at the pier. She's going to see 'em married. . . . She's putting a job over on the kid to chisel her out of her dough. . . . Here's the detail. . . .

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

"What's 'at? Call it back for the next edition! . . . Aw, listen, Mr. McCarthy, you'd better take the detail now; that's what makes it such a pip of a story. . . . O. K., O. K.! I'll call it back."

'LO, Kitty. Gimme the mighty mope on the desk. . . . Right, pal; Mister Mope, if you say so. . . .

"Mr. McCarthy, Jimmy Lane . . . Here's the detail on that Tanner story. . . . Sally's mother died at Sally's birth. Her father, Jake junior, married again, then got knocked off soon after in an airplane crash. . . . Sally's stepmother married right away—a down-payment nobleman, Count di Scarenzi. . . . This peeved Sally's grandfather, and he left Sally all his dough.

"I was covering Supreme Court when young Jake's widow contested the will. . . . The deceased Jake senior won the decision on the grounds of temporary sanity.

"There's one string to Sally's money. She has to marry an American or it all goes back to the next of kin. Old Jake soured on foreigners when his son's widow married one.

"But his only surviving relative kicked off recently, making Sally's stepmother legal next of kin. . . . And judging from the welcome she and her count gave Sally and her Latin lover, it won't be long now before there's a quiet wedding and the old lady wins the Tanner marbles.

"And who d'you suppose was on the pier meeting Sally and her sweetie? Red O'Rourke, the old Yale tackle. . . . Find out about the wedding? . . . Sure, I'll buzz O'Rourke."

'LO, Kitty. Gimme old pork puss on the desk. . . .

"No, Mr. McCarthy, I didn't get lost. But have we got a story! Listen! Red O'Rourke tipped me off to tail 'em from the pier; and I caught the wedding, exclusive. . . . O. K. Switch in the rewrite desk and listen in while I shoot. . . . Ready?

"Miss Sally Tanner, the heiress—get the clips on this—was married today to Giuseppe Casabianca, Italian opera singer, by Justice Francis Farrell at the judge's chambers. The license was issued at City Hall with the full consent of the bride's stepmother and guardian, the Countess di Scarenzi, Miss Tanner being a minor.

ALAN HUGHES

Justice Farrell waived the required three-day interim after filing of the license, to enable the happy couple to sail immediately for Italy, where Casabianca has to fill an opera engagement.

"Honest to Winchell, the old girl's taking that kid like crullers take coffee. . . . Well, s'long. Red O'Rourke and I have an important conference with a bottle of lunch on the bride and groom."

'LO, Kitty. Quick, gimme Madame McCarthy!

"'Lo, desk! Mr. McCarthy, here's a little correction on that Tanner yarn. . . . Remember Joe Whitehouse, Yale fullback and triple-threat man on the glee club? When he graduated, his old folks sent him to Italy to grab his top notes right off the vine. [illegible] got this from Red O'Rourke. . . . Red says that Casabianca is Italian for Whitehouse. Joe had to get his name legally Italianized before he could make his debut in Milan. I checked with the Metropolitan press agent, and it's an old Italian custom.

"Red didn't let the countess in on this yet, but he figures the old girl ain't going to do any cheering when she finds out that the only non-American thing about Joe Whitehouse is his Italian tag, and that Sally didn't short-change herself by marrying a foreigner, after all.

"Well, g' night, Mr. McCarthy. I figured from the start the story wasn't so hot, anyhow."

THE END

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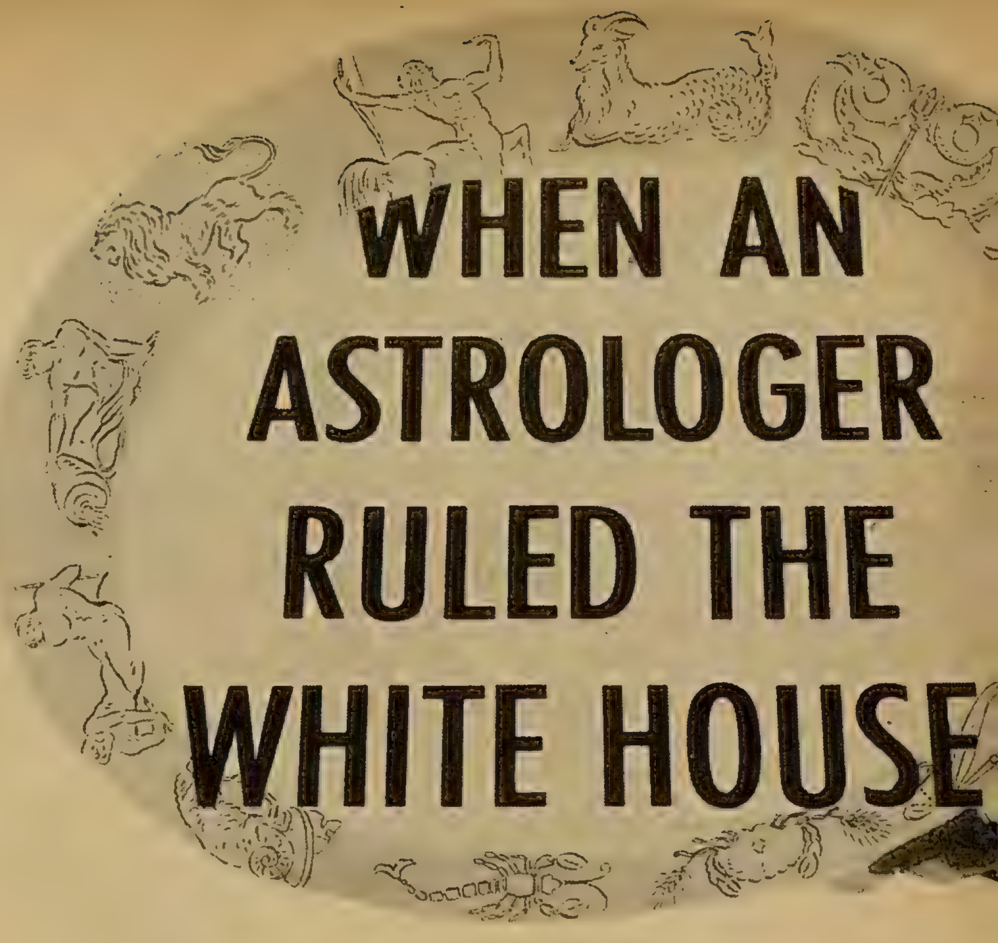
TUNE IN!

Is this why Harding died?—Here are new, bizarre disclosures in a woman's own story of an astounding experience



WHEN AN ASTROLOGER RULED THE WHITE HOUSE

BY MADAME MARCIA

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

In Liberty of April 9 Madame Marcia told how she came to be consulted, early in 1920, by Mrs. Warren G. Harding, and how, from Senator Harding's horoscope, she predicted to his wife both his election to the Presidency and his death while in office.

SHORTLY after her return from the Chicago convention Mrs. Harding phoned me to come to her home, " to meet some one." This proved to be her husband, the handsomest man I ever saw. He shook hands with me, smiling.

" Tell him," she said, " the significance of the sign Scorpio under which he was born."

As I began to do so, Mr. Harding was amused. In listening to me he was simply humoring her.

" You must not exhaust your strength in a nation-wide campaign tour," I warned him. " You don't have to."

He laughed. " In a hotly fought campaign, you advise me to stay in my back yard because Scorpio says so? "

" That is precisely what you should do," I insisted. " But why the back yard? Why not the front porch? "

Well, all the world was to talk and write about his unique and triumphant front-porch campaign, wasn't it? And he was elected just as I had said he would be, and his wife continued to come to my little house in Washington for guidance in everything she did.

Then suddenly her visits ceased. I knew why. A newspaper article had hinted that she felt the nation could not be run properly without the aid of a certain " old soothsayer." Then, one morning, a tall well dressed stranger came to tell me that " Jupiter " wanted to see me. Jupiter, you will remember, was the nickname by which I had first known her. The tall man showed me a Secret Service badge. He would come for me with a car.

The car proved to be a rickety broken-down flivver, and we joggled up, not to the front door of the White House, as she had promised, but to the side-street entrance to the Executive Offices. In an upstairs room Mrs. Harding greeted me cordially, then formally introduced my escort as Harry Barker, her personal Secret Service man. The moment he closed the door behind him, she gasped:

PRESIDENT HARDING

" Oh, Marcia, I had to see you! I am surrounded by traitors! Terrible things are happening. I *must* know who are Warren Harding's friends and who are not. I have a plan. I will let you know when I am ready for your help."

One night Harry Barker called me up, and came for me in the flivver. I found Mrs. Harding lying on a couch. She held up a sheaf of papers.

" I have a list here," she said, " of the men who are closest to the President. I want you to write out the horoscope of each one. I should have had you do it before the Cabinet was formed. That's where I made a great mistake. I pray God it may not be too late now."

How she had achieved it I never knew, but beside each name she had the birthplace, date, and time—the data necessary for drawing a horoscope. I took the list home and worked for days. At last I had them all finished.

" I will study each one myself, alone," she said.

I returned, at her request, three days later.

" The most immediate and dangerous menace that I can see centers around this one man." She held up the horoscope of a man very close to the President. " What is he doing—right now? Try clairvoyance, Marcia."

I became clairvoyant. After a time I saw this man standing on a hill in a barren country . . . gradually other bare hills appeared . . . one hill stood out, rising like a dome . . . . and, all of a sudden, I was gazing into a vast field of oil wells.

" I knew it! " she all but screamed. " They are trying to keep it from me, all this scheming about oil leases. They lie to me. Why? I am frightened. . . ."

Then she named another person on very intimate social terms with the President. " I am as afraid of him as I am of that other man," she said. " But I'll save Warren Harding from them all—if it kills me! "

Some days later it seeped out, through backstairs gossip, that President Harding and one of his closest friends had had a terrific quarrel, and that the President had lost his temper and had ordered this man out of the White House and away from Washington.

One day a woman I had known for years—we'll call her Jean Stark—came to my consulting room. " I'm here to ask a favor, Marcia," she said.

She was an aloof person, and mysterious.

" What is it? " I inquired.

" I've known President Harding for years, and yet I never get an invitation to any of the affairs in the White House. I want you to see that I am invited."

The next time I was with Mrs. Harding, I spoke of it.

" What's this woman's name, Marcia? " she asked.

" Jean Stark."

Did you ever see a panther leap? Well, you should have seen Mrs. Harding jump up! She raged at me:

" Where is she? Where is she? "

" I told her Jean had a fine position with the very official whose horoscope she had picked from the list.

" Ah-ah! She'll get out! I'll see to that! "

But this was one thing that this strong-minded woman found it expedient not to " see to " at once.

Jean Stark came to me again. " Marcia, I must see the President. His secretary, George Christian, won't let me in. And it means everything to him! Everything! "

In the end, we went together in my car to the Executive Offices. Harry Barker ushered us into a room next to the President's private office. From under her raincoat Jean Stark drew out a long thick envelope.

" Here, you give that to me," I commanded. " How do I know what you've got in it? "

Greatly excited, she drew me to one side, clutched my arm, and whispered in my ear. I realized at once the grave importance of her errand. But I wasn't taking any chances. I called Harry Barker and told him to find out if this envelope should be given to the President.

I knew he would go straight to Mrs. Harding.

Perhaps thirty minutes passed before the door of the private office opened to us. The President took my hand cordially. Then he caught sight of my companion.

"Warren," she began, "I *must* see you. You must give me an appointment for an interview—"

Just then Harry Barker entered the room, saluted, and said, "Mr. President, a package for you."

President Harding took it without a word, and drew from it four legal-looking documents. His face was inscrutable. He gave them a glance, then restored them to the envelope and gave it over to George Christian.

"Make the appointment for Saturday afternoon," he bade him, then waved his hand toward me and went out.

I told you I would tell what became of the four missing oil leases—leases involving the honor of some of the President's closest associates. Well, you now know all that any one knows—that is, any one now alive.

Mrs. Harding never mentioned Nan Britton to me. But one day she did say: "Marcia, it has been a source of grief to Warren Harding and me that we have had no children. Is there any way you can possibly tell me whether he would be capable of being a father?"

I didn't know what she was after. From his chart, it appeared that when he was comparatively young he must have had a serious accident. She recalled that he had been thrown from a horse. I also, as she demanded, tried clairvoyance. As the result, I am convinced that Warren Harding was not the father of Nan Britton's baby.

Death stalked in the very air we breathed in Washington during the last months of the Harding regime. The famous "little white powder" began to be whispered about. And Mrs. Harding came to know, for I told her, that among the traitors in whom her husband reposed unwise confidence were some who dealt death.

One day she sent for me hurriedly. "Marcia," she sobbed, "what is going to happen to Warren Harding?"

A man known to be very close to the President had been found dead in his bathroom the night before.

"You must take back what you predicted to me! You must! Study your chart again! Be *very* careful!"

I studied it for hours. At last I had no choice but to say to her: "He will die by poison. He may live out two years of his term. No longer."

One day three men of evident culture and position came to me. They knew I could get a message to Mrs. Harding—and that message was that the President was to be poisoned *that night* at a dinner in the home of an intimate friend! I never knew how she succeeded in keeping him away from that dinner, but she did.

It was when I gave her this message that I told her I could come no longer to the White House. The only fee she ever paid was the five-dollar fee on her first visit.

On July 30, 1923, when the news came that the President was ill with ptomaine poisoning from eating crab meat, I spent the whole night studying his chart. No other member of the party was ill, you remember. All had eaten identical food. The stars told me that Warren G. Harding was entering the House of Death.

The next morning a well known newspaperman, Mr. Harry Hunt, came and asked me about the President.

"He will die at 10.30 P. M. on August 2," I said.

Mr. Hunt replied, shocked, "Oh! No!"

"You take this to your editor, but tell him not to publish it until after the death," I told him.

Well I knew that the same murderous hand which had tried to strike him down at dinner in Washington had now stretched itself across the continent.

Whose hand was it? Well, I will say this much: Of all the horoscopes Mrs. Harding had me read, none even approached in fiendish ingenuity and cunning the horoscope of one believed to be still alive, incarcerated.

On August 2 a large company gathered in my home. Mr. Hunt and his wife were present. I was holding a clairvoyant session. A gentleman left the house, returned, and said, "Marcia, what about the President?"

I was standing with my hand on the President's chart. I looked at the clock and, accounting for the difference in time between Washington and San Francisco, I said:

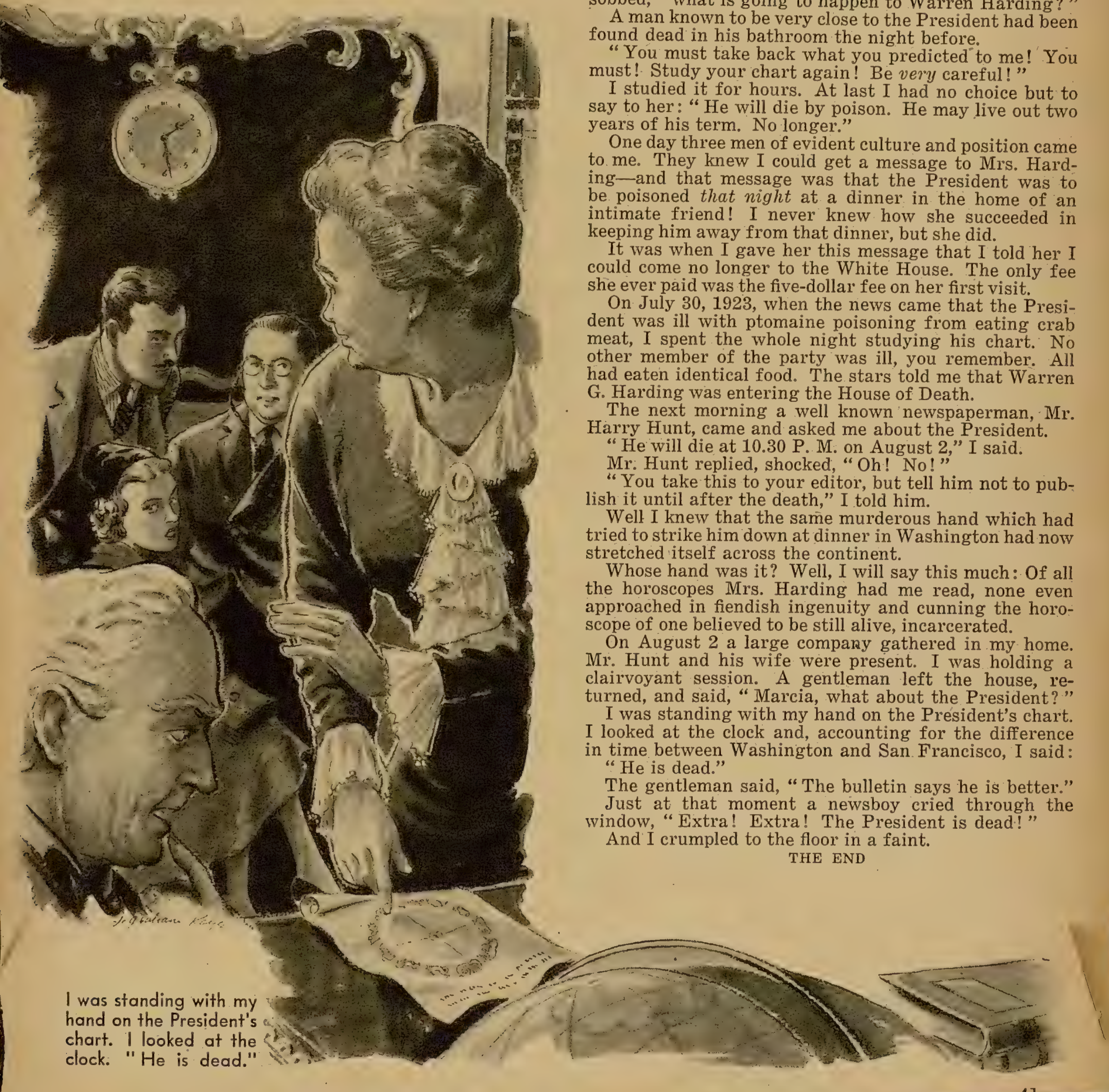
"He is dead."

The gentleman said, "The bulletin says he is better."

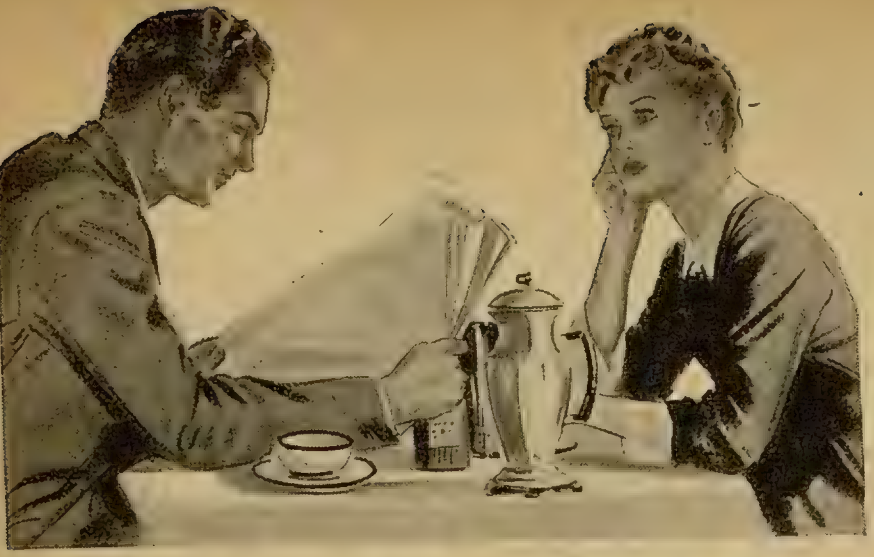
Just at that moment a newsboy cried through the window, "Extra! Extra! The President is dead!"

And I crumpled to the floor in a faint.

THE END



I was standing with my hand on the President's chart. I looked at the clock. "He is dead."



HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MAN YOU *LOVE*?

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

By a wife who found she had married a stranger: What they did about it!

HOW much do you know about the man you love? I had been married six months before I asked myself that question. Almost from the day we met I would have sworn that I knew all I needed to know about him. He was tall, dark, and not too handsome. He liked music and detective stories, Yankee-bean soup and my long hair. There was a streak of fun in his make-up.

So I fell in love with him. But it was only after the honeymoon, when we were in our small apartment, that I began to get acquainted with him. And—he with me.

Habits my husband had were new to me. During our brief engagement I had no way of knowing that he read in bed, that he did not choose to talk before coffee, that he rushed into a temper if some one used his talcum.

We were supposed to be living in "peace and harmony," but gradually I realized I was fighting the impulse to shriek, "Stop! You're driving me insane!" when the good-looking fellow across the table was only scraping the plate in pursuit of a forkful of slippery egg.

When I should have been relaxed and happy in the living room after dinner, I could not concentrate on my book for noticing his toes wriggle in his right slipper. His nervous pushing movements had me jittery. Did he *have* to clear his throat that loudly?

Believe me, it is serious when a woman begins to take for granted she is going to be annoyed by the presence of the man she loves—regularly. What if the trivial happenings that bothered me could lead me to want to leave my husband? This thought shamed me for a while and helped me to determine to do something about it.

Why not attack the problem as one in an office? Why not hold a conference and iron out the difficulties?

That night, when my husband turned on the radio and left it going full blast while he read the evening paper, that long-controlled shriek broke loose.

I turned off the radio and as calmly as I could I said: "I want to talk to you. I'm not demanding, but I do feel entitled to a little consideration. You—you didn't really want that program. You weren't listening, yet it was filling every corner of this apartment."

A cloud hurried, settled in his eyes. "What's so important about that? What if I did turn it on and forget it? You don't *have* to tell me how you feel about it." Thoughtfully he added, "That's like some other things."

"What do you mean?"

"You started it, but I don't like the idea of playing at the game with you."

"Playing at what game?" I was never more serious.

"It's really *Glorified Nagging;* but it could be called *You Tell Me, Then I'll Tell You.*"

He meant that my telling him about the radio was his opening to tell me what I had done to perturb him.

Curious and guilty, I waited. He leaned toward me.

"All right! Since you started it, you *tell* first. I play the radio loudly while reading. What else?"

His eyes and voice challenged me.

"You—well, you skid your fork on your plate until I can hear you across the apartment."

"Well, what next? When you finish, I'll take the floor."

"You never put the top back on your shaving cream. You yank your ear lobe; pick the oddest moments to whistle; read in bed and let your cigarette stubs fume like a bed of coals—only, the stubs smell. You—"

"Go right along. No need to discuss. Just offer."

With new breath I went on: "You hold your coffee cup with both hands when you're talking and sipping. You go into a temper if I use your talcum."

He nodded and his eyes were awfully steady. "More?"

"No. That's all. Now," I answered, "it's your go."

"Very well." He lit a cigarette and crossed his long legs. "Sure you want me to do this, now? We might just end this—er—conference. I've taken careful minutes."

Wild horses wouldn't have made me say, "Don't tell me," but already I was beginning to feel odd.

"I can take it," I said.

"The first thing you do every morning is yawn. Why you persist in talking at the same time—"

The picture his words conjured to my mind was unmistakable. I did always yawn and talk.

"You spatter tooth paste on my shaving mirror; leave suds in the bathtub," he went on. "I never realize your hair is so darn long until I find it in my comb. Your lipstick smears off on towels, handkerchiefs, and often on your napkin. I imagine you've cut yourself. Your Southern accent is cute to strangers, but I know you've been away from Memphis too long for that. The heel on your left shoe leans because you invariably toe in. You read wisecracks aloud and interrupt my own reading. You pose. Especially when you proclaim romantic interest in the South. If you had ever felt so intensely about a place, you never would have left and married a Westerner."

I sat very still, looking at myself, trying to see through his eyes. Was I like that? Did I do those things? I certainly did . . . every single one. I wondered how he had kept silent so long.

Then, looking at him, I realized that he had not told me *all*. Behind his eyelids I sensed visions of myself he had not mentioned. He had voiced only the least irritating, those he could tell about most kindly. But his words, which had taught me my lesson, still ran jaggedly through my mind. Even as he looked at me tenderly.

Human beings, I thought, are like maps which bear cross marks indicating "Lions here." I had dared to invade the area of this human territory, my husband, and had heard the lions roar.

"I never want to play *tell* again," I said.

He smiled into the sporting page.

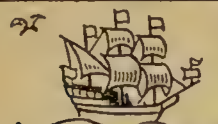
People hate to admit they have been annoying to the one they love. Which is one way of saying they have been inconsiderate. I had not been inconsiderate intentionally—and no more had he. We had just been ourselves.

It was up to me to like him as well as love him. I wanted to know all about my man, and then still care. I did not want to change him, reform him.

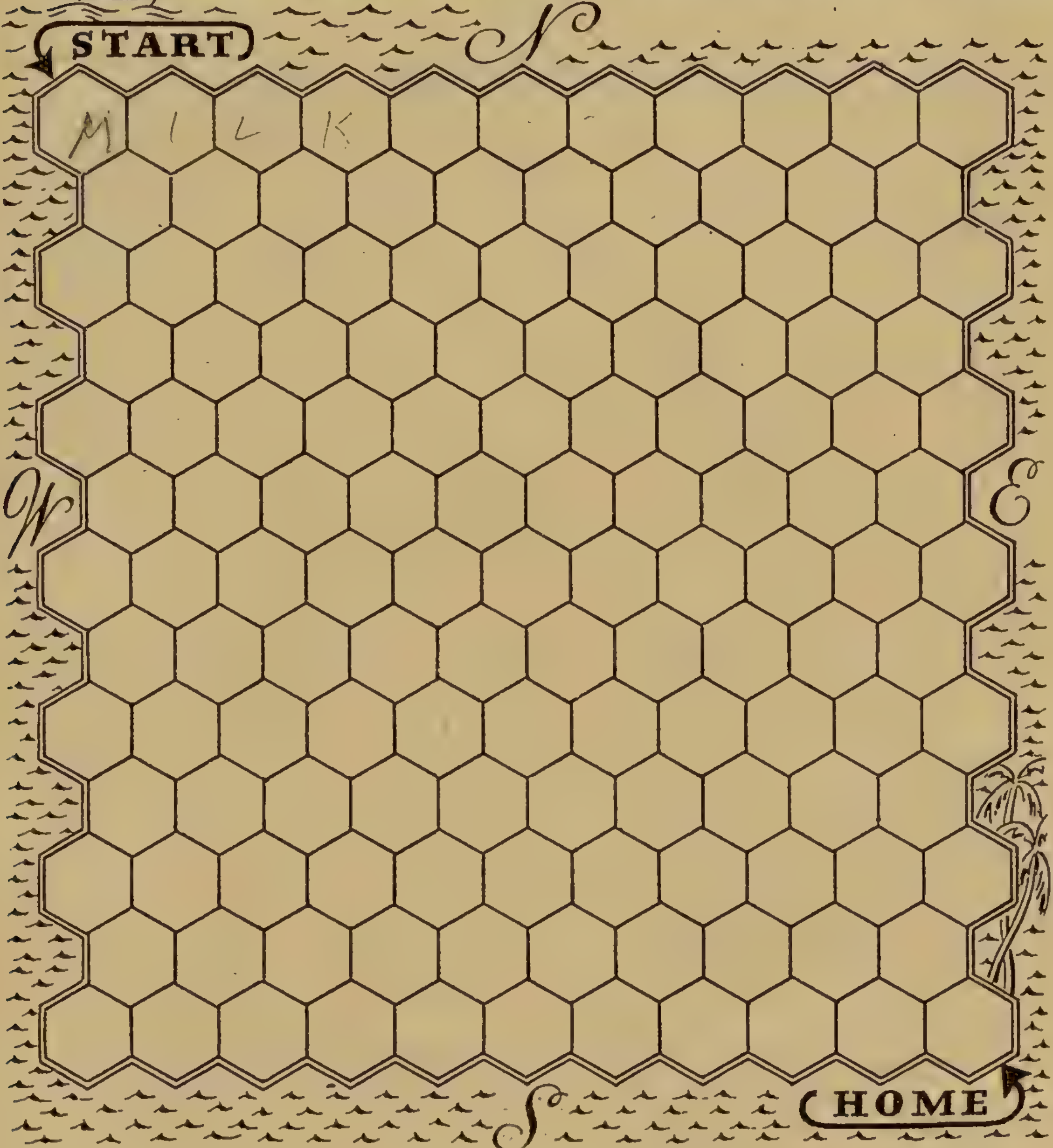
When I feel I am becoming critical now, I use a simple system: I just refuse to accept the mood for registering irritation. I know my husband is not perfect. He is not all good nor all bad—no more than I. He's human.

THE END

Lost at Sea



A New Kind of Crossword Puzzle


START
N
M
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S
HOME

Can you bring the ship safely home by filling in words given in the course below? The figures indicate the number of letters in the word and the capital letters the direction in which the word runs. The direction changes with each word and the last letter of every word is the beginning of the next.

4E	Common beverage
7SW	Mob actors
7SE	Those who share
4W	Hole for coins
7NE	Ball pitcher
6NW	Cane for weaving
4E	Fastening device
4SE	Rich leaf soil
6W	Padded, as in felt
6SE	Talks very slowly
3SW	Placed
4E	A trolley car
4NW	A large body of units
4W	To strike with palm
7NE	A ghostly figure
4W	Ditch surrounding castle
5SE	Years between 12 and 20
5SW	A bandage
4E	Runs away poetically
3SE	Downcast
3E	To obstruct a stream
6NW	Illusion of the desert
3NE	Flow out, as tide
3NW	Sheep's call
2SW	Right there
4SE	Large round containers
3NE	Weep
4SE	Brought into the world
2SW	A negative
3NW	A grain
3NE	The upper side
6NW	An entrance
3E	Natural teeth screen
3SE	Slang for father
4E	Pastries
5SW	Appears to be
5SE	One short smell
4W	Sweet seedy fruit (pl.)
7NE	Those who sign
4W	Park the body here
4NW	And bury it here
4E	Vehicle (no tipping)
3SW	Nervous twitching
6SE	Desert burden bearers
6W	Sign of communication
4SE	Period of fasting
4E	Afternoon refreshment (pl.)
6NW	Scorches, as hair
7NE	Ditchdiggers
4W	To drift in the air
7SE	Those making quick attack
7SW	Hash handler
4E	Quit working

D	R	A	M		G	R	A	N	T	E	R		S	C	A	T
R	O	B	E		R	E	M	O	R	S	E		H	A	L	E
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				S	E	■	S	T	A	Y	E	D				
A	C	H	E	S	■	T	U	N	I	S	■	D	U	C	A	T
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D	E	S	E	R	T	S	■	S	■	R	A	M	■	T	H	E
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S	A	W	■	S	O	P	■	W	■	P	A	R	A	P	E	T
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P	E	T	S		P	E	D	A	N	T	S		W	E	E	K

Last week's answer

Even guys with yachts like cruisers
Save on Shaves—they're Ingram users!

Treat your face to Ingram's—the Luxury SHAVE!

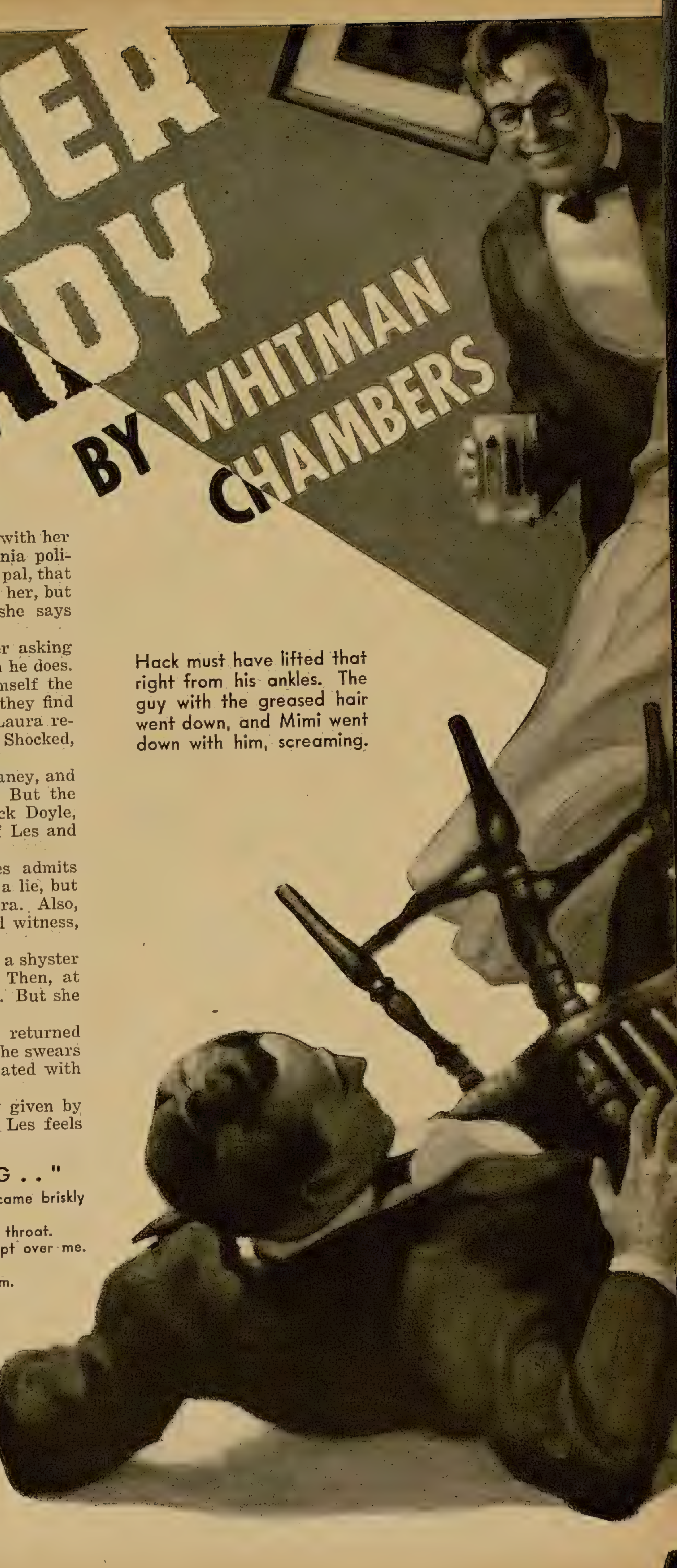
THE first billowing brushful of Ingram's you drape across your chin will prove that here's a shaving cream that's different! Even a Maharajah couldn't buy a sweeter shave. For Ingram's is shaving cream, lotion and tonic in one, a three-way formula that gives a welcome "wake-up" to your skin. And you'll appreciate Ingram's economy. Ingram's saves you money because it's concentrated.

A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works lightning fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
NO NICKS—NO BURNS NO TERRORS
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, smooth, fresher skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

MURDER LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS



Hack must have lifted that right from his ankles. The guy with the greased hair went down, and Mimi went down with him, screaming.

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

BEFORE she goes on her honeymoon to New York with her husband, Harry Hanneman, a wealthy California politician, Laura tells Les Burns, her former newspaper pal, that she really loves him only. Les is madly in love with her, but he is appalled at Laura's perfidy. Laughingly she says good-by.

In less than a week he receives a wire from her asking him to meet her plane at the Oakland airport, which he does. There Laura explains that Harry returned by himself the night before. Going home with her to Piney Hill, they find her husband dead, his gun alongside him. Coolly Laura remarks that now she and Les can team up together. Shocked, he suspects her of being behind this crime.

Upon investigation, Captain Meek, Sergeant Delaney, and Inspector Levine think Les is guilty of murder. But the newspapers, led by the Times-Star, edited by Hack Doyle, support the theory of suicide. Hack is a friend of Les and Laura and both of them have worked for him.

At the inquest, and astonishing everybody, Les admits being on Piney Hill the night of the murder. It's a lie, but he perjures himself to divert suspicion from Laura. Also, he knew that the district attorney had a suborned witness, Jake O'Hara, to swear to such a statement.

To settle her estate, Laura engages Stacey Moise, a shyster lawyer running for Congress, whom Les hates. Then, at Hanneman's funeral, Captain Meek arrests Laura. But she is freed on $100,000 bail.

Les compels Laura to confess that she secretly returned to Piney Hill the night of the death of Harry, but she swears he was dead before she saw him. Though infatuated with her, Les doesn't believe her story.

Both of them are invited to a penthouse party given by Moise on election night to celebrate his victory. Les feels madness—and worse—in the air.

PART NINE—"I'VE LOVED YOU SO LONG . . "

AN interne, his surgeon's gown spattered with blood, came briskly out of the operating room. I lurched to my feet.

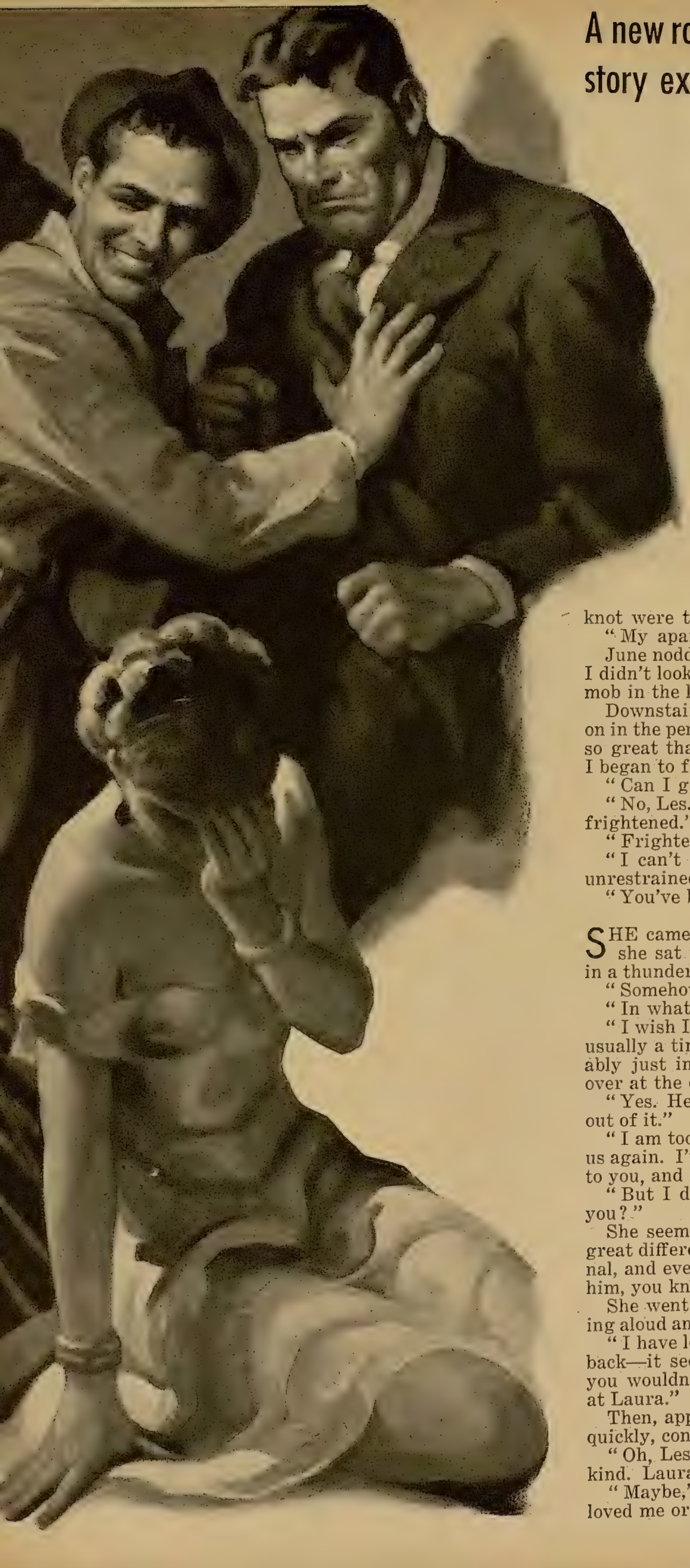
"Is she—" The question gurgled and died in my throat. The interne's eyes were impudently loathing as they swept over me. He went on through the waiting room and disappeared.

"Sit down, you!" Sergeant Delaney jerked at my arm.

"Yeah, sit down!" Inspector Levine ordered, grabbing at my other arm.

I dropped back on the hard seat. I didn't move for a long time . . . thinking what was going on behind that closed door . . . thinking . . . thinking. . . .

STANDING there in the crowded smoke-fogged penthouse, it seemed to me I couldn't keep going any longer. My spirits were dragging below my ankles and the whole world seemed shot to pieces.



A new romance dawns—and swiftly the story explodes a new shock of surprise

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

And Laura had said this was to be *our* night. No disappointments. No regrets. Our night. Maybe our *last* night. And here she was making up to Stacey Moise like a common cheap gold-digger working on a drunk.

I turned away, sick with disgust, horribly afraid of what this mad night might bring forth.

Out in the kitchen I found Hack Doyle and June having a drink in the midst of the sprawling crapshooters. I had one with them, and when Hack got interested in a run of luck Red Campbell was having with the dice, I said:

"I crave fresh air. How about you, June?"

She nodded, and we pushed our way through the babel of the living room on to the dimly lighted terrace. Some one was being loudly sick over the balustrade and five men in a tight knot were trying to harmonize on Sweet Adeline.

"My apartment is just downstairs," I suggested.

June nodded again without speaking and took my arm. I didn't look at Laura as we passed through the drunken mob in the living room.

Downstairs, in my apartment, the brawl which went on in the penthouse was barely audible. The contrast was so great that, sitting there on the day bed beside June, I began to feel almost sane again.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No, Les. I don't want another drink," she said. "I'm frightened."

"Frightened? Why in the world are you frightened?"

"I can't explain it. All those people are so wild, so unrestrained—"

"You've been on drunken parties before, June."

SHE came closer. She seemed very small and young as she sat there beside me, like a frightened little girl in a thunderstorm.

"Somehow—this is different," she said.

"In what way?"

"I wish I knew. I'm just afraid, that's all, and I'm not usually a timid person. But it doesn't matter. I'm probably just imagining things. I saw you talking to Jake over at the courthouse."

"Yes. He was practically sober. I'm glad he's snapping out of it."

"I am too—though things will never be the same with us again. I've never forgiven him for what he tried to do to you, and I never shall."

"But I don't hold it against him, June. Why should you?"

She seemed not to hear me. "Not that it makes any great difference. My only feeling toward him was maternal, and even that is gone now. I was never in love with him, you know."

She went on talking almost as though she were thinking aloud and didn't realize I was sitting there beside her.

"I have loved you, Les, for so long, that now—lookin back—it seems forever. Didn't you ever suspect? you wouldn't. You've been too busy throwing y at Laura."

Then, apparently realizing wha quickly, contritely:

"Oh, Les! I'm sorry. I did kind. Laura really loves you."

"Maybe," I said, shruggin loved me or not.

"I could have stopped the world from spinning more easily than I could have stopped telling you, Les. It was—it is now—just as though some one were putting the words in my mouth. What I told you was the truth—I do love you—and yet tomorrow I know I'll be so ashamed—"

"Is it such a shameful thing to love a guy like me?"

She smiled wanly. "It's really very nice," she said.

I was holding her, now, close in my arms.

She threw her head back and our lips were only a few inches apart. I felt her stiffen, draw a little away from me, and then all at once she relaxed in my arms and I was kissing her.

A rush of cool air swept through the room. I took my lips from June's. Laura was standing in the wide-open doorway, watching us with a cool and smiling contempt.

"So this," she said throatily, looking at the room as though she had never seen it before, "is where you entertain your women."

Then, politely averting her eyes while we untangled, she moved slowly around the room, picking up a book here, an ash tray there. She came finally to a hunting knife on my desk; I'd been using it to cut the pages of a book. She picked it up, said: "Guns are much nicer. Not nearly so messy," and tossed it back on the desk.

That was the way she carried it off.

THE three of us went back to the party together. The radio was blaring dance music now and three or four couples were staggering around.

"Come and dance with me, darling," Laura ordered pleasantly.

"Thanks. I'd rather not."

She looked at me as though she thought I'd lost my mind. "I said—"

"I heard you, Laura. I don't care about dancing right now. Why not try Stacey?"

"Thanks for the suggestion. I can't think of a better idea. I shall *try*—Stacey."

She turned on her heel and swept away. I looked at June. Her lower lip was trembling; she seemed dazed and frightened. The goo-goos who had been serving drinks seemed to have fled, but Rosie Rosenbaum, one of our bail-bond brokers, had donned a white apron and was pouring Moise's liquor into glasses with gleeful abandon.

"I'll take one of those," I said.

"Take two, Burns," he chortled. "It's goin' fast. What a bust, huh?"

Moise climbed on to a table. I heard somebody whisper hoarsely:

"Oh, help! He's gonna make a speech. The same lousy speech he's been makin' for the last ten years."

Moise assumed his platform pose and began:

"I come to you tonight, my good and loyal friends, with a message from Garcia. I come at a time when the foundations of democracy are crumbling with . . ."

I don't think a soul in the place was listening to him, but he was too drunk with egoism to know it. Across the room I saw Al Herrick and Watt Bellingham filling their glasses from a bottle they had evidently cached behind the radio.

Mimi was dancing with some wasp-waisted slicker I never saw before, their cheeks glued together, their feet barely moving. Her eyes were glassy and she danced right by me without seeing me. Off in one corner Hack was sprawled out in a chair, bleakly watching his wife.

Pop Taylor and Red Campbell were wading through a plate of sandwiches at the sideboard, and Jake O'Hara stood watching them with hungry eyes. All at once I felt an arm sliding around my waist, I caught a whiff of familiar perfume in the stench of whisky and cigar smoke, and I heard Peggy Maple whispering hoarsely:

"How'm I doin', handsome?"

She looked pretty tight. "You're doing all right, beautiful. Are you remembering what I told you?"

"What was that, honey?"

"Stay sober, you little fool!"

"Why, handsome! Are you presumin' to infer—"

"Peggy, please! Please lay off for a while. If you pass out, kid, you'll wreck the whole show."

"Me? Pass out? Why, handsome!"

I pulled away from her and started across the room toward Hack Doyle. And then I saw them off at the edge of the eddying mob: Laura and Captain Meek!

They were chatting affably and eating sandwiches and drinking beer. Just a couple of pals!

That stopped me. I went over and got Hack Doyle and dragged him out on the terrace. We had to step over two drunks to get off by ourselves.

"Did you see that, Hack?"

"Laura and Meek? Yeah."

"What do you make of it?"

"I dunno."

"What's new?"

"Laura's going to Washington. She told me about an hour ago. She's going to marry that squirt of sewage and go to Washington with him."

I could feel my face getting hot. I took a deep drag of cool air, said as calmly as I could:

"If he's *elected*, she's going to marry him and go to Washington."

"He's a cinch, Les. He won the nomination today, and in that district—"

"Don't risk a dime on it, Hack. Moise is due for a sad awakening—maybe tomorrow morning."

"You're nuts, Les," he hiccoughed. "And I'm telling you something, Les. I think more of Laura than anybody knows. I made her what she is in the newspaper racket—"

"You're drunk, Hack."

He got hold of himself, stood swaying a moment on his thick widespread legs.

"No," he said heavily. "No, I'm not drunk, Les. I'm just talking too much. Forget it. How about a drink?"

Moise was still on the table when we went in: ". . . blood of our forefathers, who died that we might . . ."

Just inside the doorway Mimi was being willingly and passionately kissed by the sleek-haired youth with the wasp waist.

Hack must have lifted that right from his ankles. His fist looked as big as a ham when it went past me. The guy with the greased hair went down, and Mimi, who had been locked in his arms, went down with him, screaming.

I caught her under the armpits and lifted her to her feet. Her friend crawled to his knees, and Hack, with one well placed kick, booted him halfway across the room.

". . . these bloated plutocrats, my friends, these pirates of economic privilege . . ."

No one paid any attention to Moise, or to Hack and Mimi and the guy with the sleek hair.

MIMI pulled away from me. She shook her dress down and stood glaring at Hack, so mad for the moment she couldn't speak. Hack grinned at her.

"That's the pay-off!" Mimi managed to gasp at last. "I'm leaving here right now and—"

"That's oke with me, my little tramp."

"And I'm not going home. Now what do you think of that?"

"I haven't heard such good news in years."

She flounced away.

"Hi, Les!" Pop Taylor thumped me on the back. "Swell party, muh lad. Haven't had so much fun since the earthquake. Boy, there was a story! I never had my pants off for five days, and Joe Haines—"

"He's heard that one, dad," June said wearily. "We're going home, Les. Good night."

She stood looking up at me, smiling faintly, waiting. And all the weariness I'd ever known seemed to settle down on my aching body; it was like a weight that threatened any moment to topple me over.

Pop had started down the stairs, and June came close to me, still smiling that weary and wistful smile.

"Listen, darling." Darling! Coming from her lips, the word wasn't cheap and common any more. "You look dead. Why don't you give up?"

"I'm all right, June," I said. "Good night."

I saw Laura working toward me through the reeling mob. Her eyes had lost their luster and she looked tired now, as though she were beginning to let down. I wondered if she realized how little time she had to rest, how soon it would be tomorrow.

"What did you do with your boy friend?" I asked.

"Captain Meek? He drifted along."

"Did he have anything to say?"

"He had a lot to say."

"About you? About the grand jury?"

"No, no, no. He's altogether too much of a gentleman to discuss a thing like that at a social gathering."

"Did you say brawl?"

She slid her arm through mine and clasped my hand with cold fingers and stood watching the drunken mugs who were the friends of Stacey Moise.

Her fingers tightened on mine. "Let's go down to your apartment," she murmured, "and give our ears a rest."

She was as nice and friendly as she'd ever been, and yet somehow she left me cold. I looked around for Peggy Maple, but she wasn't in sight. I knew I ought to find her, but I was too tired.

"All right, Laura," I said.

We walked downstairs and went into my apartment. I left the hall door wide open.

With a sigh Laura sat down on the day bed and I took the chair beside the radio. Her eyebrows lifted in a question, but I chose not to see it. I waited for her to speak, and finally she remarked softly:

"You're not very sociable, darling."

Darling! How sick I was of that word—from her.

"I guess I'm not feeling sociable, Laura. I've had a hard day and a worse night—and I'm thinking of tomorrow."

"Oh, *tomorrow!*" She shrugged petulantly. "*I'm* not worrying about tomorrow."

"You should be."

She shrugged again, watching me with humid eyes half veiled by drooping lids.

"You're so far away, darling. Won't you come over here and sit by me?"

I went over and sat by her. She snuggled up to me.

"Isn't it drafty with the hall door open?" she asked lazily.

"No. The windows are all shut."

HER arm crept around my neck and she drew my head slowly down against her breast.

"You don't love June, do you?" she murmured, stroking my hair. "You just love me . . . don't you, darling?"

"Like poison."

"Now you're being facetious."

"Isn't that the keynote of the evening? Weren't you being facetious, making such a play for Moise?"

"Can't you forget Moise for a little while?"

"I'll never forget Moise."

"But I love you, darling. I love you with all my heart. You know that, don't you?"

"I know those words have a strangely familiar ring, Laura. Do you remember? Do you remember saying them on the porch of your fine new home the night you were married? Probably you don't. But I remember them very well. I was even sap enough to believe them. If Moise is elected you're going to marry him, aren't you?"

"Did Hack tell you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry. I told him not to. But you do love me, don't you, darling?"

"Like poison, I told you."

"And you won't be too hurt if I marry Stacey?"

"No, Laura. I won't be too hurt." I was telling the truth, and yet I know she didn't believe me, didn't want to believe me.

"I'm so sorry about it all. Oh, dearest, I'm so sorry. I just can't seem to help myself."

The Harry Hanneman interlude all over again. A new show, a new leading man, but the same old first act that I know by heart. O. K., Laura. Go on dreaming, go on planning, go on acting. You don't know it, but we're going to change the ending this time. There's a new character in the cast. A little blonde called Peggy Maple.

A MAN and a woman staggered past the open door, heading for the elevator. They stared at us, but they looked too drunk even to see us.

Laura's lips were brushing my cheek again. "Darling," she murmured, "*couldn't* you close the door?"

"No."

Her breast rose and fell in a deep sigh. "You don't even seem to want to kiss me."

"I don't, Laura."

"Why, darling?"

I pushed her hand away from my hair and sat up straight. And then I heard Stacey Moise calling:

"Hi, Les! Hi! Where are you, old man?"

He loomed in the doorway, peering at us. "Oh! Hello, everybody!"

"Hello yourself," I said.

"Laura, you should have heard the end of my speech. Oh, boy! Did I roll 'em on the floor!"

"Was there anybody who wasn't rolling on the floor by the time you finished?" I asked.

"Isn't he the kidder, Laura? Look, Les. Do you suppose you could do me a favor?"

"Put you out of your misery, maybe?"

"No; look. Little Peggy is just about to pass out and she's getting—well, amorous. I don't like to leave her playing around with those mugs upstairs. You know—a nice little girl like Peggy."

"Can't you take her home?"

"Well, Les, I don't like to leave the party. You know how it is. I'm the host and everything and—"

So my little plot has gone sour and boomeranged on me, has it? Well, it's not important.

"How far away does she live?" I asked.

"Well, I'm afraid she lives clear on the other side of town. You can take my Lincoln. No use using your gasoline to—"

"A good idea. Peggy always wanted to ride in a Lincoln."

I stood up. Laura's hands were

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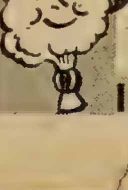
The gladdest words your tongue can speak
Are "I'll try Ingram's on my cheek!"
—C. J. GRANT, ME.



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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

moving nervously in her lap. She wouldn't look at me. I patted her on the shoulder, said:

"Nice work, Laura, if you can get it."

"Then you'll take Peggy home?" Moise said brightly. "Fine. Here's the key to my car."

"Don't be so eager, louse."

I walked out and left them there.

Upstairs there were about a dozen people still left. Hack Doyle, with a bottle bulging his coat pocket, was arguing with little Rosenbaum.

"But I gotta soive the guests, don't I?" Rosie was insisting.

"Shut up. This is my own private bottle. Scram."

"But the guests is thoisty."

"So'm I."

"Look, Hack," I said. "Have you seen Peggy Maple."

"The little blonde? She's in the bedroom. Better knock."

I went in without knocking and found her sprawled on her face on the bed. She was sobbing.

"Come on, kid. Get your coat. You're going home."

She looked around at me. Her face was swollen and streaked with rouge and mascara.

"Why did you go away and leave me?" she gulped.

"Get your coat, kid. We're leaving."

"Oh, why did you leave me, Les?"

"Why didn't you stay sober? Which coat is yours?"

I finally got her on her feet and into her cheap fur coat. She was still crying a little as we went out through the living room and down the stairs. I took her arm and hustled her along the hall toward the elevator.

The door of my apartment was closed.

I found Moise's Lincoln, got Peggy into it, and started the motor. She told me, between sobs, where she lived. It was a long way, but I didn't care. The fresh air felt good, and my mind was clear and sharp.

When Peggy finally stopped crying, I said:

"Beautiful, you're riding in a Lincoln at last."

"Am I?" she said dully.

I took one of her damp cold hands. "Cheer up, kid. Everything will look brighter in the morning."

"No it won't."

"It can't be as bad as all that. You take a good sleep for yourself and get to the office about noon—"

"I'm not going to the office any more."

"No?"

"I'm going home."

"Back to the hick town?"

"It isn't such a hick town. It isn't a bad town at all. And there's a boy. He's only a farmer—and I used to laugh at him when he asked me to marry him—but now—"

She was crying again very quietly. We drove for a mile or two without speaking, until she said abruptly:

"You know, Les, I tried to make you think I was a pretty smart girl, didn't I?"

"You didn't fool me—much."

"And pretty tough, too. Well, I thought I was smart and I thought I was tough. But I wasn't, was I?"

"I guess you weren't, kid."

"I was just a fool, wasn't I?"

"I'm afraid you were. You and I together, Peggy."

She was rubbing her eyes with a wad of handkerchief.

YOU'VE been nice, Les," she said after a moment. "I won't ever forget you. Here's the house. The one with the white front."

I pulled up before the door and started to slide from under the wheel.

"Don't get out," she said quickly. "I'm all right."

Opening the door, she stepped out and stood an instant on the curb.

"Good night, beautiful," I said.

"Good-by—handsome."

I heard a sob catch in her throat, and then she was running across the sidewalk and up the stairs.

I started back downtown slowly. The fresh air still felt good and I wasn't tired any more. But my foot kept going down and down on the accelerator, and before I knew it the big Lincoln was doing eighty.

I slammed on the foot brakes hard when I pulled up in front of the house. They screamed, and I hoped Stacey Moise recognized them. I hopped out and found myself running down the corridor to the elevator.

Rosie Rosenbaum and another fellow were helping a girl out of it. She had her arms around them and was as nearly unconscious as a woman could be and still keep on her feet.

"What'd you do with the blonde, Les?" Rosie asked.

"What do you think he did with her?" the other fellow snickered.

I don't think I ever before in my life got so much sheer pleasure out of hitting a man in the face. His knees folded and he sank to the tiled floor, dragging the woman and Rosie with him. The woman started to scream, and I stepped into the elevator, slammed the door, and punched the button.

Tomorrow the manager will tell me to move, and I won't blame him. Tomorrow.

I GOT out at the top floor, and as I started along the hall I saw that the door of my apartment was still closed. I stopped dead in my tracks.

Sweat was coming out on my hands and face and cold chills were running up and down my spine. Without any volition, my fists began to clench and unclench and all at once my heart was pounding.

I stopped looking at the door finally and went on down the hall. By the time I'd climbed the stairs to the penthouse I was puffing like I'd run a mile.

The big living room was as sorry a mess of trampled sandwiches, cigarette butts, broken glasses, and spilled liquor as I ever saw. It was empty.

I walked over and turned off the blasting radio and went out to the kitchen. There was no one there, nor in the bedroom, but in the bathroom I found a fellow sound asleep in the bathtub. His neck was like rubber as I turned his head around. He was no one I knew, and I walked out and left him snoring.

With the rank smell of the penthouse still in my nostrils, I walked down the stairs, not thinking, not letting myself think. I didn't hesitate at the door of my apartment. I didn't knock. I walked straight in.

I almost stepped on Stacey Moise. He lay on his back, and I knew instantly from the way his head was twisted around on his shoulder, from the way his arms were flung grotesquely out, that he was dead. He had bled horribly from a wound in his left breast.

I leaped across his body and dropped to my knees beside the day bed. Laura lay there on her back, bleeding from an awful wound across her throat. She was still alive.

I hardly remember telephoning for an ambulance and then calling the police. I know I got a towel and wrapped it around Laura's neck and tried to stop the bleeding. I was still trying when the ambulance men came in and took her away.

I was standing in the middle of the floor, staring at the body of Stacey Moise, when Sergeant Delaney and Inspector Levine, working that night on the graveyard shift, came striding in.

They didn't speak for a minute or two. They just stood motionless, surveying the body, and all the blood, and me. Delaney bent down finally and picked up the hunting knife by the tip of the blade.

"This yours, Burns?"

"Yes."

"Hmm. We passed 'em taking Laura out to the meat wagon. Didn't like what you saw when you come in, did you? Well, *this* time, my boy, you won't get away with it."

The handcuffs, warm from Delaney's pocket, clicked around my wrists. When they put me in the squad car, to follow Laura to the hospital, the eastern sky was gray with the dawn, and I found myself saying aloud:

"This is tomorrow."

Did Moise in some unaccountable frenzy suddenly cut Laura's throat and commit suicide? Or is it a double murder? Is this fresh crime linked to Harry Hanneman's mysterious death? In next week's Liberty the final curtain brings you the most startling of revelations.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Our hero listens in on love—Bad luck for Shorty McCoy!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

HELLO there, Mazie, how's my cherub?

Listen, slip me a order of canned monkey and folley it up with a slab of hustleberry pie, hey?

What's that? "How's the taxi business?" Oh boy, don't ask me, it's terrible! Tonight, f'rinstance, a little geebo gives me a fistful of that come-and-get-me stuff.

"Take me for a whirl around the park!" he grunts.

"Okay," I said, easing in my secondhand clutch.

Well, toots, I had no more than entered the park when he moved into the pull-down seat behind my ear.

"Can I unload my troubles on you?" he asked.

"Fire away!" I said. "But if it's an argument you're asking for, the customer is always right."

Then he whipped out a big bottle and took a drag on it that would collapse a bag-pipe.

"How would you like a little snort?" he asked.

"No, thanks," I gulped. "I've turned square."

"Well," he said, "today is my anniversary, so I'm letting loose. Were *you* ever in *love?*"

"Sure," I nodded, thinking of you, Mazie.

"Yep," he went on, "today is my anniversary. Three years ago tonight, I met the *only dame* I *ever loved.* But, a wise-guy never learns. You see, I'm one of those self-made men. I got the swellest hand laundry on the West Side, but like all self-made men, I was too busy working to grab the dame when I had the chance. Then again, I was boxed in with a flock of goofy relatives that were wows. I not only had my parents to take care of, but I had my sister and the half-wit she was buckled to. The punk was a ham actor on the wrong side of forty-eight and as gray as a letter carrier's coat. He wouldn't play anything but juvenile parts, with a result, I was always kicking into the barbers to keep his locks in mourning.

"To top the fun, they had three yegg kids who they had bulled into going on the stage. Jimmie, the oldest brat, was learning to be a crooner. Lizzie was taking up the sax, and Shirley, the youngest punk, was studying combination acrobatic and addagio routines. Holy smoke, everytime I would sit down to supper the old man and the sax monkey would begin throwing little Shirley around the flat and across the table nearly into my soup. Whata troup!

"That wasn't bad enough, but the bills they used to run up on me. Phew! But, being a guy with a tough chin, I stood the gaff until one day the topper came when my brother-in-law actor went for a *permanent.*"

"What, a permanent?" I gasped.

"Yes, he had a crimp put in his bangs for six bucks the curdle and had the nerve to send *me* the bill. Imagine? Well, I raised blue blazes. I got as steamed as a frozen radiator and cracked down on them. The result was, they packed their keysters and blew to my uncle's Donald Duck farm on Long Island. As they went out the door, they called me everything in the Penal Code including the 'all-American run-down heel.' Boy, I'm telling you, it was libel. To top it, the actor—who blew a couple of front teeth the week before—had the nerve to call me a 'louthe.'

"Well, after they emptied out, I took myself around to Dave Mulcahey's and decided to get me a little throat-scorch to brace me up. Well, I no more than sat down when who blows in but Joe Mulverhill, his Mrs. and a dame by the name of Elvira who lives in their rooming house. Boy, she was a pip, so I invited them over.

"Well, after they sat down, I said to Elvira:—'What would *you* like to have?' 'Who, me?' she asked, tossing me a pair of soft-boiled eyes that nearly bowled me over. 'I'd like a *job!*' Well, I looked at her beautiful face for a second and an idea went off in my scull like a firecracker. 'If you can *cook,*' I said, 'you've got a job!' I explained about the sister's troup pulling the off-to-Buffalo stuff and told Elvira the job was hers. When she consented, I made up my mind I wasn't going to miss the sister's bunch of Actor's Equity, after all."

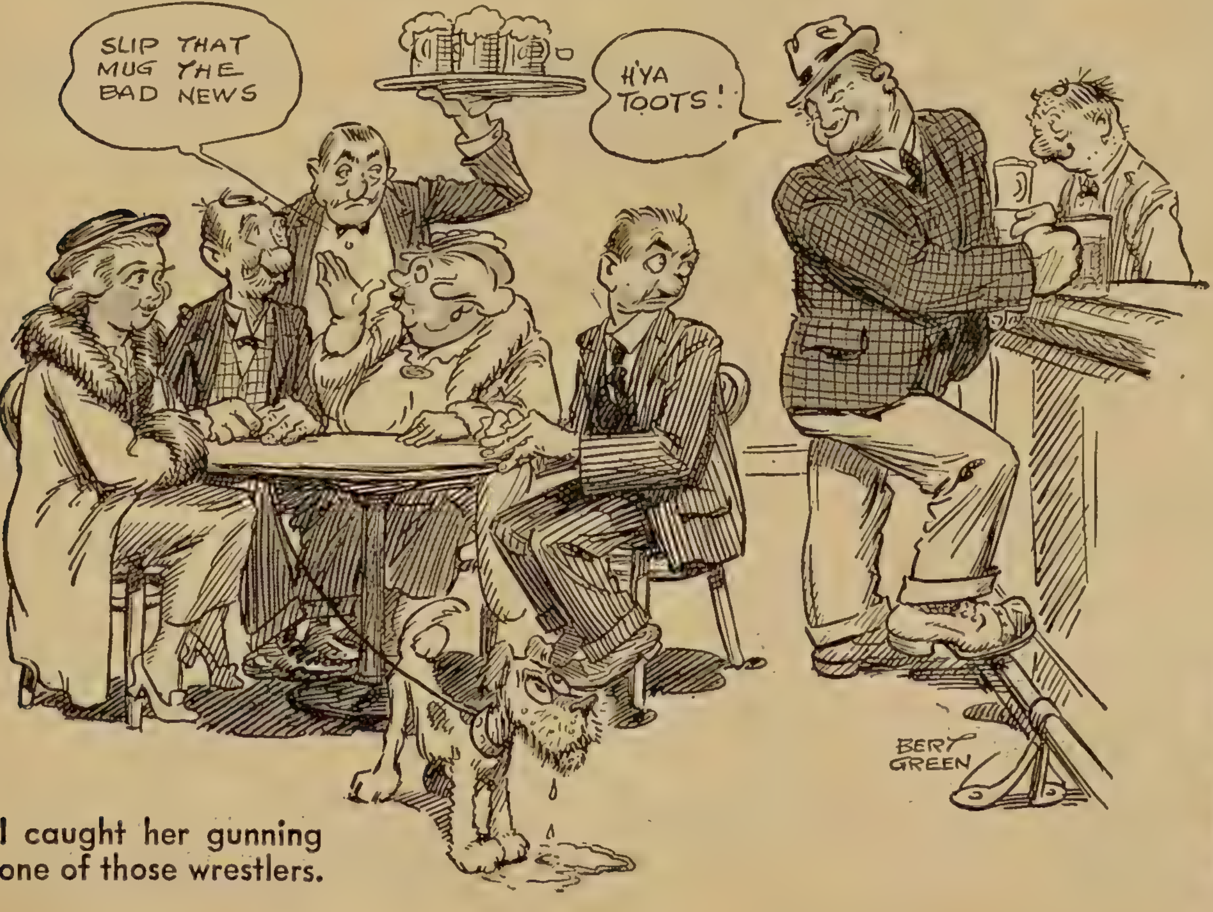
"What happened then?" I asked.

"Well," he rambled on, "after I had the domestic situation settled, we all sat around drinking and having fun. Me and Elvira were getting along perf until I caught her gunning one of those wrestlers who train in Steiner's gym next to Mulcahey's. As for his size, it would have taken a weight-master in a coal yard to peg him. He had a swell handle too. He called himself 'Girder McNasty.'

"Well, pal, I kinda got a bit jealous when I caught her throwing dreamy lamps at the egg. I told her she shouldn't pay any attention to a punk who wears a size 19 collar and a 5½ hat and asked her if she would like to get an eyefull of Central Park through a taxi cab window."

Then he grabbed the bottle again, Mazie, and took another little snort. After that, he began crying. I hated to hear him so I took a little snifter too.

"Well, after me and Elvira took the ride," he went on, "I took her home, and what a housekeeper she was! On the square, Alex Carrell couldn't have found a speck of dust with a microscope. As for being a cook, say, she had a way of fixing beat tops and hog's jaws that was marvelous. The more I saw of Elvira, the more I fell


SLIP THAT MUG THE BAD NEWS
H'YA TOOTS!
BERT GREEN

I caught her gunning one of those wrestlers.

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

BACKACHE-
Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Men with incomes in fancy figures
Find Ingram's KICK ends shaving rigours!
—L. VANNELL, KY.

WIN $5. Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. See page 43. Send to Ingram's, Dept. G, Hillside, N. J.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

for her. In fact, I decided she rated something better than housework, so I offered her the job of handling the cash and doing the single-o bookkeeping at my laundry. The night after I cracked about it, I came home and found she had her right mit all bandaged up. 'What happened?' I asked. 'The parrot nipped me,' she said. Then she mentioned she would have to wait until her finger got better before she could take the job in the laundry.

"The next morning, I left a note for her and told her to buy some lamb chops for supper and when I returned home, what did she shove under my chin, but *spare ribs* and *cabbage*. 'Hey, what's the big idea of having spare ribs when I told you to get lamb chops?' I asked. 'They didn't have any,' she squawked. 'Why, what are you talking about?' I tossed back. 'I just passed the butcher store and the window was loaded with them.' Then she started to cry so I let it go."

By this time, Mazie, my passenger was all broke up, so I took another little drink with him to cheer him up. Leave me have another copy of that hustleberry pie!

"That same night," continued my passenger, "I happened to walk into my kitchen when what do I see all framed, but *Girder's* picture with the words:—'To Elvira, with love, Girder.' Wowie! When I lamped that, I went off my nut. 'What's the big idea of playing around with that big, dumb, hillbilly?' I demanded. 'Why, the sap can't *read* or *write*. No edication at all! As for ME, I'm out in front. Take a look at my correspondence school diploma on the wall!' Well, without opening her trap, she put her hat on and beat it.

"The next day she called me at the laundry and said:—"Listen, wise-guy, I'm a *hill-billy* the same as Girder is. I can't *read* or *write* either, that's why I made believe the parrot bit me so I wouldn't have to take the job as bookkeeper in your lousy laundry. As for *you*, I hope you get your neck caught in the ringer.'"

"What happened after that?" I asked.

"What happened?" he panted. "When I got home that night, the table was all set and everything. Yes, and what do you think Elvira had planked on my plate?"

"I give up," I told him.

"One of Girder's size 19 *collars* for a souvenir. With it, was a note reading:—'Me an Gerdar is went for Hobokan elopment. Goo buy an bad luck!'"

"Gee, that's tough," I said, seeing that he was all busted up.

"Yeah, and to make matters worse," he went on, "my sister, the bum husband and the three yegg kids have moved back in the flat and they're all playing musical instruments so I hafta go out and get plastered every night to keep from going nuts."

Well, sweetie, as I drew up to the corner of Eighty-first Street and Broadway, my fare asked me if I would go into a drug store and get him some asperin as he had a splitting headache. So *I*, like a sap, blew in. When I came out, and lamped the inside of my hack, it was as *empty* as an Eskimo's bathtub. The mug had done a Horace Greeley with the eight bucks I had on the gyp-meter.

And that, love lips, is what *I* get for thinking I'm a *wise-guy* too. So long, kid. Look for me in the poorhouse!

It's not the end of Shorty's troubles. He'll give you more of his woes in an early issue.

BOYS! FREE!

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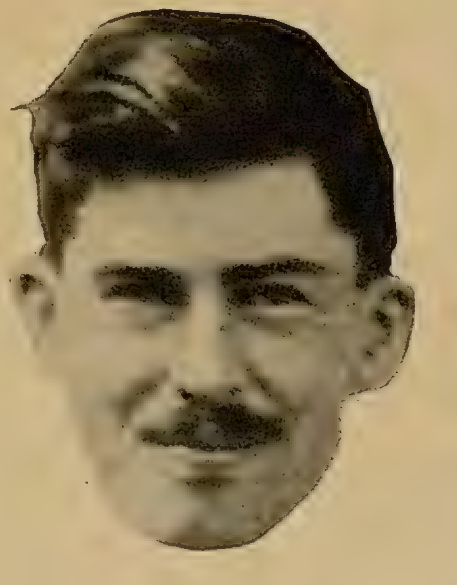
☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—The Iowan in the early photo at the right draws $15,000 a year for heading the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Who is he?

2—Are bats dangerous to one's coiffure?

3—Did Adolf Hitler, Eugene Sue, Dante, or Leo Tolstoy write The Wandering Jew?

4—Is platinum heavier than gold?

5—A famous ballplayer and a renowned English statesman were nicknamed what?

6—Is the left bank of a river always the same bank?

7—There are usually how many war vessels in an escadrille? How many airplanes?

8—Which librettist profitably and frequently collaborated with Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan?

9—Who said, "Every day in every way I am getting younger and younger?"

10—Why is the sport, fencing, so named?

11—Should the outside stalks of celery and the outside leaves of lettuce be considered healthful food?

12—Who was the "Princess Alice" of Theodore Roosevelt's administration?

13—What is the oldest annual horse race on the North American continent?

14—How many quarts are in a pottle?

15—When the nerves are inflamed, you probably have what?

16—Jacob Krantz, Spangler A. Brugh, and Fred Austerlitz are better known by what names?

17—One fly in the early spring may be accountable for how many generations of pests before cold weather sets in?

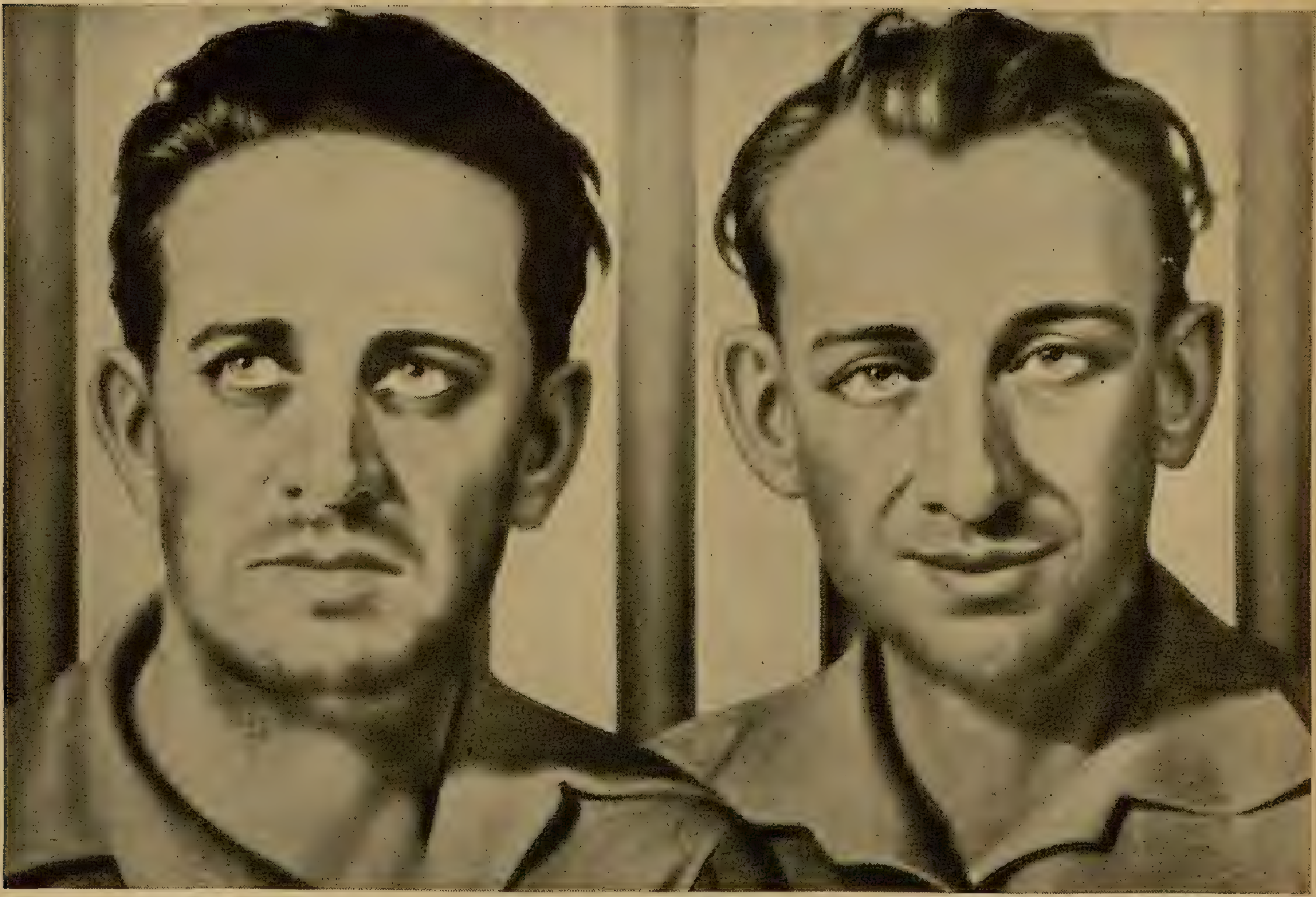
18—Where did Napoleon I die?

19—The chief ingredient of mock-turtle soup is usually what?

20—Who proved he'd "rather be right" than a popular Governor of New Jersey?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

They Still Hope for JUSTICE!



NEW YORK, N. Y.—AGAIN, AS IN THE HISTORY-MAKING CASE OF ROBERT ELLIOTT BURNS, FAMOUS FUGITIVE FROM THE CHAIN GANG, NOW FREE, WHO GAVE THE WORLD HIS APPEAL THROUGH TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, THAT MAGAZINE SPOTLIGHTS ATTENTION ON ANOTHER TRAGEDY—THE HEART-BREAKING PLIGHT OF ARKANSANS, SOUTHERLAND AND MATHIS, IN TEXAS. WILL THEIRS BE ANOTHER CAUSE FOR PUBLIC INDIGNATION?

Read this most shocking case in American criminal annals!

WHILE thousands, including United States Attorney Steve M. King, believe them blameless, I. L. Southerland, and O. G. Mathis are in prison, convicted of robbing the Atlanta, Texas' National Bank. Sentenced to 50 and 30 years both men steadfastly declare their innocence after four long years behind the bars at Huntsville, Texas. Department of Justice agents who investigated the crime found nothing to justify action and refused point-blank to file charges against them. But local authorities brought the two men to trial. A former United States Government inspector, eye-witness to the hold-up, swore that they were not the bandits. Their companions in a distant town at the time of the robbery testified under oath the two men were miles from the scene. Yet Southerland and Mathis were found guilty after a trial which, as you read their story of the case, will astound you. Were the cards stacked? Were innocent men "railroaded" to cover up someone with influence? Could it really happen here? If they are finally proved innocent who are those responsible for the suffering they have undergone?

You will want to read every word of this tragedy as it is revealed in the new July True Detective Mysteries, supported by the independent findings of an official of the Texas Prison System and other information never before made public. Start it right now—at the nearest newsstand.

ALSO IN THIS GREAT ISSUE!

MURDER OF THE WORLD'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

He faced outlaw guns unflinchingly and went to his death fighting. The four-star detective work that tracked down his slayers is masterful.

DEATH IN LOVERS' LANE, a Michigan Mystery, so confusing was the trail that it took officers months to solve it.

Also CRIME AT MARK TWAIN BRIDGE, SILENT WITNESS, SIX DEAD, GAMBLING WITH DEATH, BLASTING THE BRADY GANG, and many other features. Be sure to read this great July issue on sale today at all newsstands.

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

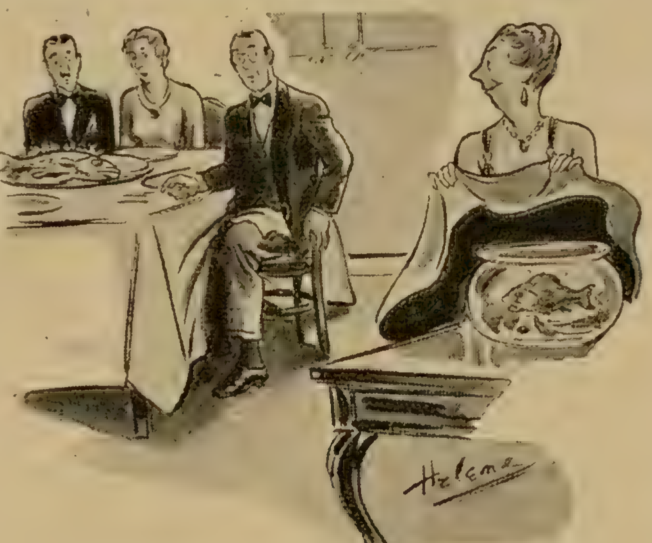
To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

OUR newest craze for cave-man stuff has nothing to do with handsome life guards at beach resorts or picturesque cowboys on dude ranches. It's more fashionable now for college and society girls to spend their summer vacations digging up relics of *real* cave men who lived and loved, long ages ago, among the prehistoric cliff dwellings of Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Nevada. . . . Amateur archaeology is smart and modern. It doesn't cost a lot, but any girl who goes in for it must be fairly intelligent and a genuine sport. I talked about this the other day with Marjory Trumbull, one of its leading ladies. She said . . . "The season lasts four months, from June to October. The most popular trip is the University of New Mexico's one-month expedition to Jemez Canyon, near Albuquerque. Outside of your transportation to New Mexico, expenses run to around a hundred dollars. There are field courses in geology, biology, Indian art, and the history of the American Southwest. You sleep two in a tent, share a washbasin with your partner, and get three square meals a day. Bring your own blankets—only sissies use sheets. And only one suitcase allowed. Lace-up boots and a raincoat are essentials." . . . Two-dollar pants from an Army & Navy Store are recommended for work. Girls dress for dinner—which means putting on a fresh pair of pants and clean flannel shirt. . . . Romance also prevails—the thrill of unearthing a civilization that thrived here many centuries before our ancestors knew such a land existed—the softness of summer nights under a desert moon. . . . Yes, amateur archaeology is a mixed party; boys are included. . . . I can't think of a healthier, finer way for a sensible girl to spend her summer vacation.



"I always cover Clarence on Fridays. He's supersensitive!"

☆ Frightened bridegrooms are usual enough. So are timid brides. But who would ever suspect the *minister* of being scared silly at a wedding? . . . I understand, though, that quite a few young clergymen have almost had conniption fits when they married their first couples. I know one who never has recovered from the mistake he made while conducting his first wedding service. Terribly nervous, he reversed the text and said, "Whom God hath put asunder, let no man join." Since then he refuses to officiate at any nuptial ceremony unless his wife sits near him, helping him concentrate to overcome the autohypnotism he always fears will lead him to pull the same boner again. . . . And I know a wife and husband who were twice wedded because their elderly minister didn't trust his memory or his eyesight. Unsure of his ability to read the small print in the book, he had the marriage service typed out in big letters on several sheets of paper. When he came to the end, he turned back, absent-mindedly, to the first page, and married them again. Theoretically, they wonder if they can be unhitched without double divorce.

☆ *Three new gadgets I have admired.* . . . Handsome little electric oven (no bigger than a waffle iron) that bakes quick biscuits right on the table. . . . Zipper dolls stuffed with aromatic balsam. The covers zip off; can be washed. . . . Porch and lawn cushions in four bright colors, with a ring clipped through one corner of each, so they can be hung up, all four together.

☆ What should you do when the telephone rings in an office or home where you are alone and a stranger? I believe nearly all of us have experienced this embarrassment. The phone rings. There is nobody in sight. Should you answer the phone, and if so, what should you say? . . . A Chicago girl has asked for my opinion on this etiquette riddle. It's a tough one to crack. . . . I guess we should answer the phone and say something like this: "I'm a complete stranger here. I'm just taking your call because nobody else is around. Please hold on while I try to get some one who belongs here."

☆ *Two new summer salads; one light, the other more substantial.* . . . For the lighter salad, cut crisp celery stalks as fine as match sticks and marinate 20 minutes in lemon juice. Mix with florets of cold cauliflower (not overcooked). Add a few chopped sweet pickles. Use French dressing. . . . For the salad substantial enough to serve as the main course of a hot-weather meal, combine 2 parts best-quality bologna sausage cut in small cubes with 1 part diced apple and 4 parts diced cold potatoes. Put in a lesser amount of shredded sweet peppers, both red and green, and a still lesser amount of chopped walnuts or pecans. Make dressing with tarragon vinegar, olive oil, salt and pepper, and a little thick cream (either sour or sweet). Begin by stirring the oil into the cream.

☆ You'll like Margaret Bell's new book, Women of the Wilderness, if you are interested in the history and development of American womanhood. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ Five stray cats, invading the railroad station at Utica, New York, more or less solved the problem of how to keep people happy and interested while waiting for trains. The cats did pretty well for themselves, too. With superb teamwork, they played so entertainingly around the station with a paper ball that four of them were soon carried off and given good homes by Utica commuters. The fifth cat is now a local character—a sort of professional greeter. He rubs himself sociably against the ankles of all who pass through the station, giving them welcome to Utica. The station staff wouldn't think of letting any Samaritan take *him* away. They pet him and stroke him and feed him with cream—because he lends their station such a domestic touch. Perhaps that is what all our railroads need . . . a home-town cat in every depot.

Love Comes Back to Hollywood

Shy stranger, ousted of late by battle, murder, and farce, returns in some pleasant doings involving Ginger Rogers' heart and hand

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ VIVACIOUS LADY

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, James Ellison, Beulah Bondi, Charles Coburn, Frances Mercer, Phyllis Kennedy, Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano based upon an original story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by George Stevens. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 90 minutes.

CONSIDERING that practically since the dawn of mankind, humanity has been saying and proving that "all the world loves a lover" and "it is love that makes the world go round," Hollywood offers surprisingly little of that commodity. But here in the desert of battle, murder, and silly farces is a romantic oasis, a love story that is the simple fable of two kids who take one look at each other and find that all they want from life thereafter is just to be together forever and always.

She is a singer in a night club and he is an associate professor in a small college of which his father is president. But the girl and the boy don't stop to consider that. They go off that very night and get married and the complications set in when the boy takes the girl back to the university and tries to explain her—brassy blonde hair, racy speech, and all—to his very conventional parents.

Ginger Rogers and James Stewart play the passionate bewildered young couple, with James Ellison running magnificent interference as the only person in the small town who sees the girl for the generous, lovable character she is. Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn are individual delights as Stewart's startled parents. The entire film is as gentle and gay and delightful as a June afternoon.

Personal note to the resplendent star of the occasion: Dear Ginger: We don't know how Fred Astaire is going along without you, but this proves how you can get along without him. You get along something elegant.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sorry, but you'll have to scotch rumors that Ginger Rogers and husb Lew Ayres will try to make a go of it again. It all started when Lew was seen in public places with Ginger Alton, double for Ginger Rogers, and the gossipeepers got it mixed up a little. Lew was probably trying to get news of Ginger to cheer him up a dash, he taking the matter terribly hard still after a long year of separation. Lew and Ginger are not legally separated—are still married. Ginger lives on mountaintop with her mother; lights, games, and parties are always going at her house; she won't be interviewed about romance; she keeps sketching, singing, and dancing lessons going. . . . Vivacious Lady was started about eight months ago; had to be postponed when Jimmy Stewart took sick. Stewart's healed now. He got a charley horse in his arm from having to carry Ginger Rogers in and out of a narrow door in a sleeping car for an entire day, needed a doctor, a masseur, and sun lamps to get the arms back into loving shape again, complained bitterly about the pain. . . . Jimmy Ellison's handsome jowls and tender digits were insured for $50,000 for one day when he had to take a one-punch k. o. thwack from J. Stewart and go crashing through a glass-lined laboratory wall. Both actors co-operated like a pair of tanktown wrestlers, neither suffered any untoward effects, Stewart's punch being bell-pulled and glass being $500 worth of breakaway variety. . . . Frances Mercer's dotter to Sid Mercer, New York sports writer; is a former fotog model; family dates back to Revolutionary days; has black hair and brown eyes, says it's her French-Spanish blood; has done radio band chanting, stock acting.

★ ★ ½ KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

THE PLAYERS: The Ritz Brothers, Tony Martin, Marjorie Weaver, Slim Summerville, John Carradine, Wally Vernon, Berton Churchill, Eddie Collins, Cecil Cunningham, Paul Stanton, Mary Treen, Francis Ford, Brian Sisters, Clarence Hummel Wilson, Claude Allister, Frank McGlynn, Jr., Jan Duggan, Si Jenks, Joe Twerp, Irving Bacon, Olin Howland, John Heistand, Carroll Nue, Tom Hanlon. Screen play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman from an original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 80 minutes.

THIS is a typical Ritz Brothers clambake. And let that sentence be your guide. For there is no such emotion as a halfway enthusiasm for these razzmataz Ritzes. Either you go for them (we do) or you loathe them.

In this cantata they are vaudevillians out of work who hear, via Marjorie Weaver, that Tony Martin, a radio big shot, is going to Kentucky to hunt some hillbilly talent. The Ritzes, with Marjorie, who aspires to radio, too, hotfoot it for the hills, and when the innocent Tony arrives they are completely equipped with fake whiskers, bare feet, song-and-dance numbers and a feud. Tony falls for their hayseed act, and for Marjorie, and what little plot there is buds for a single flash when the girl develops a guilty conscience about deceiving the dark and handsome Mr. Martin.

There are a lot of good actors crowded into this, but you'll never notice them. For whenever anything threatens to make sense, the Brothers start going round and round and come out nowhere but croon Moonshine over Kentucky, or Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Swinging, regardless. In sum, hilarious idiocy, not even remotely recommended for those solely interested in Higher Things.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those Marxes with high blood pressure, the Ritz Bros., hurricaned into Hollywood to do a few vodvil insanities in Sing, Baby, Sing, then fade out of the picture. All for about $20,000. Instead they literally blew Hollywood out of its complacency, and despite poor timing for cameras, unorthodox and often pointlessly insane humor, they've remained to star. They're now pacted at about $250,000 a year and I believe they split it among them unevenly, Al getting lion's share. Wearing those mountain-boy

A professor gets a lesson in love. James Stewart and Ginger (Vivacious Lady) Rogers in RKO-Radio's latest romantic farce.

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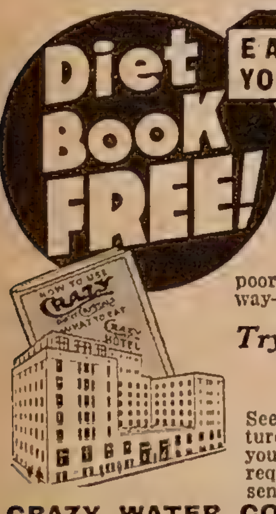
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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

beards affixed with spirit gum caused Ritz jowls to break out, until it was found Ritzes were allergic to horsehair in beards. New beards made entirely of human hair were substituted. Further sufferings: required to work barefoot as hillbillies—in one day boys picked up a few pounds of nails, splinters, chilblains, and rare soles. Each Ritz thereafter got a pair of transparent rubber gloves for their tender tootsies, flesh-colored and molded to their sweet dogs. Ritzes rate three cameras filming them at once, because they ad lib so much. Were one camera to shoot a long shot, then have to move up to get the scene in close-up or medium shot, the boys'd never remember exactly what they'd done, would be unable to repeat, and we'd miss some delicious bit of spontaneous mockery. Three cameras shooting simultaneously bag the nuts all at once. . . . During scene where a side-lines marksman peppers around the feuding Slim Summerville with real bullets, Slim jerked his head at the wrong time, now proudly shows a bullet hole in his hat—his nearest escape from death since the days when he had to fight a bull in red underwear in Keystone comedy. That is, he wore the underwear, not the bull. . . . After six years in Los Angeles burlesque house, Eddie Collins was rescued to pose for Dopey in Snow White. Got $50 a week for Dopey. . . . Marjorie Weaver gets her first solo lead in this; is newest Hollywood find. A Crossville, Tennesseer, she's really Kaintucky bred, suh, mostly around Loueyville.

★ ★ SINNERS IN PARADISE

THE PLAYERS: Madge Evans, John Boles, Bruce Cabot, Marion Martin, Gene Lockhart, Nana Bryant, Charlotte Wynters, Willie Fung, Milburn Stone, Morgan Conway, Donald Barry. Screen play by Howard Buckley, Louis Stevens, and Lester Cole based on an original story by Harold Buckley. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Universal. Running time, 60 minutes.

BEHOLD another of those wrecked-on-a-tropical-island pictures in which, though their lives are saved by the most miraculous margin, the girls all manage to rescue their lipsticks and curling irons and the men retrieve their razors.

It is as illy assorted a crew as one can fancy which starts out one day aboard a plane bound east for China. There is a young wife fleeing her husband, who left behind promises to divorce her. (This works out mighty handy later on, as you'll see if you stay to the end, though we can't be certain you will.) There's a gangster on the lam; a very blonde maiden also on the lam (she has that standard heart of gold under her brazen exterior); a silly senator; two rival munitions salesmen; another one of the richest girls in the world.

The airship blows up, but comfortably, within staggering-up-the-sand distance from the desert island on which is John Boles, of all people. He, too, is an escaped criminal and his welcome to our castaways is pretty frosty to all except Madge Evans, who smiles meltingly his way. He puts the derelicts to work; but even before the first grass hut gets up, love is rearing its busy head. There's some drama, particularly when the munitions boys steal Boles' boat, and mildish comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sinners, being less prominent in modern life, grow less prominent on theater marquees. Occasionally they pop up, but day when every other pix title contained one, is past. Paradise continues, however. . . . Momentous News: All males in pix had a shaveless field day; had the untidy time of their lives roughing it in mud-smeared ragged clothes. Yet, despite all realistic pains, all gals' hair comes out perfectly marceled. Must have been water-waved by the sea! . . . That tropical island was plastered together on the back lot; complete with sand dunes, real date palms, and fake lagoon. Under glaring arclight sunlight, the thermometer stood 128 degrees in the shade and players thought film's title should have been switched to Sinners Someplace Else. . . . Marion Martin's a Broadway blonde, debuts, is a Philadelphilly by birth, was an $85 a week showgirl at 14 in the Follies of '33, modestly described by Ziegfeld as the most beautiful girl he ever saw. . . . For years Bruce Cabot's been planning a private Utopia on a model desert island. Has blueprinted it from stories and actual clippings, has it mapped out down to the kind of fruit he'd grow and shape of rain barrel that'd capture his drinking water. Told Whale about it one day. Whale secretly took notes, and had similar island built for Cabot to walk on to in this. Cabot enjoyed it so much he's thinking of buying it and towing it somewhere off into the South Seas. . . . Madge Evans was the Shirley Temple of 1917, didn't have much trouble getting through the gawky age that knocks off most kid geniuses, heaven having gifted her with the seed of adult beauty.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi.

★★★—The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Henry A. Wallace.

2—No, this is a popular misconception; bats are not apt to become entangled with a person's hair because the bat is one of the world's most accurate flyers.

3—Eugene Sue.

4—Yes (the specific gravity of platinum is 21.5; of gold, 19.3).

5—"Dizzy" (Dean and Disraeli).

6—Yes, for the left bank is on one's left hand when facing downstream.

7—Eight; six.

8—Sir William Schwenck Gilbert.

9—Edna Wallace Hopper.

10—Because fencing is "the art of fence"—defence or offence.

11—Not as a rule, due to the fact that these vegetables are often sprayed with lead arsenate.

12—Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

13—The King's Plate, formerly the Queen's Plate, originated in 1860 and run at Toronto, Ontario.

14—Two.

15—Neuritis.

16—Their cinema names: Ricardo Cortez, Robert Taylor, Fred Astaire.

17—Ten to twelve generations. (*Swat that fly!*)

18—On the island of St. Helena, to which he had been banished.

19—Calf's head.

20—

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE S

$2,000 IN 223 BIG CASH PRIZES

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STARGAZING CONTEST

IS EXCELLENT—ENTER NOW!

WHAT do these stars tell you? Can you find your fortune through them? Can you read in them a portent of extra money for your late summer pleasures? If you can find the name of a star prominent in radio in one of this week's drawings, and in the other the name of one who shines upon the screen, you will be well started toward the prize money Liberty will distribute at the end of this game. Write the names in the spaces provided, clip the drawings and save them until the contest ends. The rules explain the game in every detail and illustrate how to arrange the letters from the jumbles of stars into the proper sequence to spell the names. You'll find it fun to play—and your chance to win big money is excellent!

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first two drawings of this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the drawings reach you, find the names, just as you have worked out this week's identifications, and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

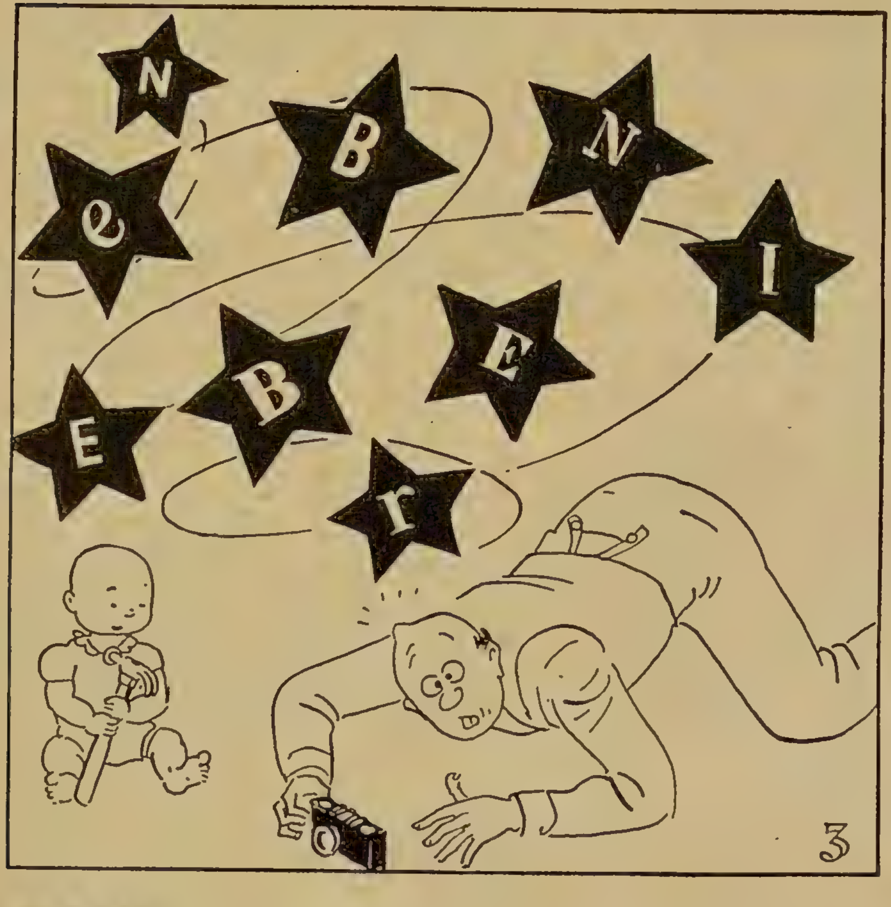
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

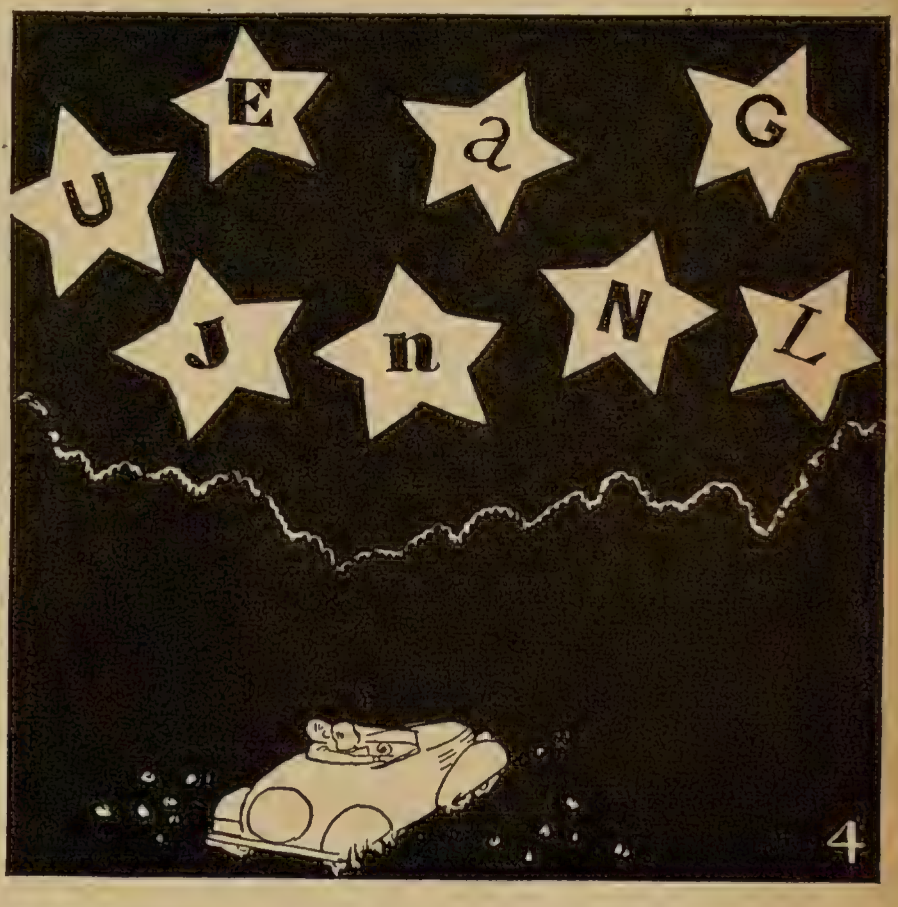
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborite entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, or Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME____________________________



NAME____________________________

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Small-Timers in Big Chairs

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I add this one to your income-tax letters? I'm a salesman. Part of my income is from salary, part from commissions. And it isn't a bad income. The reason it isn't a bad income is that I land a lot of profitable orders in the course of a year by entertaining prospective customers—sometimes on the grand scale.

My employer is perfectly reasonable. He's willing to give me an expense account—up to a certain amount. But I consider myself a good enough salesman to gamble somewhat above that allowed amount—in other words, to spend money out of my own pocket to make even more money.

These expenses, incurred in the pursuit of business, correspond to the rent or light or gas bills of a store owner. They are "reasonable" expenses and for years I have carefully been deducting them from my salary and commissions. I have always kept a separate record of these expenses and any deductions have been accurately and honestly made. These deductions have always been allowed.

This past year, however, I was called in for an examination upon my tax return. My examiner, a smart-aleck revenue man who seemed eager to establish a record with the Department, informed me that he was disallowing the entire deduction.

I asked him how he could consistently do that. I pointed out to him that the deductions had been considered legal in previous years and that this year's (with which he was quarreling) was even less than previous ones that had been permitted me.

"Surely," I protested, "the tax laws must be uniform. I don't know law, but don't you fellows work on definite regulations that you always interpret the same way?"

"They're getting tougher this year. Anyway, if you've been taking deductions like this every year and getting away with it, you ought to consider yourself lucky. You've been getting away with murder."

I didn't like the implied insult. Nor did I like being robbed of a deduction that was and always had been perfectly legitimate. But there was nothing on earth I could do about it. It was disallowed.

Why "they're getting tougher this year" should be excuse for changing the basic principle on a taxpayer's return is something I'm still unable to understand.

But I do know, from talking with my friends, neighbors, business associates and customers, that in the tax bureaus they're getting "tougher" every year. Talk about Russia! Those lads are as highhanded a bunch of small-timers in big chairs as I've ever seen.

I don't mind (nor like) paying an income tax any more than the next person. But when, each year, I do file a return, I file it honestly and conscientiously.

I'm getting a little sick of working hard for a living, then being made the butt of highhanded, arbitrary punishment, neither fair nor uniform, and from which there seems to be no appeal. It's about time we get some fair and consistent rules in the game and stick to them.—*George P. Smallwood.*

WHERE, OH, WHERE WAS THE SHORT SHORT?

POCATELLO, IDA.—I don't care for Mr. Macfadden's editorials.

I don't give a d—— what was wrong with the Lindbergh case.

Joan Crawford has no secrets I care to explore.

I firmly believe H. G. Wells is trying to decimate the United States population by boring us to death.

But—where, oh, where is the Short Short in April 30 Liberty? 'Twas for that I paid my five cents. I've been robbed!—*Bill Frazier.*

SCOFFER AT AND BELIEVER IN MARY WILLIAMS' STORY

WHEELING, W. VA.—Referring to the article Why I Believe in Prayer (April 30 Liberty), we believe Liberty's credit manager should have edited that one.

Since when did business places begin returning unpaid checks to the maker by mail, before payment in cash therefor had been made, *most particularly* to a stranger in New York City?

That doesn't happen here and least of all in New York City.

Ask Mary Williams for the names of the people to whom those checks were given. It gives us an idea. Maybe the recession is over for us.—*K. F. Metz.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—I, for one, was more than delighted with the little story by Mary Williams entitled Why I Believe in Prayer. She happened to make her petition in the proper spirit. At the time she made it her heart was full of love. Not herself but others loomed uppermost in her story, as was indicated in the long-distance call she had made at considerable expense only a few moments before. So wrapped up in love was she that she even forgot her pocketbook.

The story rings true.—*J. B. Peery.*

SAYS MR. MACFADDEN IS RIGHT ON OUR MERCHANT MARINE

BELOIT, WIS.—According to April 30 Vox Pop, Liberty and all other Macfadden publications are being boycotted by the National Maritime Union, due to the publication in Liberty of the editorial, Our Merchant Marine Smells to High Heaven.

Personally, I think that this boycott will not hurt the sales of any Macfadden publication, as possibly only ten per cent of the National Maritime Union read any of these magazines.

If this National Maritime Union thinks that the merchant marine does not have a bad name, then why are all American sailors barred from landing in Colombo? Also, why are taverns and such places closed when an American ship comes into port?

Also go to any foreign port and notice the difference in conduct of other sailors compared with that of the American sailors.

This is not from what I have heard. I happen to be a licensed Diesel engineer and have traveled around the world and I speak from what I have seen and what I know.

I hope our friends in the National Maritime Union will think this over and try to support a real American merchant marine, which is very badly needed, and also support a good magazine that has tried to bring to the public facts that have never before been printed and which Mr. and Mrs. America should know.—*W. H. A. T.*

SUGGESTS PUTTING HARDTACK ON COVER

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—When is Hardtack going to appear on a Liberty cover? Or, at least, when can we expect a larger-sized drawing worthy of framing for a child's nursery?—*Marian Robins.*

ALWAYS THE HERO IS LEAN

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Authors, please take note:

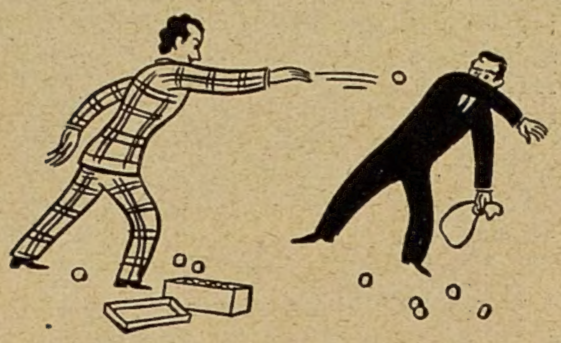
LEAN: *Verb*—to incline or deviate from an upright position; to cause to lean; rest. *Adj.*—thin; sterile.

Is there a tale told hither or yon where the man of the hour is *slim* and strong? No! Lean men and lean faces—arms that are lean crush every woman in every scene. Be they cowboys or clerks or officers, always the hero comes out lean. Until at long last, be it fiction or fact, another lean anything—so help me —I'll scream!—*M. S. Fitzgibbon.*

MARSHMALLOWS AT 40 PACES!

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Unwarned, I picked up an April 16 Liberty and read What I Think of Robert Taylor, by Clark Gable. After being revived with smelling salts I waded part way through Taylor's vice versa (April 23 Liberty) before collapsing. Zowie, and I suppose you pay those guys for kissing each other on paper!

Now, couldn't you please arrange a finish battle between them—marshmallows at forty paces? And no fair with chocolate-covered ones—they might sting.—*Maxwell C. Wheat.*



SORRY, INVENTORS, BUT WE CAN DO NO MORE

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Raymond F. Yates had an interesting article on 32 Ways to Make a Million Dollars in April 23 Liberty.

On the improved cellophane "snuggies to keep the contents mellow," on the opener for the shoe-polish box, and on the floor-lamp outlet, I can furnish real and very cheap ways to take care of these things.

How do I send them in and how do I protect myself in the matter? All of my plans are practical.

I can make a collar band that will need no button in the back to keep the collar in place on shirts of the neckband type.

Give me the secret of keeping a few of the dollars you speak of at home, please.—*Dwight R. Williams.*

[We regret that we are unable to enter into correspondence with the hundreds who have written us about their inventions. They must find their own markets or outlets in the regular way. And good luck to them!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SHOULD MAN DRIVE WOMAN'S CAR?

ATASCADERO, CALIF.—Would some one who is up to the rules of good taste, etc., kindly help me out in a problem that has really bothered me?

When a woman takes a man some place in *her* car, should she offer to let him drive? Most men and many women say "yes," and I hope it is "no," but am afraid I'm wrong and they're right.

Can some one tell me?—*A Bit Befogged.*

He'd Sell His Silly Diploma for a Square Meal

SEATTLE, WASH. — Commencement time is here again. Well, I was unfortunate enough to have started to college during the Hoover depression and was graduated at the start of Roosevelt's depression. I'll sell the silly diploma to any one for a square meal.

Forty-seven men were graduated in my profession (250 started together) in the class of 1937. It was tough in more ways than one. We all were excellent students and have had much practical experience, but not one man of us has any kind of employment. We can't even get a job washing dishes or digging ditches. The unions prevent that.

The unions yell around for a six-hour day. Any one of us fellows will gladly work twelve! We wouldn't be digging ditches long, either! What we all say is: If they (unions and mugs) can't stand the competition, they should get out and let some one that is glad to work try it.

Because of all this, our class advocates either Fascism or the total capitalistic state. It has to be one or the other. Halfway measures won't settle the problem; and it is a serious one. Some of the fellows are giving up their citizenship in order to work in Canada (Roosevelt's trade treaties caused that).

The government educated us and then makes it impossible for us to remain citizens. The best brains in the state going out of the country! We spent six years studying our state's basic industry, and a foreign country gets the benefit of all that work! It is really funny. A few of the gang are going to Australia and two to Chile.

We believe that democracy has had its inning and hasn't settled the problem, so give some one else a chance. Sure we're good Americans. My people have been on this continent for three hundred years and fought in every war the government has trumped up. The other fellows are as much equally American. Some of their grandparents came around the Horn in a Yankee clipper. But you can't eat an education. We all voted for Roosevelt and the bureaucrats last time, but never again.

By way of stressing the point, I might say there isn't one of us under six feet or 180 pounds and nobody is over twenty-seven. The youngest is twenty-three.

It's time something was done. There must be thousands of us in the same situation in the U. S. A. Meanwhile the government goes merrily on its way saving the derelicts.—*John Allen Davis.*

CLERGYMAN SAYS, "I AM STILL FOR MISS ROBINSON"

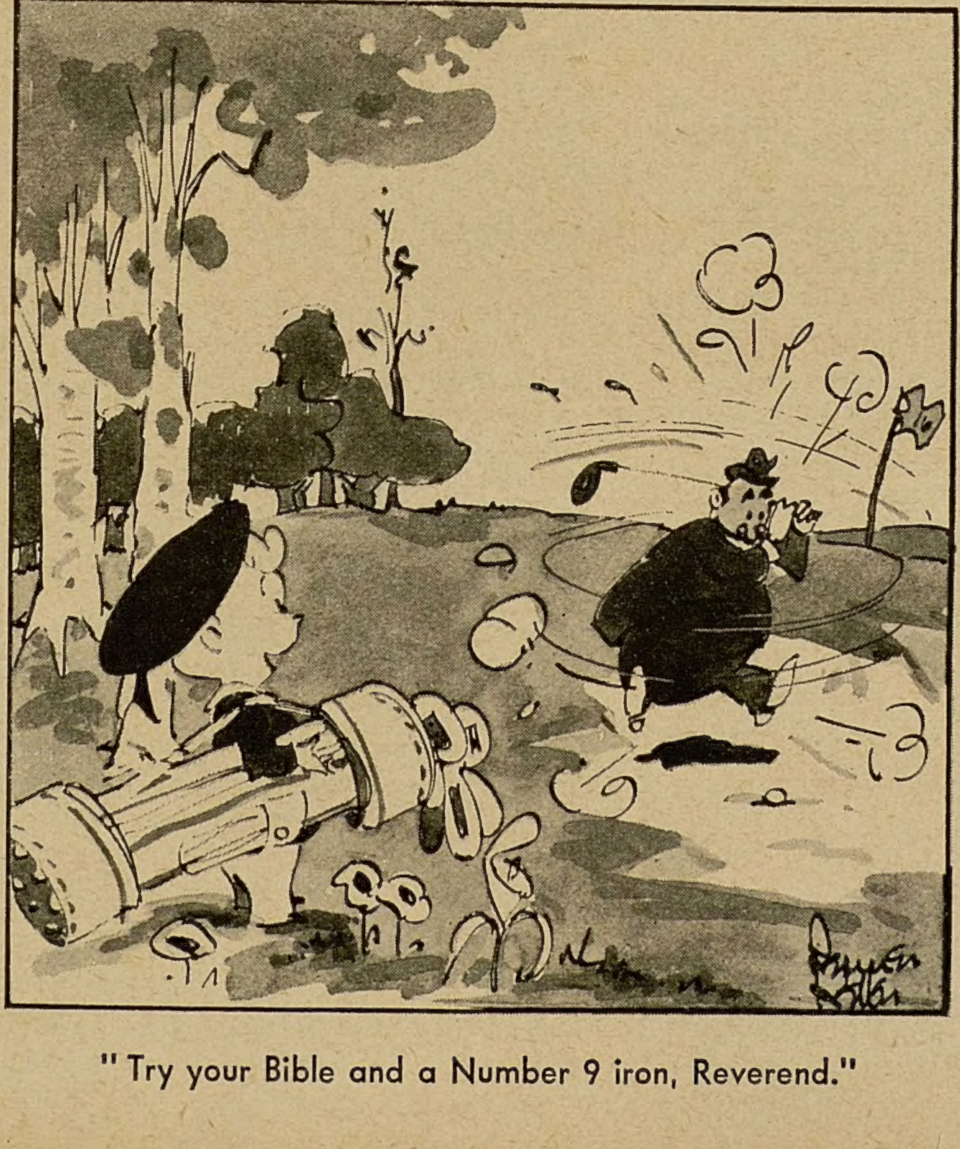
JOPLIN, MO.—I am glad to see youth asserting itself as in Vox Pop (April 23) in regard to Elsie Robinson's article in February 5 Liberty. I was very enthusiastic at reading the announcement that Miss Robinson was going to write for Liberty, because I have subscribed for papers and magazines for years just for her articles.

I have often found inspirations for sermons and much encouragement in her writings.

I cannot imagine, however, what precipitated such a ridiculous outburst from her, especially to youth, unless it was deliberately to get an unfavorable reaction from your sensible readers.

I am still for Miss Robinson, however, because I don't believe she actually expressed her true sentiments in that February 5 Liberty article.—*Rev. Raymond E. Troyer.*

"HARDTACK"



"Try your Bible and a Number 9 iron, Reverend."

LADY GODIVA WITHOUT A HORSE

LLANO, TEX.—A United Press dispatch told of one Anna Mayer of Budapest running naked through the streets in protest against the high cost of women's clothes.

Old Alkali Ike doesn't know whether Liberty approves of more clothes or less clothes; just can't tell from looking through your magazine; but Ike wants more clothes on his wimmin and thinks the public does too.

Can't you help a little before we Americans go Budapest?—*Alkali Ike.*

Salute To An Obscure Tokio Clerk

IN THE MAIL this morning came the following letter from Japan:

> Dear Mr. Editor:
>
> Without least regard to my position, I venture to write to you with an object of hearing your opinion on the article Fish or Torpedoes? contributed to the Liberty of February 12 issue by Mr. Guenther Reinhardt. Do you consider the said article to be justifying to the innocent Japanese fishermen who are devoting themselves exclusively to the fishery? Am I to understand that such express opinion of eminent journalist is representing the public sentiment of America? Or is it a mere pretext of a navy-minded individual?
>
> In any event, it is unlikely for an American to make charges of spies on the fishermen. I do sincerely wish you will be little more discreet in handling such articles.
>
> I am enclosing here eight sheets of my typewritten manuscript intended to have it published in early issue of Liberty. However, if you find this inconsiderate, I shall be perfectly satisfied to have it thrown into the paperbasket. I hope you will at least favour me by perusing the same by yourself.
>
> To avoid, any misunderstanding, please note that I am not trying to detest you or attempting to manifest my prejudice against the Americans. I merely want to point out the fact that too many publications are appearing recently with indecent attitudes toward this country which I consider deplorable in view of the good spirits we have hitherto maintained.
>
> Before concluding, I wish to add that I am always glad to render my services, if such need occurs, by writing you authentic informations regarding events in this country with full responsibility provided they will not be abused. Thank you.
>
> Yours very truly
> Takeyasu Momii
> c/o Iwai & Co., Ltd.,
> 4-3 chome, Marunouchi,
> Tokio

. . . One's natural tendency is to smile at the drollery of the Japanese writer's English. . . . But we have no right to our smile . . . not if we stop and ask ourselves: How skillfully could we write a Japanese letter? . . . Probably not more than one in one hundred thousand Americans could do as well in Japanese as this Japanese has done in English. . . . As for his manuscript, we had to return it. . . . What Mr. Takeyasu Momii was trying sincerely to do was to answer the article by Guenther Reinhardt, Fish or Torpedoes? and another by Walter Karig, Why Japan Has the Jitters. . . . Both of these writers, according to our Japanese correspondent, are deeply mistaken. . . . Japan is not spying on the U. S. A. . . . Japan has no plans for war in this hemisphere. . . Japan and the U. S. A. should be friends. . . . With the last sentiment we heartily agree. . . . When we were in Tokio last year, and in other parts of Japan, we met the same opinion everywhere. . . . We can think of no American reading a Japanese magazine, getting indignant over what might appear to be anti-American sentiments and writing a letter to the editor about it in his own language—together with a heart-warming appeal for friendship between the two nations. . . . That is what Takeyasu Momii did, and we salute him for it. . . . May there be more like him on both sides of the ocean that is still called the Pacific. . . . THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE of next week's issue is the start of a new novel by an American master of melodrama, Charles Francis Coe. . . . You will find RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS a tale in Coe's most exciting vein, and with the most unusual love story so far this season. . . . Man still seeks the fountain of youth, and science still tries to give man what he seeks. . . . Next week we publish an extraordinary personal document: I WAS REJUVENATED: How Science Made Me Younger. . . . You may have heard rumors of the strange new technique being practiced by certain physicians—certain strange injections that impart new vigor to old bodies. . . . Here is the full and frank statement of one middle-aged man who let these doctors have their way with him. . . . It is a fascinating story, no matter how you look at it. . . . Among other fine features next week will be WILL ROOSEVELT RULE IN 1940?—A Forecast from Behind the Scenes, by Walter Karig; more about Detective Parker, and a very interesting article, PRACTICAL JOKES THAT LINDBERGH PLAYED, by his flying friend, Major Thomas G. Lanphier. . . . MURDER LADY winds up in a thrilling climax, and there are generous installments of DEAD MAN'S LOG and HER GENTLEMAN SECRETARY. . . . There are two excellent short stories, ANNE'S HEART COMES HOME by Bruce Hutchison, and SANTINA IS LOVED AND LOST by John Erskine.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

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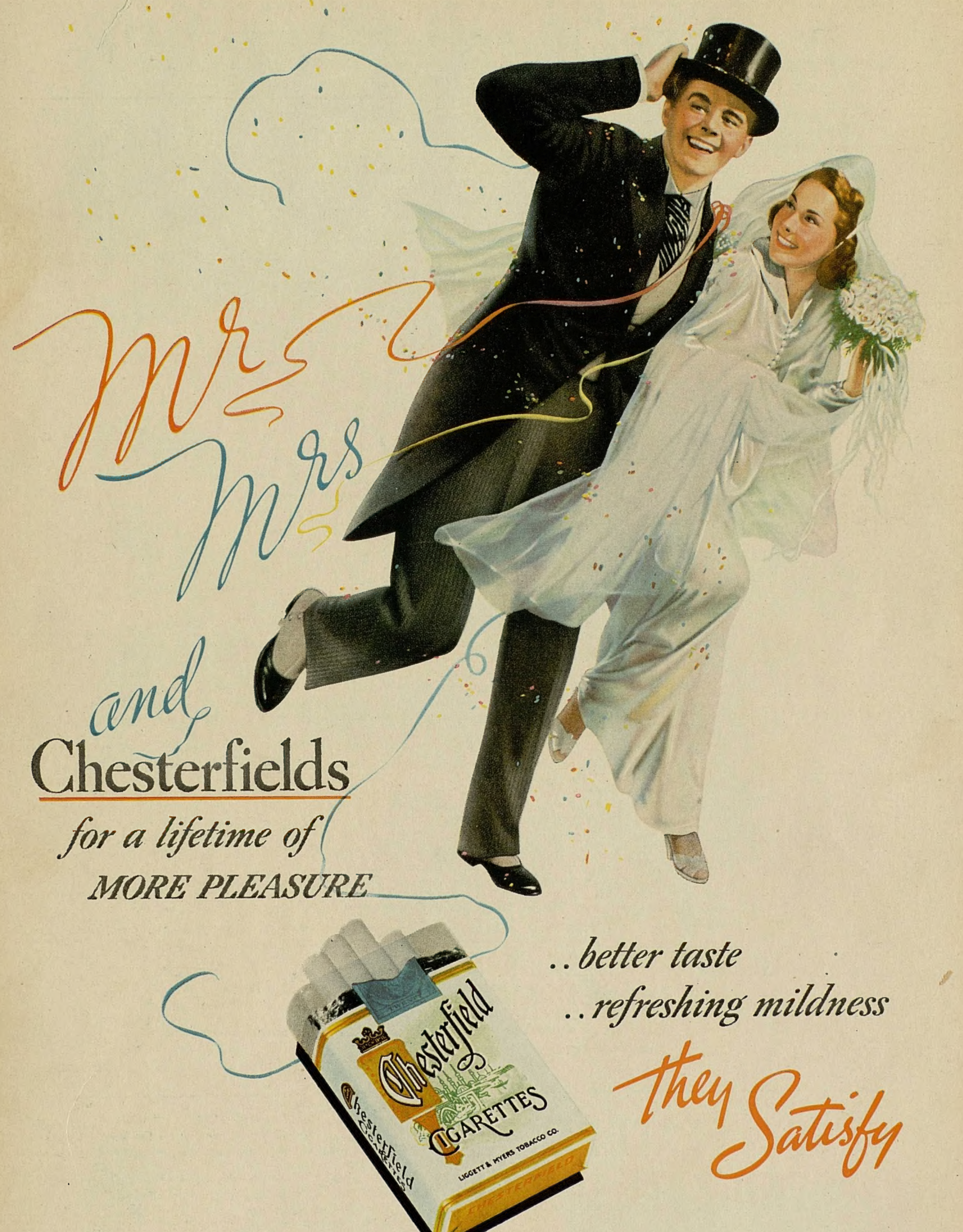
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